













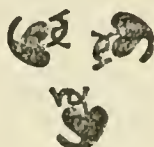






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VOLUME XXVIII



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# THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN FOLK-LORE.

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## SOME TYPES OF AMERICAN FOLK-SONG.<sup>1</sup>

BY JOHN A. LOMAX.

A BALLAD has been defined by Professor Kittredge as a story told in song, or a song that tells a story. This general definition of a ballad has been made more specific by various limitations. For instance, it is said that a genuine ballad has no one author; that, instead, some community or some group of people is its author. It is therefore the expression of no one mind: it is the product of the folk. Furthermore, the ballad has no date. No one knows just when the most treasured of the English and Scottish ballads were composed. For generations before Percy made his first collection of them — and no one knows just how many generations — they were handed down by word of mouth, as is the Masonic Ritual. A ballad, finally, is impersonal in tone; that is, it is the expression of no individual opinion. It might have been written by any one. A ballad, then, is a story in song, written no one knows when, no one knows where, no one knows by whom, and perhaps, some may think, no one knows "for why." Notwithstanding, as the spontaneous poetic expression of the primitive emotions of a people, ballads always have had and always will have the power to move mankind.

Have we any American ballads? Let us frankly confess, that, according to the definitions of the best critics of the ballad, we have none at all. There has, however, sprung up in America a considerable body of folk-song, called by courtesy "ballads," which in their authorship, in the social conditions under which they were produced, in the spirit that gives them life, resemble the genuine ballads sung by our English and Scottish grandmothers long before there was an American people. We recognize and love the new ballad, just as we love the old, because the real ballad, perhaps as much as any other form of expression, appeals to our deepest, most intimate, and most elemental

<sup>1</sup> Address of the retiring President, delivered at the Annual Meeting of the American Folk-Lore Society, held in New York, N.Y., December, 1913.

associations. Our primitive instincts yet influence us. You and I, living in the heyday of civilization under the conventions of cultured people, are yet, after all, not so far removed from a time and from a folk that spoke out their emotions simply and directly. A ballad is such a fresh, direct, and simple expression, — not of an individual, but of a people, — upon a subject that has a common interest and a common appeal, because of its common association to all of that people; and the emotions it expresses are the abiding experiences of the human heart. I contend that American ballads that have caught the spirit of the old ballads, however they may be lacking in impersonality, in form and in finish do exist and are being made to-day.

I hope you will pardon me for taking this occasion to tell you that I have long cherished an earnest purpose — a purpose which has been kindly and earnestly encouraged by some of my friends in the English Faculty at Harvard — to collect for the use of students a large body of this, to me, very interesting form of American literature. I am glad, furthermore, to report to this Society that a number of other individuals in different parts of the United States are at work on the same project; and while all of us combined have not more than well begun the enterprise, in my judgment another decade will see the greater portion of this material put into available shape for use in the libraries of all the universities that care for it. Already I have for presentation to Harvard University, which first made it possible for me to enter upon the work of collecting, and for my own university (the University of Texas), more than one thousand typewritten sheets of almost that number of American folk-songs. Much of this material, when compared with existing collections, will doubtless be found worthless or already in print. A considerable portion of it, however, I believe to be for the first time reduced to writing.

More than half of my collection has been taken down from oral recitation; and practically all of the songs in the collection, even if they have existed heretofore in the printed page, have for years been transmitted orally from one person to another in the localities where the songs were found. In other words, much of what I present has been for some time the property of the folk, if I may use a technical term, transmitted orally to me or to some one acting for me. If one says the folk did not create any or all of these songs, then I reply, the folk adopted them, set them to tunes, and yet transmit them through the voice and not by means of the written page. A further fact, particularly noteworthy to those interested in the ballad, is that the prevailing types of songs thus transmitted embody in some particulars the characteristics of the Scottish and English ballads.

I shall mention, even if I do not have time to discuss and illustrate them, seven types of the so-called "American ballads" that have come

into my net since I began this work five or six years ago, — the ballads of the miner, particularly of the days of '49; the ballads of lumbermen; the ballads of the inland sailor, dealing principally with life on the Great Lakes; the ballads of the soldier; the ballads of the railroader; the ballads of the negro; and the ballads of the cowboy. Another type, of which I should like to give examples, includes the songs of the down-and-out classes, — the outcast girl, the dope fiend, the convict, the jail-bird, and the tramp.

The tales of adventure, of love, of pathos, of tragedy, in these different types of ballads, make them all similar in content. The line of cleavage between the types is therefore not made on subject-matter, except in so far as this subject-matter is descriptive of the community life among the particular types. The songs assigned definitely to the cowboy, to the gold-digger, to the canal-boatman, etc., are those popular and current among these classes of people, and, so far as one is able to judge, originating with them. The ideal ballad of each type, of course, contains descriptive matter that affords internal evidence that it belongs to that particular type. One general characteristic possessed by these seven type-examples of the ballads found in America I wish to call to your especial attention. The life of every calling represented was spent in the open, and, furthermore, the occupation of each calling demanded supreme physical endeavor. The songs were made by men in most cases away from home and far removed from the restraining influences of polite society. They were created by men of vigorous action for an audience of men around the camp-fire, in the forecandle, in the cotton-fields, about the bivouacs of the soldier, during a storm at night when the cattle were restless and milling. Should one be surprised, then, that the verse is rough in construction, often coarse in conception, and that its humor is robust and Rabelaisian? Many of the songs, as you can well imagine, are totally unfit for public reading. I believe the suggestion I have made in the foregoing sentences, together with the fact that our American ballads have not existed long enough to receive the polish they would get by repetition through two or three centuries, — I repeat, I believe these two facts offer partial explanation of the great difference between the subject-matter and the treatment of American ballads when compared with the English and Scottish ballads.

Frankly, my own interest in American ballads is largely because they are human documents that reveal the mode of thinking, the character of life, and the point of view, of the vigorous, red-blooded, restless Americans, who could no more live contented shut in by four walls than could Beowulf and his clan, who sailed the seas around the coasts of Norway and Sweden.

Who make and preserve these songs? I do not know, except in a



very few instances, the name of any author. Surely they are not the "spinsters and knitters in the sun;" rather they are the victims of *Wanderlust*, the rovers, who find solace in the wide, silent places of the earth. They are well described in a song found among the cow-boys and miners of Arizona, said to be sung to the tune of "Little Joe the Wrangler."

I've beat my way wherever any winds have blown;  
I've hummed along from Portland down to San Antone,  
From Sandy Hook to Frisco over gulch and hill,  
For, once you git the habit, why, you can't keep still.

I settles down quite frequent; and I says, says I,  
"I'll never wander further till I comes to die."  
But the wind it sorta chuckles, "Why o' course you will,"  
An', sure enough, I does it, 'cause I can't keep still.

I've seed a lot of places where I'd like to stay,  
But I gets a-feelin' restless an' I'm on my way;  
I was never meant for settin' on my own door sill,  
An', once you get the habit, why, you can't keep still.

I've been in rich men's houses and I've been in jail,  
But when it's time for leavin' I jes hits the trail;  
I'm a human bird of passage, and the song I trill  
Is, "Once you git the habit, why, you can't keep still."

The sun is sorta coaxin' an' the road is clear,  
An' the wind is singin' ballads that I got to hear;  
It ain't no use to argue when you feel the thrill,  
For, once you git the habit, why, you can't keep still.

These folk-songs originate and are yet current, as I have said, wherever people live isolated lives, — isolated lives under conditions more or less primitive; and particularly do such songs come from those people whose mode of living makes necessary extreme physical endeavor. From the mining-camps of California; from the lumber-camps of Maine and Michigan; from the railroad-camps of the far West and Northwest; from the forecastle of every ship that sailed the sea; from the freight-boats of the Great Lakes, and the tow-paths of the Erie Canal; from the bivouacs of the soldiers in the Civil War; from the big cotton-plantations of the river-bottoms of the South; and from the cow-boys who, during the past fifty years, ran the cattle-ranches of the Southwest, — from all these sources have come to us songs vitalizing and vivifying the community life of these groups of men. Some of the songs I read are familiar to a portion, at least, of this audience; some I believe are for the first time brought together in the form I give them. My choice has been determined not so much by a desire to prove the correctness of the comments of this part of my paper as

to present something that I trust will illustrate fairly a few of the types of American folk-songs.

Several years ago a correspondent of mine in Idaho sent me a song called "Joe Bowers," which he said he had heard sung over and over again by a thousand miners after a hard day's work, as they loitered about the mouth of a mine before separating for the night. Four years ago I read this ballad in Ithaca at a smoker of the Modern Language Association. Later in the evening a member of this Association came to me and said that he had seen the same song written on the walls of an old tavern not many miles from Ithaca. Since that time I have discovered that "Joe Bowers" was one of the popular songs among the Confederate soldiers of the Civil War. I have run upon men who knew it in Wyoming, in California, in Arizona, in Oklahoma, and in other States. Its history is in dispute, and there has been a voluminous newspaper controversy in Missouri concerning its authorship. Let me add that there is a Pike County, Missouri, and in my judgment there was a real Joe Bowers who suffered some such fate as is described in the song.

JOE BOWERS.

My name is Joe Bowers,  
I have a brother Ike,  
I came here from Missouri,  
Yes, all the way from Pike.  
I'll tell you why I left there  
And how I came to roam,  
And leave my poor old mammy,  
So far away from home.

I used to love a gal there,  
Her name was Sallie Black,  
I asked her for to marry me,  
She said it was a whack.  
She says to me, "Joe Bowers,  
Before you hitch for life,  
You ought to have a little home  
To keep your little wife."

Says I, "My dearest Sallie,  
O Sallie! for your sake  
I'll go to California,  
And try to raise a stake."  
Says she to me, "Joe Bowers,  
You are the chap to win,  
Give me a kiss to seal the bargain,"  
And I threwed a dozen in.

I'll never forget my feelings  
When I bid adieu to all.

Sal, she cotched me round the neck  
And I began to bawl.  
When I begun, they all commenced;  
You never heard the like,  
How they all took on and cried  
That day I left old Pike.

When I got to this here country  
I hadn't nary a red,  
I had such wolfish feelings  
I wished myself most dead.  
At last I went to mining,  
Put in my biggest licks,  
Came down upon the bowlders  
Just like a thousand bricks.

I worked both late and early  
In rain and sun and snow,  
But I was working for my Sallie,  
So 'twas all the same to Joe.  
I made a very lucky strike,  
As the gold itself did tell,  
For I was working for my Sallie,  
The girl I loved so well.

But one day I got a letter  
From my dear brother Ike;  
It came from old Missouri,  
Yes, all the way from Pike.  
It told me the goldarndest news  
That ever you did hear.  
My heart it is a-bustin',  
So please excuse this tear.

I'll tell you what it was, boys,  
You'll bust your sides, I know;  
For when I read that letter,  
You ought to seen poor Joe.  
My knees gave way beneath me,  
And I pulled out half my hair;  
And if you ever tell this now,  
You bet you'll hear me swear.

It said my Sallie was fickle,  
Her love for me had fled,  
That she had married a cowboy  
Whose hair was awful red.  
It told me more than that,  
It's enough to make me swear, —  
It said that Sallie had a baby,  
And the baby had red hair.

Now I've told you all that I can tell  
About this sad affair, —  
'Bout Sallie marrying the cowboy  
And the baby had red hair.  
But whether it was a boy or girl  
The letter never said,  
It only said its cussed hair  
Was inclined to be red.

From such social conditions as are hinted at in this song, there sprang up another song, doubtless more widely popular. It, too, has an interesting story, which I will not go into here.

THE DAYS OF FORTY-NINE.

We are gazing now on old Tom Moore,  
A relic of bygone days;  
'Tis a bummer, too, they call me now,  
But what cares I for praise?  
It's oft, says I, for the days gone by,  
It's oft do I repine  
For the days of old when we dug out the gold  
In those days of Forty-Nine.

My comrades they all loved me well,  
The jolly, saucy crew;  
A few hard cases, I will admit,  
Though they were brave and true.  
Whatever the pinch, they ne'er would flinch,  
They never would fret nor whine;  
Like good old bricks they stood the kicks  
In the days of Forty-Nine.

There's old "Aunt Jess," that hard old cuss,  
Who never would repent;  
He never missed a single meal,  
Nor never paid a cent.  
But old "Aunt Jess," like all the rest,  
At death he did resign,  
And in his bloom went up the flume  
In the days of Forty-Nine.

There is Ragshag Jim, the roaring man,  
Who could out-roar a buffalo, you bet;  
He roared all day and he roared all night,  
And I guess he is roaring yet.  
One night Jim fell in a prospect hole, —  
It was a roaring bad design, —  
And in that hole Jim roared out his soul  
In the days of Forty-Nine.



There is Wylie Bill, the funny man,  
 Who was full of funny tricks;  
 And when he was in a poker game  
 He was always hard as bricks.  
 He would ante you at stud, he would play you at draw,  
 He'd go you a hateful blind, —  
 In a struggle with death Bill lost his breath  
 In the days of Forty-Nine.

There was New York Jake, the butcher boy,  
 Who was fond of getting tight;  
 And every time he got on a spree  
 He was spoiling for a fight.  
 One night Jake rampaged against a knife  
 In the hands of old Bob Sine,  
 And over Jake they held a wake  
 In the days of Forty-Nine.

There was Monte Pete, I'll never forget  
 The luck he always had;  
 He would deal for you both day and night  
 Or as long as he had a scad.  
 It was a pistol-shot that lay Pete out,  
 It was his last resign,  
 And it caught Pete dead shore in the door  
 In the days of Forty-Nine.

Of all the comrades that I've had  
 There's none that's left to boast,  
 And I am left alone in my misery,  
 Like some poor wandering ghost.  
 And as I pass from town to town,  
 They call me the rambling sign,  
 Since the days of old and the days of gold  
 And the days of Forty-Nine.

As a type of the lumberman's shanty, I shall read "Silver Jack," which was sent to me by Professor Edwin F. Gay, Dean of the Graduate School of Business Administration of Harvard University. He says that he got it from a lumber-camp in northern Michigan, and that it is probably not an original lumber-jack ballad. It is, however, very popular among lumbermen. And Silver Jack, the hero of the poem, was a real person who lived near Saginaw, Mich., and was well known among the camp and lumbermen as a hard case. About the same time that Professor Gay sent me this song, I received practically the identical song from Bay City, Tex. Thus one copy has come to me from lumbermen near Canada, and another from the canal-diggers close to the line of Old Mexico. As you will see, this particular ballad has a suspicious resemblance to newspaper verse.



SILVER JACK.

I was on the Drive in eighty,  
Working under Silver Jack,  
Which the same was now in Jackson  
And ain't soon expected back.  
And there was a fellow 'mongst us  
By the name of Robert Waite  
Kind of cute and smart and tonguey,  
Guess he was a graduate.

He could talk on any subject,  
From the Bible down to Hoyle,  
And his words flowed out so easy,  
Just as smooth and slick as oil.  
He was what they call a sceptic,  
And he loved to sit and weave  
Hifalutin words together  
Telling what he didn't believe.

One day we all were sittin' round  
Waiting for a flood, smoking Nigger-head tobacco,  
And hearing Bob expound.  
Hell, he said, was all a humbug,  
And he made it plain as day  
That the Bible was a fable;  
And we 'lowed it looked that way.  
Miracles and such like  
Were too rank for him to stand;  
And as for him they called the Savior,  
He was just a common man.

"You're a liar!" some one shouted,  
"And you've got to take it back."  
Then everybody started —  
'Twas the words of Silver Jack.  
And he cracked his fists together  
And he stacked his duds and cried,  
"Twas in that thar religion  
That my mother lived and died;  
And though I haven't always  
Used the Lord exactly right,  
Yet when I hear a chump abuse him  
He must eat his words or fight."

Now, this Bob he weren't no coward,  
And he answered bold and free,  
"Stack your duds and cut your capers,  
For there ain't no flies on me."  
And they fit for forty minutes,  
And the crowd would whoop and cheer  
When Jack spit up a tooth or two,  
Or when Bobby lost an ear.

But at last Jack got him under  
 And he slugged him onct or twist,  
 And straightway Bob admitted  
 The divinity of Christ.  
 But Jack kept reasoning with him  
 Till the poor cuss gave a yell,  
 And 'lowed he'd been mistaken  
 In his views concerning hell.

Then the fierce encounter ended  
 And they riz up from the ground,  
 And some one brought a bottle out  
 And kindly passed it round.  
 And we drank to Bob's religion  
 In a cheerful sort o'way,  
 But the spread of infidelity  
 Was checked in camp that day.

Among the most spirited songs in my collection are some that come from the Great Lakes. A fragment begins, —

It was the steamer Reynolds that sailed the breezy sea;  
 And she sailed from old Buffalo, and the wind was blowed a-lea.  
 Oh, the skipper was an Irishman, as you may understand,  
 And every port the skipper struck he was sure to rush the can.  
 Oh, the mate he was a rusher, and so was the captain too,  
 And he paid the deck . . .

And then the song suddenly stops, because the singer became too drunk to go further. Here is another fragment: —

We left Duluth bout half-past four,  
 A-loaded down with the red iron ore;  
 The wind was high and the stream was low,  
 And forty-two was the number of the tow.

Another excellent example swings off, —

Come, all you jolly sailor boys that love to hear a song,  
 Attention pay to what I say, I'll not detain you long.  
 In Milwaukee last October I chanced to get a sight  
 On the timber schooner "Bigelow," belonging to Detroit.

*Chorus.*

So watch her, catch her, jump up in a juba-ju!  
 Give her the sheet and let her rip, we're the boys can put her through.  
 You'd ought to have seen her howling, the wind a-blowing free,  
 On our passage down to Buffalo from Milwaukee.

The wind came up that night, my boys, and blew both stout and strong;  
 And down through Lake Michigan the "Bigelow" ploughed along,  
 While far before her foaming bows, dashing waves she'd fling  
 With every stitch of canvas set, she's sailing wing and wing.

We passed "Skillagles" and "Wable-Shanks" at the entrance of the Straits;

We might have passed the fleet ahead, if they'd hove to and wait;  
But we swept them all before us, the neatest ever you saw,  
Clear out into Lake Huron from the Straits of Mackinaw.

From Thunder Bay Island to Sable Point we held her full and by,  
We held her to the breeze, boys, as close as she could lie.  
The captain ordered a sharp lookout, the night it being dark.  
Our course was steering south-southeast, for the light on Point Au Barques.

Now we're off of Point Au Barques, on Michigan's east shore,  
We're booming toward the River as we'd often done before.  
When opposite Port Huron light our anchor we let go,  
And the sweepstakes came along and took the "Bigelow" in tow.

She took nine of us in tow, we all were fore and aft,  
She towed us down to Lake St. Clair and stuck us on the flats.  
We parted the "Hunter's" tow-line in giving us relief,  
And the timber Schooner "Bigelow" ran into the "Maple-Leaf."

Now, the "Sweepstakes" left us outside the river light,  
Lake Erie's blustering winds and stormy waves to fight.  
We laid to at the Hen and Chicken, the wind it blew a gale;  
We had to lay till morning, for we could not carry sail.

We made the O<sup>1</sup> and passed Long Point, the wind it being fresh and free,  
We're bowling along the Canadian shore, Port Colborne on our lee,  
Oh, what is that ahead of us, shines like a glittering star?  
'Tis the light upon the "Dummy," we are nigh to Buffalo pier.

Now the "Bigelow" she's arrived at Buffalo port at last,  
And under Reade's elevator, the "Bigelow" she's made fast,  
And in some lager-beer saloon we'll take a social glass,  
We'll all be jolly shipmates, and we'll let the bottle pass.

Each of our wars has produced its own songs, and some remain yet unprinted. Probably from the Civil War has come those for which we feel the greatest interest. On the whole, I believe the Rebel war-songs that belong properly to the class I am seeking are superior to the Yankee songs. Here are the sentiments of an unreconstructed individual:

Oh, I'm a good old rebel, that's what I am,  
And for this land of freedom I don't care a damn;  
I'm glad I fought agin her, I only wish we'd won,  
And I don't ax any pardon for anything I've done.

I served with old Bob Lee for three years thereabout;  
Got wounded in four places and starved at Point Lookout;

<sup>1</sup> Rondeau, called the "O" or "Eau."

I caught the rheumatism a-campin' in the snow,  
But I killed a chance o' Yankees, and I wish I'd killed some mo'.

Three hundred thousand Yankees is stiff in Southern dust;  
We got three hundred thousand before they conquered us;  
They died of Southern fever and Southern steel and shot;  
I wish there was three million instead of what we got.

I hate the constitooshin, this great republic, too;  
I hate the nasty eagle and the uniform so blue;  
I hate their glorious banner and all their flags and fuss;  
These lyin', thevin' Yankees, I hate 'em wuss and wuss.

I hate the Yankee nation and everything they do;  
I hate the Declaration of Independence, too;  
I hate the glorious union, 'tis dripping with our blood;  
I hate the striped banner, I fought it all I could.

I can't take up my musket and fight them now no mo',  
But I'm not going to love them, and that is certain sho';  
And I don't want no pardon for what I was or am;  
I won't be reconstructed, and I don't care a damn.

I won't be reconstructed, I'm better now than them;  
And for a carpet-bagger I don't care a damn;  
For I'm off for the frontier as soon as I can go;  
I'll prepare me a weapon and start for Mexico.

A fair example of the product of the soldiers of the Federal army runs, —

White folks, hold your tongues, listen to my ditty:  
I'm just from Fort Monroe and bring news to the city.  
The rebels they are shaking, they know they'll get a stringing;  
For, since McClellan got command, he set them all to singing.

The rebels talk of Bull Run, and say they won the battle;  
But the Sixty-ninth and Fire boys, they cut up them 'er cattle;  
And though they knew it was a draw, they say that we were worsted;  
But they'll have to beat an awful crowd before the Union's bursted.

Jeff Davis is a putty man, there's none at blowing louder;  
But the soldiers must not shoot him, for 'twould be a waste of powder.  
He ain't as good as another hog, for him there is no curing;  
So first we'll hang him up to dry, then sell him for manuring.

Now we've got the rifle cannon, and the patent shot and shell  
The bully Union volunteers will give the rebels—pison  
They'll capture General Beauregard, give Floyd a hempen collar,  
And take the last damn rebel, I'll bet you half a dollar.

As an example of the songs that tell the sad stories of the folk I have roughly designated as the "down-and-out class," I shall read



you a ballad I heard sung by a wandering singer plying her minstrel trade by the roadside in Fort Worth, during an annual meeting of the Texas Cattle Raisers' Association. It is the song of the girl factory-worker, and the singer told me she picked it up in Florida.

No more shall I work in the factory  
To greasy up my clothes,  
No more shall I work in the factory  
With splinters in my toes.

*Refrain.*

It's pity me, my darling,  
It's pity me, I say,  
It's pity me, my darling,  
And carry me far away.

No more shall I hear the bosses say,  
"Boys, you had better daulf."  
No more shall I hear those bosses say,  
"Spinners, you had better clean off."

No more shall I hear the drummer wheels  
A-rolling over my head;  
When factory girls are hard at work  
I'll be in my bed.

No more shall I hear the whistle blow  
To call me up too soon,  
No more shall I hear the whistle blow  
To call me from my home.

No more shall I see the super come  
All dressed up so fine;  
For I know I'll marry a country boy  
Before the year is round.

No more shall I wear the old black dress  
Greasy all around;  
No more shall I wear the old black bonnet  
With holes all in the crown.

*Refrain.*

And it's pity me, my darling,  
It's pity me, I say,  
It's pity me, my darling,  
And carry me far away.

Very few of the many work-songs that have had their origin among the men who have done the labor of putting down our great railway-lines have escaped printing in railway publications. The following song is sung along the Chesapeake and Ohio Road in Kentucky and West Virginia.

When John Henry was a little lad  
A-holding of his papa's hand,  
Says, "If I live until I'm twenty-one,  
I'm goin' to make a steel-driving man."

As Johnny said, when he was a man  
He made his words come true,  
He's the best steel-driver on the C & O Road,  
He belongs to the steel-driving crew.

They brought John Henry from the white house  
And took him to the tunnel to drive,  
He drove so hard he broke his heart,  
He laid down his hammer and he died.

I hear the walking boss coming,  
Coming down the line;  
I thought I heard the walking boss say,  
"Johnny's in that tunnel number nine."

John Henry standing on the right-hand side,  
The steam-drill standing on the left,  
He says, "I'll beat that steam-drill down,  
Or I'll die with my hammer on my breast."

He placed his drill on the top of the rock,  
The steam-drill standing by his side,  
He beat the steam-drill an inch and a half,  
And he laid down his hammer and he died.

Before he died he said to his boss,  
"O bossman! how can it be,  
The rock is so hard and the steel is so tough,  
I can feel my muscle giving way?"

Johnny said just before he died,  
"I hope I'll meet you all above,  
You take my hammer and wrap it in gold,  
And give it to the girl I love."

When the people heard of poor Johnny's death  
They could not stay at their home,  
They all come out on the C & O Line,  
Where steel-driving Johnny used to roam.

If I die a railroad-man  
Go bury me under the tie,  
So I can hear old number four  
As she goes rolling by.

If you won't bury me under the track,  
Bury me under the sand,  
With a pick and shovel under my head  
And a nine-pound hammer in my hand.

I shall not read you examples of cowboy ballads, although I have discovered many new ones in the last two years, because this type of ballad is well illustrated in a collection hitherto published. I wish to refer to one interesting fact in connection with the negro "Ballet of the Boll-Weevil." This song we know to have been made by plantation negroes during the last fifteen years, because the boll-weevil immigrated from Mexico into Texas about that number of years ago. Before that time the boll-weevil had never been heard of, even by the oldest inhabitant. The negroes have made a long song about the invasion of the boll-weevil, the destruction it has wrought, and the efforts of the entomologists to subdue it. Just as they sympathize with the weaker and shrewder Brer Rabbit against his stronger opponents Brer Fox and Brer Wolf, so do the negroes in the "Ballet of the Boll-Weevil" sympathize with the puny boll-weevil against the attacks of the white man. There are perhaps one hundred stanzas to this song, and new ones turn up in every community of negroes I visit. The concluding stanza of this ballad, which is certainly the product of unlettered negroes, runs as follows:—

"If anybody axes you who wuz it writ dis song,  
Tell 'em it wuz a dark-skinned nigger  
Wid a pair of blue duckins on  
A-lookin' fur a home,  
Jes a-lookin' fur a home."

The ballad "Jesse James," which concerns itself with episodes in the life of a famous Missouri outlaw, and which certainly sprang from illiterate people (Professor Belden thinks it was written by a negro), concludes with this stanza:—

This song was made by Billy Gashade  
As soon as the news did arrive;  
He said there was no man with the law in his hand  
Could take poor Jesse when alive.

One of my correspondents who has a ranch on the Rio Grande River sent to me a few weeks ago a ballad in Spanish which took for its theme the life of that particular ranch in some of its most dramatic aspects. My correspondent got the ballad from a Mexican goat-herd who could neither read nor write. Its final stanza runs, —

El que compuso estos versos,  
No es poeta ni es trovador  
Se clama Chon Zaragoza,  
Su destino fue pastor.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> He who wrote these verses  
Is neither poet nor troubadour;  
His name is Chon Zaragaza,  
His calling, a goat pastor.

Here we have a Spanish-Indian, a negro whose ancestors are recently from Africa, and an unknown unlettered person from Missouri, ending their songs with the ballad convention, so familiar to us all from classical examples, which sometimes hints at and sometimes reveals the identity of the author.

The real cowboy ballads of which the Old Chisholm Trail is a type are probably America's most distinct contribution to this form of literature. The life on the Old Chisholm Trail that led from near San Antonio, Tex., across the country to Montana, is epitomized in the verses. In its entirety it is an epic of the cattle-trail. It concerns itself with every phase of the adventurous and romantic life of the cowboy, and particularly of the typical incidents to be met in leading ten thousand Texas steers from the Rio Grande River to Montana and the Dakotas. It contains hundreds of stanzas, only very small groups of which were composed by a single person. "It was a dull day," said one of my cowboy correspondents, "when one of the boys did not add a stanza to this song." He would practise it over while he was riding alone during the day, and then submit it to the judgment of his fellows when they met around the chuck-wagon and the camp-fire after supper. The "Ballad of the Boll-Weevil" and the "Ballad of the Old Chisholm Trail," and other songs in my collection similar to these, are absolutely known to have been composed by groups of persons whose community life made their thinking similar, and present valuable corroborative evidence of the theory advanced by Professor Gummere and Professor Kittredge concerning the origin of the ballads from which came those now contained in the great Child collection.

The making of cowboy ballads is at an end. The big ranches of the West are being cut up into small farms. The nester has come, and come to stay. Gone is the buffalo, the Indian war-whoop, the free grass of the open plain; even the stinging lizard, the horned frog, the centipede, the prairie-dog, the rattlesnake, are fast disappearing. Save in some of the secluded valleys of southern New Mexico, the old-time round-up is no more; the trails to Kansas and to Montana have become grass-grown or lost in fields of waving grain; the maverick steer, the regal longhorn, has been supplanted by his unpoetic but more beefy and profitable Polled Angus, Durham, and Hereford cousins from across the seas.

The changing and romantic West of the early days lives mainly in story and in song. The last figure to disappear is the cowboy, the animating spirit of the vanishing era. He sits his horse easily as he rides through a wide valley enclosed by mountains, with his face turned steadily down the long, long road, — "the road that the sun goes down." Dauntless, reckless, without the unearthly purity of Sir Galahad, though as gentle to a pure woman as King Arthur, he is



truly a knight of the twentieth century. A vagrant puff of wind shakes a corner of the crimson handkerchief knotted loosely at his throat; the thud of his pony's feet mingling with the jingle of his spurs is borne back; and as the careless, gracious, lovable figure disappears over the divide, the breeze brings to the ears, faint and far, yet cheery still, the refrain of a cowboy song: —

*Refrain.*

Whoopee ti yi yo, git along, little dogies;<sup>1</sup>  
It's my misfortune and none of your own.  
Whoopee ti yi yo, git along little dogies;  
For you know Wyoming will be your new home.

As I was walking one morning for pleasure,  
I spied a cow-puncher all riding along;  
His hat was throwed back and his spurs was a jinglin',  
As he approached me a-singin' this song.

*Refrain.*

Whoopee ti yi yo, git along, little dogies;  
It's my misfortune and none of your own.  
Whoopee ti yi yo, git along little dogies;  
For you know Wyoming will be your new home.

Early in the spring we round up the dogies,  
Mark them and brand them and bob off their tails;  
Drive up our horses, load up the chuck-wagon,  
Then throw them dogies up on the trail.

*Refrain.*

It's whooping and yelling and driving them dogies;  
Oh, how I wish you would go on!  
It's whooping and punching and go on little dogies,  
For you know Wyoming will be your new home.

*Refrain.*

Some boys goes up the trail for pleasure,  
But there's where you've got it most awfully wrong;  
For you haven't any idea the trouble they give us  
While we go driving them all along.

*Refrain.*

Oh, you'll be soup for Uncle Sam's Injuns;  
"It's beef, heap beef," I hear them cry.  
Git along, git along, git along little dogies,  
For the Injuns'll eat you by and by.

*Refrain.*

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<sup>1</sup> Pronounced dō-gčs.

THE RELATION OF FOLK-LORE TO ANTHROPOLOGY.<sup>1</sup>

BY PLINY EARLE [GODDARD.

It is certain the time will come when the study of folk-lore as a scholastic pursuit will stand by itself. Modern conditions and tendencies are sure to bring about such a specialization. There exists already this organization and its journal devoted to folk-lore alone, at least as far as the name and written constitution are concerned. There is lacking, however, any considerable body of men who are devoting themselves solely to the study of folk-lore. When the men are ready, a critical method will develop which will make the study of primitive literature an end in itself, a serious and worthy pursuit.

For most of us at the present time the study of the folk-lore of the North American Indians is a minor consideration or a means to an end. The material which we publish is chiefly a by-product of other work. It receives serious consideration only when a thesis must be prepared for a degree, or a presidential address is due.

Accepting, then, the present situation, let us consider of what extent and of what value is the contribution of folk-lore to anthropology in North America. In the current use of the word in America, "anthropology" includes archæology, ethnology, linguistics, and physical anthropology. It is generally conceded that the latter two subjects can be successfully pursued only by specialists, who can devote the greater part of their time to the subjects in question. The opinion is growing that archæology and ethnology must be united, — first, because the study of mere implements, however well constructed and ornamented, can never be a science (they may be classified and described in technical language, but to give them scientific worth they must be definitely connected with human activity); second, ethnology has no historical perspective without the aid of archæology, which, through the stratification of implements, reveals a definite order of development. Rightly or wrongly, ethnology has come to mean in America a study of culture, and, in its more common use, the study of the cultures of unlettered peoples.

The proposition we are considering, then, is, What does folk-lore contribute to our knowledge of human culture?

Numerous efforts have been made in the past to make folk-lore solve the problems of anthropology. Man has been particularly curious about his past. Having found men in America widely dispersed and manifesting manifold differences in culture, the questions of when and whence have been uppermost. Lacking a written history, it was at

<sup>1</sup> Address of the retiring President, delivered at the Annual Meeting of the American Folk-Lore Society, held in Philadelphia, December, 1914.

first hoped that the oral traditions of the Indians might furnish an account of the peopling of America. Until fifty years ago the accepted age of the world was six thousand years; and five hundred or a thousand years seemed an ample period for the settling of America and the development of the specialized cultures. It was a favorite belief with the missionaries, our first ethnologists, that whatever existed of religion was a dim and distorted remembrance of the original divine revelation, the perfect account of which is to be found in the Old Testament. Father Morice finds among the Carrier of British Columbia a story of the fall of man and an account of the biblical deluge. The story of the actual entering of America has not been discovered. From many tribes migration and origin myths have been recorded which have been generally interpreted as in part at least historical. The possibility of accounts of historical facts persisting for many years cannot be denied. Any great catastrophe, like an inundation, might easily make such an impression on a community that it would be recounted for a very long period of time. What we know does happen is, that such an historical incident attaches to itself a mass of purely mythical material. With out present knowledge and methods, it is impossible to separate with any certainty these historical elements from their mythological settings.

Perhaps the best example known of accurate oral tradition is in the transmission of the Rig Veda. Here we are dealing with metrical compositions having exact form. Their transmission was the duty of a special class, highly trained and carefully drilled. In America there are some known cases of special attempts to perpetuate compositions. On the Northwest coast certain myths are family property, and descend in the family as does other property. It is common among many tribes for the rituals to be transmitted by specially-trained persons. "The Navajo Night Chant" is in the keeping of priests, whose number is maintained by initiations. It is probable that the entire ritual is transmitted with considerable fidelity. The material concerned, however, consists of songs and a narrative of undoubted mythical character.

North of Mexico the only efforts to retain historical happenings in proper sequence are those involving some pictorial records, such as the winter counts. These do not carry us farther back than a century, and the information connected with them is of little moment.

We are not to expect, then, that folk-lore in America will directly contribute much of historical importance to the solution of the problems of anthropology.

For the conjecturing of the history of primitive people, much has been expected of the comparative method. In language, the expectations have been in part realized. The fact that closely related languages of



the Siouan stock were spoken in the Northern Plains and on the South Atlantic coast of North America tells us that these now far-separated peoples were once in social contact. We know that the various Athapaskan-speaking peoples of the Southwest were connected somewhere and at some time with the Déné of the north. Particularly, we know that the Kiowa Apache were once a part of the southern group and closely associated with the Jicarilla Apache, since they share most of the linguistic peculiarities which distinguish the southern from the northern Athapaskan, and have an important phonetic shift common to Jicarilla Apache and Lipan.

Cultural comparisons furnish evidences, if not of an older grouping and of migrations, at least of the direction of cultural transmission.

Folk-lore has also been put to the test. If myths and folk-tales persist in tribes from generation to generation, may not the same recognizable myths be found among tribes now far separated, but once forming a single community? If such should be found among the Blackfoot and Micmac, their former connection, assumed through language, would be corroborated. It is indeed possible to find folk-tale incidents common to the Micmac and the Blackfoot; but these same incidents are also known not only to the intervening Algonkin-speaking peoples, as we might expect, but to many other tribes. Recently Professor Boas has demonstrated that some apparently indigenous tales of North America are found in Africa and the Philippines, whither they have been carried by the Spanish and Portuguese.

The rapidity and thoroughness with which folk-lore is transmitted make it nearly, if not quite, valueless as a means of reconstructing history. This applies to the better-known myths and tales. There may be esoteric myths connected with ceremonies, not so readily transmitted, which may supply good evidence of former grouping and contact. That a comparative study of songs will do so is equally likely. They seem to be readily borrowed, but usually borrowed with their words also, which betray their origin. The greatest lack in our comparative studies is that of music.

There is a third way in which folk-lore as a means may contribute to the study of human culture. Among unlettered peoples, folk-lore takes the place of literature. Like literature, it reflects the life of the people. There is no better example of light thrown upon the culture of a people by literature than that which the *Odyssey* throws upon the life of the early Greeks. What is more satisfactory for household routine than the description of the family at Ithaca? The women work at spinning and weaving; the men eat, drink, and engage in sports. Telemachus goes to his chamber lighted by his nurse. If you wish light on zoöculture, read how the Cyclops tended his flocks and cared for the milk. Are you interested in the social customs, you will find

them described in the reception tendered Odysseus by the Phæacians. The attitude of the Greeks toward their gods is revealed almost to perfection. In nearly every happening the gods have their share. They are the companions and counsellors of the men. With these intimate pictures of human life of an age long past, compare the archæological remains, the stone walls of Mycene, the golden cups, the inlaid swords and daggers, — perfect works of art, but very limited in what they can tell us of the people who made and used them.

So in North America there are in the published folk-lore detailed accounts of the manner of living and social customs for the Northwest coast, California, the Southwest, the Plains, and the Eastern Woodlands. Not only are the religious ceremonies described, but often these accounts of ceremonies are the patterns and the authority for the ceremonies themselves. It may be admitted that the myths are primarily founded on the ceremonies, and yet the myths may have great secondary influence on the ceremonies.

As a method of securing an unbiased account of the culture of a people, the recording of abundant folk-lore has much to be said in its favor. There are two other methods commonly employed. Sometimes the chief reliance is upon direct observation, — a method employed for the sun-dance by Dorsey, and for the ceremonies of the Hopi by Voth. Direct observation, if an attempt is made to describe the entire cycle of community life, requires too much time, and furnishes no means of discriminating between the accidental, and the essential or usual happenings. The method, being altogether objective, fails to give us an interpretation of the events observed. The more usual method, of securing a good informant and subjecting him to thorough questioning, produces abundant and fairly satisfactory results. It is open to the defect of suggestion and bias. The informant must of necessity adjust himself more or less to the attitude of mind of the questioner.

Folk-narratives, on the other hand, are not the product of one person under the particular conditions of some definite time and place. In their verbal transmission they have been moulded by many individuals, until they conform to the conceptions of the average people forming the community. From them we secure the Indian's own views of his activities and of nature. On the other hand, one must make allowances for those features introduced for the sake of art, such as round or ceremonial numbers, conventional forms of narrative, etc. He must expect that many things obvious to the Indian are omitted, and that certain phases of life are passed over in silence because of taboos or a too serious attitude toward them.

As a means of securing an unbiased view of primitive life from the native standpoint, the recording of folk-lore is amply justified. It



needs, to be sure, to be co-ordinated with direct observation and wise questioning.

But folk-lore is of itself an important part of the culture of a primitive community, and as such is an end, not merely a means, of anthropological research. It represents and expresses the Indian's philosophy of life and his beliefs about the natural and supernatural world.

The material side of culture is transmitted from generation to generation and from tribe to tribe by the unconscious imitation and more conscious acquiring of the habits involved in mechanical processes required in producing those articles necessary to man's life and happiness. In like manner the tastes in art and ideals of beauty pass by the mere observation of the forms and the colors of the decorations. The more subtle elements of life, — moral standards, rules of conduct, beliefs concerning the ultimate origins and ends of things, evaluations of men, animals, and supernatural beings — are transmitted by these fairly well formulated and persistent myths. They serve as a means of education in these particulars.

Into the composition of these folk-products has gone considerable of art. In a purely formal way, to be sure, art is noticeably lacking in North American folk-literature. Rhythm and rhyme do not appear outside of the songs; but in the nature and order of the events narrated we frequently find repetition, contrast, balance, and symmetry. Embodied in these stories there is frequently much of humor and pathos. Among the greater number of the tribes, story-telling during the long hours of winter darkness was a common social diversion.

As a phase of human culture, folk-lore, like material culture, ceremonies, and language, should be collected for its own worth and made available by publication. The accumulated material should be classified; and the geographical areas over which definite types, as well as specific tales and incidents, extend should be determined. Notwithstanding what has been said above, about the ease with which folk-tales are disseminated, it is true that areas can be determined within which very definite characteristics appear. Regardless of the distribution of a tale otherwheres, when found on the Northwest coast it will be so modified as to reflect the sea, rivers, mountains, and forest, and the native life peculiar to that region. It is also true that certain stories have not passed out of the region in which they would seem to have originated.

This comparative study of folk-lore, if the first to be undertaken, is probably the least in ultimate importance. The compositions should be subjected to analysis; the elements of art should be isolated, compared, and evaluated. The philosophy expressed needs sympathetic study and interpretation, that our knowledge may be enriched.

For this intensive work, specialists in folk-lore will be needed; and,

when a degree of interest has been aroused, they will appear. We shall then have the condition fulfilled to which attention was called at the beginning of this address as being still necessary to make folk-lore an independent scholastic pursuit,—a considerable body of specialists and a developed method.

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY,  
NEW YORK.

BATANGA TALES.<sup>1</sup>

BY R. H. NASSAU.

THE special region from which these observations are derived is the equatorial portion of West Africa, more locally a tract three hundred miles square, the field of work on which I was engaged in the service of the Presbyterian church (north), its only mission on the entire African Continent.

Beginning near the line of the equator, my travels extended a hundred miles south of it, to and below Cape Lopez. In this district were many small streams entering the South Atlantic, and two large ones, — the Gabun<sup>2</sup> and the Ogowe.<sup>3</sup> The latter enters the ocean by four mouths, — to the northward, the Nazareth, into Nazareth Bay; Ogowe proper, at Cape Lopez; and, south of that cape, the Mexias and the Fernan Vaz. The first two enclose a delta, whose apex is a hundred and thirty miles up the course of the river.

Exactly one degree north of the equator is the island of Corisco, a microcosm of five miles in length by three miles in width, with perfect little imitations of hills, prairies, lakes, and rivers. It stands almost in the centre of Corisco Bay, from fifteen to twenty miles distant from the shore-line. Into the bay empty two rivers of good size, — the Muni<sup>4</sup> and the Munda.

Fifty miles north of Corisco (on the way passing some smaller streams) there is the large river Eyo (native) or Bonito (Spanish). Forty miles farther north is the Campo; forty more, the Lobi; five more, the Kribi; and eighty more, the Camaraoñ (Portuguese) or Kamerun (German). Between the Ogowe and the Kamerun there is a coast-line of four hundred miles. That quadrangle of four hundred miles square is inhabited by scores of tribes, whose languages are dialectic varieties of the Bantu.

I. THE FAVORED DAUGHTER.<sup>5</sup>*(Mpongwe.)*

Ra-Mborakinda lived in his town with his women and sons, and daughters and servants. Among his women were Ngwekonde (his

<sup>1</sup> This collection of tales shows, even more markedly than that of E. Chatelain, the influence of Portuguese.

<sup>2</sup> Makwěngě.

<sup>3</sup> Various spelled Ogobai and Ogooue.

<sup>4</sup> Rio d' Angra ("River Danger") of commerce.

<sup>5</sup> For comparative notes see Johannes Bolte und Georg Polívka, *Anmerkungen zu den Kinder- und Hausmärchen der Brüder Grimm*, 1913, p. 461.



chief wife) and Ngwe-lëgë, whom he neglected. But the latter had a beautiful daughter named Ilâmbe, much beloved by him. Ra-Mborakinda prized this daughter so much, that he left everything to her direction.

One day he wished to start on a journey, intending to stay a long time. He had, in his anxiety for her safety, a rule that she should not go out of her house to walk far, lest she get into trouble. When he was arranging to go, he gave all the keys and directions of everything into her hands. He said to her, "As I shall be away a long time, I leave all cloth and other goods for you to give out as you may see the people need." Ilâmbe consented to do this work, and Ra-Mborakinda went away. After he had been away for quite a while, and she thought it time to give out cloth and whatever was required for the women, she was very careful not to show partiality to her friends, not even to give more to her mother. So, if she gave, for instance, two cloths to her mother, she would give as many as five to Ngwekonde, and to all the others what she thought they needed. Yet Ngwekonde was not satisfied; even though she had been given more than others, her heart was planning mischief to Ilâmbe. So Ngwekonde made up her mind, "I will know what I shall do some day;" for she was jealous that the petted daughter had been put into authority over her.

One day the people saw Ilâmbe walking on the premises, and they remembered that she was going out of the bounds her father had assigned her. They called, "Ilâmbe, Ilâmbe! where are you going?" She replied, "I'm going for a walk." Soon they all seemed to forget to observe where she had gone; for Ngwekonde by her sorcery had caused Ilâmbe's head to be confused, and had made the people forget to watch her.

Soon after Ilâmbe had gone out of the town into the forest, Ngwekonde also followed to go after her, without the people seeing her go. Ilâmbe went aimlessly, with Ngwekonde behind her. Then, when they were far from the town, Ngwekonde said, "Yes, I've got you now! — you, with your pride because you are the beloved daughter! Do not think that you will again see your father and mother." So she seized and dragged Ilâmbe to the foot of a big tree, tied her to it, and began to give her a severe beating. Ilâmbe pleaded, and said, "Ah, Ngwekonde! Please, what have I done? In what have I wronged you?" But Ngwekonde replied only, "No mercy for you!" and then tied her hands fast to the tree. Then Ngwekonde returned to the town. Soon after Ngwekonde had gone, Ilâmbe longed to get back to the town, for she feared the forest. She began to try to loosen the knots. She tried and tried and tried, but the knots were hard.

Darkness came, and she was very much afraid. Finally, after long effort, she got the cords loosened; but she was weak, and faint with

hunger. She thought, "When I started on the walk, it was at random; and when I came to my senses, when Ngwekonde dragged me to the tree, I did not know in what direction we came; and now I do not know the direction back to the town." So she began to walk in any direction. As she went on and on, at last she happened into a path. She said to herself, "This path, even if it does not lead to my town, may lead me to where people are." She went on and on, and after a while, by daylight, saw that the view ahead opened. By that she knew that she was getting near to some clearing and perhaps to some village.

Following the path, she came straight to a hamlet; but she was afraid to enter it. She thought, "Perhaps the owners of this place may be enemies of my father; and they may beat me, just as did Ngwekonde. I must hide." So she remained for a while on the outskirts, and then slowly and gradually crept from tree to tree on one side of the path, lest some one should see her. When she was close to the hamlet, she peeped through the bushes to see whether she could recognize any one; for she feared strangers. She saw no one at all, and went on into the street, and entered a large house, and began to look around her. She saw no person, but only goods and food. After she had examined this large house, she went into a smaller one, which was the kitchen, where the cooking was done. She exclaimed to herself, "Ah! it is not very late, and I am very hungry. I will try to cook something. And I must be quick, lest the owners come and find me, and kill me." So she started to work. She took of different kinds of food, and dried fish, and firewood, and began rapidly to cook. After the pot had boiled, she took out a little of its contents, and began to eat hurriedly. As to the remainder of the food, she went to the larger house, and got clean dishes, put the food into them, and set them on the table. Then she went out of the hamlet and hid herself in the bushes near by. Soon after she had hidden herself there, the owners of the place came. They were carpenters. They entered their house, and behold! on the table, food that was still warm. They exclaimed, "Who has done us this good thing?"

They looked all through the house and into the kitchen, but no person was there. Then they looked outside, in the back-yard, and no person was there. They said, "Perhaps some other day we shall find out." So they went into the house, took their seats at the table, and began to eat. As they ate they shouted, "You who have done this, if you are a man or a woman, come out and show yourself!" But there was no reply. Ilâmbe had heard them, but remained quiet. So they said to themselves, "Never mind. To-morrow we will by artifice find out this person, whether it be a man or a woman. If it be a man, we will take him for a brother in our work. If it be a woman, then none of us shall marry her. She shall be our sister."



At night she did not enter the town, but remained hidden near. Next morning the carpenters said among themselves, "We go to our work; but one of us must return early, as if unexpectedly, and perhaps we can find out this person." And they went to their work; but one returned early.

In the interval, Ilâmbe was busy with her work of cooking. She made the food and put it on the table. As she was passing from house to house, the man who had been watching came softly behind her, and seized her. She began to scream, and beg, "Please, please, let me go!" He said, "Do not fear. You have done no wrong. Be quiet." Then he asked her questions, and she told her story. So Ilâmbe was quieted, and she completed the arranging of the food on the table. Not long after that, the other men came; and the first man told them of Ilâmbe. They said to her, "Remain quiet. You are our sister. You need not be afraid of any thing. We will take good care of you."

The next day, off at their place of work, they began to buy nice things for her. And they dressed her in fine clothes.

But they warned her, "One thing we must tell you. Be very careful. Sometimes there is a certain big bird which comes here and picks up people, and kills them. When it comes, people have to remain in their houses, and shut their doors and windows." They also told her that the usual time of the coming of the bird was at noon. On another day they went away to their work, as usual. When they returned, Ilâmbe made their food; and they went into the house to eat it.

And the bird came at an unusual hour, and it killed Ilâmbe. When the men came from the house where they had been eating, they found her dead. They mourned for her. When they had made a coffin, and placed her in it, they refrained from burying it; for the body looked so life-like, and did not decay. So they kept it suspended in the air, and daily they went to look at her face.

## 2. TWO FRIENDS: A STORY OF REVENGE.

*(Batanga.)*

Ugula, son of Njambu-ya-Manga, and Ugula, son of Njambu-Mepindi, were great friends. Ugula, son of Njambu-ya-Manga, said, "I am going to seek Ivenga in marriage." So he went in his canoe, and stopped at the landing-place of her father's town. Hearing of his coming, Ivenga dressed her maid-servant finely, saying, "You sit in the house, in the hall; you wait for him. I want to know whether he has come for marriage with myself."

When Ugula came up to the house, he found that servant-woman there. He at once sat down with her, and he and she agreed on a marriage that night.

Next day they had their food and play and every thing to please themselves, the woman forgetting that she was only a servant. When another day broke, he said, "Now for the journey!"

Ivenga came out of the house, and stood in the street to meet them. She called her servant, and said to her, "Do you assume this pride because of your marriage with Ugula?" Then she beat her.

Ugula, in astonishment, said, "Is it possible that it was a slave whom I married?" In his shame he took a pistol and shot its bullets into his body; and he died.

Thereupon Ugula-mwa-Mepindi said, "I am going now to avenge my friend;" and he started with his man-slave on a journey to Ivenga's town, as if to marry her. He dressed the slave in fine clothes, and he told him, "Even if you find a woman in the hall of the house, do not sit down, but pass her by, on to where Ivenga herself is."

So they arrived there, and the slave went up to the room where Ivenga was; and he and she at once made a marriage, she thinking he was Ugula.

Early next day the two men said, "Now for the journey!" The townspeople went with them to escort Ivenga to the boat-landing. There Ugula said to his slave, "Get into the boat!" And he beat him, and said, "You are made proud because you married Ivenga, eh?" He seized him in his fine clothes, and threw him, splash! into the water.

Ivenga, when she saw how it was, snatched up a gun, and firing it, bang, bang, into her body, fell down, saying, "Is it possible that it was a slave who married me!" Then she died.

Love for a friend lasts long. It took vengeance, as Ugula avenged his friend, playing on Ivenga the same trick she had played on the other Ugula.

### 3. JOHN-THE-WISE AND I-AM-JOHN.<sup>1</sup>

Njambu-of-the-Sea lived by the seacoast, and he begat a man-child, by name John-the-Wise; and Njambu said, "Whoever else shall give that name to his child, it shall be killed." Thereafter any one so named was at once killed. Many were destroyed in that manner.

Also Njambu-of-the-Inland begat a child; and the child called himself a name, I-am-John. But his father spoke to him, saying, "That name is not to be named in this land." The son asked, "Why? Does a name belong to only one person?"

After that, this son went to the seacoast two or three journeys. Finally he remained there. And his namesake, John-the-Wise, put in his care a he-goat, on shares, as he said. Some time afterward John-the-Wise asked him, "Have the goats increased? Has the goat

<sup>1</sup> See Aurelio M. Espinosa, "Comparative Notes on Spanish Folk-Tales," notes on Pedro di Urdemales (this Journal, vol. xxvii, p. 220); see also Reinhold Köhler, *Kleinere Schriften*, vol. i, pp. 91, 230. — ED.

given birth?" The other answered, "Yes, it has borne three times."<sup>1</sup> So John-the-Wise replied, "Can a male give birth to a child?"

Then I-am-John came and cut down a redwood-tree near to the house of his namesake, John-the-Wise, who asked him, "What are you cutting the redwood for?" I-am-John told him, "My father has just given birth."<sup>2</sup> John-the-Wise said, "What! can a man give birth?" The other one replied, "But you, you offered me a goat to raise a flock on shares, and you tried to deceive me by sending a male." Then John-the-Wise, in a rage, caused him to be tied that he might be carried and thrown into the sea.

He was put into a canoe, and was taken very far out to sea, to a certain island near White Man's Land, where the canoe stopped, and the crew scattered ashore to seek for food at a town near by; and they left I-am-John tied in the canoe. There he was moaning, "I did not wish to marry the daughter of a king;" that is, he had not been self-assuming in his difficulty with John-the-Wise.

A white man from the town on the island happened along, and he heard him crying out, "I do not wish to marry the child of a king." The white man, misunderstanding, thought that I-am-John was being tied and taken on this journey to compel him to marry some king's daughter. This the white man thought would be a fine thing for himself. So he said to I-am-John, "You're a fool! Let me embark. You get out." So the white man stepped into the canoe and untied I-am-John, who then, at his request, tied him, and then went out of the canoe.

When the crew returned, they found, instead of I-am-John, a white man tied, and groaning, "I want to marry the daughter of a king." The crew thought him crazy, and said, "Such a fool as this will rejoice to die." So they took him and cast him into the sea, and returned to their country. In the mean while, I-am-John, the son of Njambu-of-the-Inland, had gone up to the town, and after a time he married the woman whom the white man had deserted for "a king's daughter."

The woman made a feast and invited many, and said, "Since my white husband died, I have not married; but to-day I am married." And she and her husband remained there for a while. Then this John obtained great wealth and power. He ordered that a man-of-war should be gotten ready, and it was immediately prepared. He and his people sailed from the island back to the shore of the country of Njambu-of-the-Sea. They anchored there; and the sailors and soldiers landed, and went up to the town of John-the-Wise. They set it on fire, and burned it all.

<sup>1</sup> But really I-am-John had eaten it.

<sup>2</sup> Powdered redwood is used as a medicine, and I-am-John pretended he was getting it for his father in child-birth.



## 4. THE THREE ILÂMBES.

(Batanga.)

Three people named Ilâmbe went to get magic "medicine" at the town of Njambu-ya-Mabenga; of these, two were men, and one a woman. They happened on their way to see a squirrel lying on a branch of a tree, which, when it saw them, went back into a hollow in the tree.

The eldest Ilâmbe picked up a fruit and threw it so accurately that it closed the mouth of the hole so tightly that he no longer could even see where the hole was. Then Ilâmbe the second struck the palm of his hand on the tree, and the tree at once fell down on the ground flat with a crash. He dug in the hollow, and caught the squirrel; and he said, "This digging is the digging of Ilâmbe the second."<sup>1</sup> And they went on their way, following the path.

After a while the woman said, "Let us rest!" So they sat down together. She pulled out a *jomba* from her basket, in searching for other food she had prepared, and found it was the squirrel already cooked. This had been done by some magic power.

So they said, "What other medicine do we need to go for at the town of Njambu-ya-Mabenga?"

So they went back to their own town.

5. KNOWLEDGE, STRENGTH, SKILL — WHICH IS THE GREATEST?<sup>2</sup>

(Batanga.)

There was a great queen, known in her own kingdom and in all other kingdoms for her wisdom, kindness, and justice. Her own kingdom had prospered greatly under her long reign. Wherever her trade had gone to other nations, they also had become rich; and wherever even her armies had gone, they always conquered, and in conquering brought freedom and happiness by her good and just laws.

In another country far away lived three men, noted, — the one for his knowledge, the second for his strength, and the third for his skill. The first one was a student. He studied all books; he thought out many things that are not written in books; he could read the signs of the winds and of the stars; he could hear and see where others did not; he knew what was happening in places far off. The second was a worker. He had strength to do all kinds of hard work; he could make any thing that was to be fashioned by power of hands; he made all needed tools, and built great canoes. No one could work so long or so hard with axe, or oar, or paddle, as he. The third was a doctor.

<sup>1</sup> He said this, praising himself for his successful capture of the squirrel.

<sup>2</sup> See Reinhold Köhler, *Kleinere Schriften*, vol. i, pp. 298, 389. — ED.

He had skill to find out the properties of all herbs and trees; and he knew all the symptoms of disease, and just what medicines to apply in any case. No one died who could obtain his aid in sickness.

One day the wise man, by his knowledge of what was occurring elsewhere, brought the news that the great queen was very sick, that her own doctors were not able to cure her, that her people were seeking for new skill or new medicine, and that, if these were not obtained, she would die. He said he was sorry for her, and wished she might get well. And when he had told this news, he sat down. He did nothing more, and had nothing more to say. Then the doctor stood up and said, "Surely I am the one who is needed there at the sickness of the great queen. Though all those other doctors have failed, I am sure I should not, with my great skill. What a pity that I am not there! She would be sure to live if I were there to discover her disease and to choose the necessary medicine." And he sat down, and said no more; nor did he do any thing else. Then the strong worker stood up and said, "I am not only sorry for the great queen, but I am willing to try to do something for her. I have here my great canoe that only I with all my strength was able to make, and no one but myself is able to paddle it. I am willing to take this doctor to the queen's country, and let us see whether he can save her life." Then all the assemblage said his plan was good, and that it should be carried out. So the doctor took his medicines and got into the canoe, and the strong man paddled him safely over the big waves, and quickly brought him to the town of the great queen. Her people were glad when they heard that a great doctor had come.

He soon found out the disease, and then he quickly cured it. The queen recovered, and she paid him a large fee. Her people rejoiced in her recovery, and they praised the doctor's skill. Then the doctor got into the canoe again, and the strong man rowed him safely back to their country. There the doctor began to show the wealth he had received and to boast of his skill, that had been greater than that of all the queen's doctors. But the strong man — who had received nothing, and whose kindness had made him offer to use his strength to carry the doctor in his canoe — began to murmur, "Of what use would have been all your skill, if I had not had the strength to convey you to that country? But for me, you would have been sitting down here with your skill lying idle, and the queen would have died. I am the one who has saved her." But the wise man interrupted them both, and said, "Of what use would have been your skill and your strength, if I had not informed you of the necessity for their use? You both were in ignorance of the fact of the queen's sickness, and would have remained in ignorance but for me; and she would have died had I not brought you the news of her need of you. I am the one to be thanked

for her life." And each one argued over again. The worker and the doctor together said to the wise man, "Your news of itself was of no use. Without us, it would only have made people unhappy at their helplessness to relieve." Then the wise man and the doctor together had their argument against the worker, of the uselessness of mere strength, if it have nothing valuable for which to exercise itself. So all three kept on arguing, — two against one, and two against one, — and they never were able to decide which was the greater, — knowledge, or strength, or skill.

#### 6. AN AFRICAN PROVERB.<sup>1</sup>

"Ho timbakeni o makodo."<sup>2</sup>

(Benga.)

There were two men, friends and neighbors. The one, Ogula, said, "Chum, I am about to go to a far country to travel, and in my going I leave with you this my barrel of *sitânye*.<sup>3</sup> Take good care of it for me." His friend Boloba replied, "Yes; but that's nothing to do." The one friend Ogula went, and travelled in the far country. While he was there, it happened that his friend Boloba's wife was to become a mother, and that pregnancy caused a longing for no other vegetable but that very *sitânye*. Next morning she begged her husband for that food, and he was vexed with her for asking him to break his trust. But it was just the same day by day. At last he said, "I say, if it is so, I will lose money; but I will at once take my friend's *sitânye*. When he is about to return, then I will buy other for him." He took the barrel; just as he was opening it, money fell out on the floor. Said he, "So, then! This is the barrel which my friend said was of *sitânye*, this one of money? Well, then, let me take the money, and return him *sitânye*; for he named *sitânye*."

When the space of ten years had passed, then his friend Ogula arrived. And this man Ogula said to the friend Boloba, "Hand me my barrel which I left with you." His friend Boloba handed over to him promptly a barrel of *sitânye*. When Ogula opened it, he found a barrel full of *sitânye*, fresh and undecomposed. Then he wondered, saying, "I left with my friend Boloba a barrel of money, and he gives me back a barrel of *sitânye*?" Then Ogula called his friend, saying,

<sup>1</sup> Richard F. Burton, Supplemental Nights to the Book of One Thousand Nights and a Night, Ali Khwajah and the Merchant of Baghdad, vol. iv, pp. 405 *et seq.* See also *Ibid.*, p. 597; Theodor Benfey, Panchatantra, vol. i, p. 283, ii, p. 120; C. H. Tawney, Kathâ Sarit Sâgara, vol. ii, pp. 41, 635.

<sup>2</sup> "Let us go back to the-place-that-was-left." *Makodo* literally means "the deserted site of a village."

<sup>3</sup> The food they ate in that land.



"My friend, what are you doing to me? I am the person who left with you a barrel of money, and do you return me a barrel of *sitânye*?" His friend Boloba replied, "That isn't so; you left me *sitânye*, and I return you also *sitânye*. O chum! you are trying to steal money from me!"

The other one, Ogula, said, "You are the one who is trying to steal from me my money. But since you say so, come and enter complaint before the old men." Said the other one, Boloba, "Good thing! Let us go and enter complaint." They went off until they came to the old men. The first friend, Ogula, standing with his statement, said, "It happened, when I decided on a journey to that far country, that then I left with my friend my barrel of money, that he should take care of it for me. And I pretended to him that it was *sitânye*, lest he, knowing it was money, perhaps would open it." His friend Boloba stated, "My friend left with me a barrel of *sitânye*. When he arrived, then I returned him also a barrel of *sitânye*; and here he comes sneaking along, saying that it was of money. And I say that I did not see money." The old men said, "So, that is the matter!—You, Ogula, the party of the first part, you are in error: you left with Boloba, the other party, *sitânye*, and he returns you also *sitânye*. Now, why do you wish to steal from him money?"

When Ogula heard that, he in wrath abandoned the affair, saying, "Let it be! The money was my very own: even if it be lost, I don't care!" Their two children playing in the street, the child of him who owned the money (Ogula) said to the other, "Chum, really! Your father, what is he doing with my father's moneys? My father left with your father a barrel of moneys, and your father is wishing to steal them with out-and-out theft." The other one, the child of Boloba, said, "It's not so: it is your father who is attempting to steal my father's moneys; because your father left with my father *sitânye*, and now does he want to take from him moneys?" Said the other, the child of Ogula, "Chum, since you were born, have you ever seen *sitânye* existing for ten years and not rotting?" The other answered, "No." The other one, the child of Ogula, added, "*Sitânye*, had my father left it, in these ten years, would it not decay and rot?"

Day by day they kept up that discussion. When the old men heard of it, then they said, "Ho timbakeni o makodo" ("Let us go back to the beginning").

When they returned the case for re-trial, they said, "It is so. You, this one, Ogula, you did not leave *sitânye*. You left money; for *sitânye* is unable to lie for ten years without spoiling. You left money. Take your money!" And he took his money.

## 7. GHOSTS AT A FUNERAL.

*(Benga.)*

In a certain town, people were standing up in the street, according to custom, speaking in succession at a wailing for the dead. A young child in the crowd rose from his seat and went to the boat-landing at the river-side. Looking across to the other side, he saw a company of beings<sup>1</sup> crossing the river. The child did not know who they were, and at once turned aside and hid behind the trunk of a tree, to watch what they would do. When those beings had finished crossing, the leader of their company took a funnel from his travelling-bag, and he dropped from it, into the eyes of all the people of his company, a fluid, in order to make them invisible, saying, as he laid the funnel down, "A spirit can see a human being; but a human being cannot see a spirit."

When they all had had the fluid dropped into their eyes, they went on to the town. The child stepped out from the place where he was hidden, and picked up the funnel from the place where it had been laid. He dropped from it the fluid into his eyes and mouth and nostrils. Then he went back to the town, and sat on the veranda of a house, and saw all those beings sitting down in a place by themselves. However, none of the people of the town could see them, only that child, because he also had dropped the funnel-liquid into his eyes.

The leader of the spirit-company presently stood up in the street and began to talk to the townspeople, making of them an inquiry. But the people, not hearing or seeing the spirits, did not reply. So that child stood up and began to reply.

The wife of that leader said, "This child is seeing us." The spirit said, "No!" but presently he added, "Eh, stop first! I must see about it." So he took a pipe, and went to offer to give it to one of the townsmen; but that person did not take it. So the leader said, "They do not see us." But the woman still said, "Yes, truly, this child does see us!" So the leader said, "Just wait!" He picked up the pipe, and handed it to the child; and the child took it. To test the child further, the leader said, "Give me back my pipe!" The child handed it to him, and he took it. Then they, seeing that they were discovered, turned and went away. Those beings were spirits.

## 8. OVER-SLEEPING AND OVER-EATING — WHICH IS WORSE?

*(Batanga.)*

Viyâ-vibe (Over-Sleeping) and Ejedi-ebe (Over-Eating) contracted a friendship. Over-Eating went to visit at the town of Over-Sleeping.

<sup>1</sup> Re-embodied spirits of dead relatives of the deceased, for whom the wailing was being made, were coming to join in the ceremony.

The latter prepared all kinds of food, filling the whole house full. Over-Eating entered straight into the house, and greedily swallowed all the things that were in the house; then he went out. As he was departing, he spoke to his friend Over-Sleeping, saying, "Now I'm going to my home; you must come and visit me in two days."

When the two days were up, this person, Over-Sleeping, arose, and, going on his way, arrived at the town of his friend Over-Eating. At once the latter went hunting in the forest to provide food for his guest, who remained in the town; and there he fell asleep. His head was laid down here, and his body there, and the limbs of the body stretched out full length on the ground. When Over-Eating returned from the forest, he found his friend all spread out on the ground, as if he were dead, and sleeping so soundly as to be unconscious. Thinking his friend had been killed, Over-Eating flew into a passion, saying, "Who are they who have killed a visitor in my town?" So he rose up and went to kill people of another family, in order to avenge his friend's death.<sup>1</sup>

On his return, he found his friend Over-Sleeping awakened from his sleep and sitting up. Then people came, and said to Over-Eating, "What have you been killing people for?" So they called a council, and talked the matter over, bringing accusation against Over-Eating. But he said, "It is not I who am to be accused: *Viyâ-vibe* should be accused."<sup>2</sup>

But the elders in the council decided that Over-Eating was the guilty one.

#### 9. TWO PEOPLE WITH ONLY ONE EYE.

*(Batanga.)*

There were two people, a man and a woman. The one was blind; so was the other. They possessed one eye. If one of them without the eye wished to see a thing, he could do so only by first saying to the other, "Give me the eye!"

One time the man went into the forest, carrying the eye with him, and he saw a honey-tree; then he went back. When he arrived at his house, he told the woman, "I have found honey in a tree; we must go to-morrow to dig at it and pull it out of the hollow of the tree." So the next day the man, wearing the eye, carried the woman on his back; and they went and arrived at the foot of the tree. There he put down the woman, and took up his axe and machete. He climbed the tree,

<sup>1</sup> According to the custom of killing the first person the avenger may meet, however innocent, in order to embroil all parties, and compel a combination against the unknown guilty one.

<sup>2</sup> Because Over-Sleeping's deep sleep had made Over-Eating think him dead, and had caused the latter to go on the raid.



and chopped and cut, and he dug into the hollow, and he pulled out the honeycomb. Then he spoke, and called to the woman, saying, "You must weave a basket into which to put the honeycomb." His wife replied to him, "How shall I see, when I have no eye? Without the eye, how can I see to weave? Fling me the eye!"

So the man pulled the eye out of his socket, and flung it into her lap, below on the ground. The woman promptly caught the eye, and properly fastened it tight into her own socket. She began to cut sticks and twigs, and then wove the frame of a basket.

When she had finished the weaving of it, the man spoke to her, saying, "Fling me the eye!" So she skilfully gave the eye a fling, and threw it up to him into his opened hands; and he caught it, and put it in its place in his socket.

After a while, the woman spoke, saying, "Send me some honey; I wish to eat." But the man replied, "Just wait! You will eat to-day when I arrive." But the woman said, "I want to eat now." So the man threw to her a piece of the honeycomb. But she did not hear it fall, and did not know where it was; and she said, "Send me the eye, that I may pick up the comb." Upon that the man flung the eye again into her lap. The woman took it up, and put it into her own socket; she found where the comb had fallen, and began to eat the honey.

Then the man said to her, "Fling me the eye again up here!" The woman flung the eye toward him; but it lodged on a branch, and stuck fast in a crotch. Just then a bird came. The man, still waiting, and not knowing that the eye had been thrown, ordered again, saying, "Fling me the eye!" She replied, "The eye is up there." But the man answered, "No, I haven't it." And the woman responded, "You are deceiving me."

Just then that bird swallowed the eye and flew away. The man was changed, and became a nest of house-ants; and the woman also was changed, and became a white ant-hill.

#### 10. A PLAY AT HIDE-AND-SEEK.

Mwan'-ukuku<sup>1</sup> and Mwana-moto<sup>2</sup> were friends and playmates. Mwana-moto spoke to his mate, saying, "Come, let us make a play at hide-and-seek!" And they did so.

So Mwana-moto began to hide; and Mwan'-ukuku sought, and soon saw him. Then Mwan'-ukuku took his turn at hiding. Mwana-moto sought and sought, in vain, and did not find him. Thereupon, Mwan'-ukuku spoke, and said, "A human being and a ghost; can they play at hide-and-seek? For you, you cannot see a ghost."

<sup>1</sup> Child of a spirit; that is, a ghost.

<sup>2</sup> Child of man; that is, person.



As a friend and playmate of the human child, the child-of-spirits embodied itself when it chose to; but in this play it disembodied itself, and was invisible.

## II. PISTOL, THE FIGHTING-GUN.

(Benga.)

Pistols were formerly called by West Africans "*putu*,"<sup>1</sup> because native people of old times first saw them in the hands of Portuguese traders.

There was a certain bold man who was noted for his great assumptions. He respected no one, for there was no one whom he feared. One day he happened to meet a neighbor's child on the street, and he teased him. The child protested and resisted, then the man beat him. But this child happened to have a *putu*, and, young as he was, he bravely did not hesitate, but instantly cocked it, and snapped the trigger at the other. And that big fellow was stretched on the ground dead. His people said in revenge, "Since this young one has killed this man, let us seize both him and his father, and let us go and cut their throats." But the council of old men said, "Not so! It is not this child who has killed that man. It is Fight that killed him. He made fight; and Fight has killed him." Then it was that they changed the name of the pistol, and called the *putu* "*eduka-njali*" ("fight-gun"); and that is its common name to this day.

## 12. THE THREE STATEMENTS.

A man sent off his three children, saying, "Go, and dig out for me from its nest the woodpecker (*ebokikâkâ*), that bird that pierces holes in trees, and makes its sleeping-place there." So the children went to dig in the hollow tree, and presently they caught the male woodpecker. On consultation, they said, "We will not give it to our father; let us go and eat it ourselves." So they went back to their town with it secretly.

After a while, when their father saw them, he suspected something wrong; and, meeting the eldest alone, he said to him, "You, the eldest, tell what was done with that bird." The child replied, "There was none." After a while the father met the second child, and questioned him, saying, "What was done with the bird?" The child said, "It was all bloody, and not fit to bring to you." Afterward the father saw the third child, and asked him, "What was done with the bird?" The child replied, "It was only young and unfledged." So the father said to them, "Give up the bird to me!" for they had made three different statements, and for that reason the father knew they were lying.

<sup>1</sup> "*Putu*" was the native attempt to pronounce the word "Portugal."

## 13. FIRE AND WATER — WHICH HAS GREATER POWER?

Veya ("Fire") and Miba ("Water") were neighbors in a town. Fire said to Water, "I am the one who can surpass you in power. Without me, you could not cook food; without me, people could not survive."

Then Water spoke, saying, "No, it is I who have greater power. Without me, what would people drink?"

These two persons kept on arguing about their power. Wherever they met, this one repeated the same arguments as before, and that one the same as before. So people became wearied with their discussions, and went into a council to settle this matter. When they adjourned from the council, they said to the two disputants, "You two are each of sufficient power." Therefore it was settled, that, as neither one was able to surpass the other, neither was greater: they were of equal power, and therefore were to cease their dispute.

## 14. THREE BROTHERS; OR, SETTLE FAMILY QUARRELS AT HOME.

Njambe begat three sons of one mother. He called them, when they were grown to be young men, saying, "Come ye, perhaps death is approaching, choose ye the woman whom ye want" (out of his number of wives, as part of their inheritance).

Then the eldest son, Kombe, stood up, saying, "I have no woman here who is fit for me to marry." And another son, Ugângila, stood up, saying the same words as the older one. Thereupon the other, Ugula, stood up with the same words as the others.

Then they went to their mother, saying, "Prepare us food for a journey." She prepared it for them; and they started on their journey to engage in marriages.

When they came to the middle of their way, there was a steep ascent of a hill, with a steep descent, and another steep ascent beyond, and they did not see any path. So said Kombe, "I am the eldest; I must be the first to pass on. Look at me; if I see the way, I will return to call you. You also, if you see it, then you may return to call me." So Kombe went; but, as he did not see the road, he returned to where they were. They spoke to him, saying, "Come, we have seen the way."

Then they went on and on, and found a very large, deep pit. Kombe spoke, saying, "I am the eldest; let me go first." So he descended by a rope into the pit rapidly (*pololo*). But at the middle of the descent he found things which bit and stung; and these things covered his whole body. So he shook the rope as a signal; and his two brothers at once drew him up, and he stood at the top.

Then Ugângila said, "I also must go." So they tied him with the

rope, and he went down. When he had gone halfway down, those things met him. He in pain shook the rope; and his brothers drew it and he came up.

Then Ugula spoke, saying, "I must go also." He went down to the very end, very rapidly, passing the stinging things safely. He saw and entered first a wide, open place, finding there a fine house, and three young women inside with their mother. The mother asked him, "What have you come to do?" He answered, "I come seeking marriage for my brothers; we are three, children of one mother. Therefore I want for the marriage these three daughters of thine." The mother said, "Yes, young man that you are, I am willing; but the father of these girls has killed many people on account of them, and he is in the room upstairs." Ugula fearlessly said, "Go tell him I am here." The woman went to tell her husband. When she went to tell him, she did not know who Ugula was: she had deceived him by her prompt consent to him. She suspected he was a man who had once attempted to steal her daughters. So she made up a story, saying to her husband, "I had left my paddle at the beach, and, when I came back, the man who stole your daughters came to the house." The father said he was willing to see him, and told her, "Let him come here. He must come to-morrow, in the morning, at eight o'clock." So the woman told Ugula to wait, and that he should go to the father next day.

When the day broke, Ugula dressed himself carefully, and went up to the room of his prospective father-in-law, and he told him the whole affair. The father was willing, and said, "It is well; I am pleased."

Then Ugula arranged with the young women. He spoke to one of them, Ivenga, saying, "My eldest brother is to be your husband;" and to another daughter, Eyâle, "You are the wife of myself, Ugula;" and to the third daughter, Ekomba, "You are to be the wife of Ugângila." Then, by the rope, he sent up Ivenga, and next he sent Ekomba, and finally he sent Eyâle. And then his brothers cut the rope; and Ugula was left behind, without a way of escape. He remained in seclusion in the extensive palace apartments, thinking what he should do. Some days after that, his father-in-law called him, saying, "Since you took from me my daughters to-day makes four days. What have you done with my children?" Ugula replied, "I have done nothing to them; but my brothers have done wrong against me." And he explained what had happened. Then the father was ready to help him, saying, "Put thy hand under the bed and take thence a small box." Ugula took it and handed it to him; but the father gave it back to him, saying, "This little Ngalo will tell you every thing that you should do. Now stand on my head." So he stood on his father-in-law's head, and in the twinkling of an eye he



found himself at the top of the ground (but away from where he had left his brothers), and standing in a kitchen-garden at the rear of the house of a town. Not knowing where he was, or whether his brothers were anywhere near, and fearing lest they should kill him if they saw him, by the power of the Ngalo he transformed himself, making all his body full of sores, to disguise himself. Presently, when a woman, the owner of the house, came there behind the house to cut leaves in the garden, and saw him, she called to her husband, saying, "I have picked up a man! He must be my slave."<sup>1</sup>

Then the people of the town said to her, "To-morrow there shall be an assemblage of the whole tribe."<sup>2</sup>

When the next day broke, Ugula spoke to the people, saying, "I want to go now." They said, "No, remain here!"<sup>3</sup> And he remained. They, thinking the matter was settled, went away on a far journey; and, as they went on ahead, there he was, standing, having come there by the power of the Ngalo. They spoke to him, saying, "We had left you in the town." He replied to them, "Just wait. See what happens." Then he said to the Ngalo, "Two good suits of clothing!" And they appeared in abundance. That woman who had captured him was wondering at him and his Ngalo; and her husband said to her, "See! we had left this person in the town, but now we come and meet him on the way before us!" So they went away without trying to claim him as their slave.

After a long time he built a house by that path. He spoke to the Ngalo, saying, "Since I brought you from that town, you have not showed me any work, nor any thing I shall do. I want you to renew my body and make it healthy as I was born, also give me a suit of clothing that will cause me to be invisible to all people."

So Ngalo returned all his sores inside, leaving his body clean. And it brought forward to him a fine horse, and he rode upon it. Then he passed on in his journey, and he came to the street of a town, and he went to where the King Nkombe-nyambe was. He spoke to the king, saying, "I have a tale to tell. I want you to summon for me here to trial Kombe and Ugângila, and Ivenga and Ekomba and Eyâle, and my father Njambe and his wife." The king did so; and all the parties came, except Ugula's father and mother.

Then Ugula made his statement to Nkombe-nyambe, saying, "We were born of the same mother, three brothers, — Kombe and Ugângila and Ugula. Then our father called us, and said, 'I am going to die; but choose ye now your wives.' We replied to him, saying, 'We do not wish these thy wives, but only women who are daughters

<sup>1</sup> According to the custom of enslaving wandering strangers.

<sup>2</sup> To discuss the status of the stranger.

<sup>3</sup> As a slave.



of one mother.' So we journeyed to seek them in marriage. When we went on our way, we arrived at a deep pit; and Kombe said, 'I must go first.' Then he went, and he returned. Then went Ugângila, and he returned. When they finished, then I went down; and I met these young women with their mother. The mother spoke to me, saying, 'What have you come to do?' I answered her, saying, 'We were born three brothers: therefore we come to be married with these thy three daughters.' And she consented. Then she went out and told it to her husband. When I sent the women up to the top of the ground, my brothers cut the rope, and I was left down in the hollow. They have married those whom I sent up to them. Now the time of your court is arrived; therefore I bring up this case before you."

Thereupon, Nkombe-nyambe spoke, saying, "The affair is too great for me to judge. Go, return home; and your father himself must settle the dispute between you." The king also remarked, "Actually to be of one and the same mother, is it any thing? Even if you and another are children of the same mother, each should have his own heart, and do his own mind."

So Ugula took his horse and his wife Eyâle, and returned and came to their town.<sup>1</sup>

#### 15. A GREAT FRIENDSHIP.

Maseni ("Merchant") lived at the seacoast. Ugělě ("Poverty") a man, and his wife Ugělě (they two having the same name), lived in the interior. Kombe ("Sun") also lived in the interior, still farther away in the forest.

Maseni begat a man-child, whose fine qualities were without limit. His name was Pinda-'lema ("Darkness-of-Heart"). Maseni said to him, "I give the tribe a law under my seal and under pain of death, that, if any one shall see a child or any person as fine as Pinda-'lema, he must come out and tell me."

Ugělě the man, and his wife Ugělě, also begat a man-child, whose name was Atome ("He-is-there"). When he was born, he had on his arm an ivory wristlet.

Kombe begat a female child, by name Unyongo ("Rainbow").

These children, strangers to one another, all grew up. One day Atome said, "I am going to the seaside, to travel and to see the sea." So he went, and emerged at a coast that is like that of the Batanga creek Jambwe. He went on his journey, and, looking thence, he saw the beach full of little children digging in the sand. We know how that part of the beach is in the season of the *mbangala* ("very small clams"). Atome had with him on his journey two birds, one

<sup>1</sup>See Franz Boas, "Notes on Mexican Folk-Lore" (this Journal, vol. xxv, pp. 254-258); also Aurelio M. Espinosa (*Ibid.*, vol. xxvii, p. 219, where literature is given). See also Frank Russell, Athabascan Myths (*Ibid.*, vol. xiii, p. 11).

on each shoulder. The people who were on the beach, seeing him, came to meet him. They said among themselves, "We have never seen such a fine person as this since we were born." They went back quickly to their town, according to Maseni's law, to tell him.

Pinda'-lema started quickly to meet Atome. When he met him, Atome presented him with those birds. Pinda'-lema said to him, "Come to the town." When he arrived there, the tribe said, "He is to die."<sup>1</sup> But Pinda'-lema said, "Not so! He is my friend." He caused him to enter a house, and had food made for him; and they ate.

Atome passed some time visiting there; and then Pinda'-lema said to him, "Let us go; you escort me on my marriage-errand." Atome said, "Yes, a good affair!" And they went on their journey to Kombe's town. Before that, Kombe had announced, "The person who comes to marry my child must first fast for eight days; then he may marry."

They emerged from the forest at the town of Atome's parents, Ugělě and Ugělě, — and then passed it by, on to other towns. The relative positions of the two young men were misunderstood, so that, as they came to any town, the inquiry was raised by the townspeople, "Atome and his steward, where are they going?" Atome would reply, "For a marriage." So that people still further misunderstood, and thought it was Atome who was seeking marriage. Before that, many men had gone that way, seeking to marry Unyongo, only to return, saying, "Who is able to endure hunger eight days, without eating?"

As they came to another town, the same inquiry was raised, "Atome and his steward, where are they going?" He replied, as before, "To a marriage." At all the towns they came to, they were met just so, and the questions and answers were just the same.

At last they arrived at the town of Kombe. They entered and sat down.

Unyongo was in her upper room. The townspeople came and saluted the visitors, "Mbolani!" — "Ai!" they replied. They were asked, "You are come on your journey for what purpose?" They replied, "For a marriage." Kombe said, "I have no objection. Which of you is for the marriage?" They both said "Pinda'-lema," thus leaving the impression, as Atome had been the chief speaker, that *he* was the leader.

Unyongo, peeping from her window, saluted them, and, being also under mistake as to their persons, said to herself, "It is well that it is not Atome." Kombe said to Pinda'-lema, "You do not have to pay any dowry goods, only the test of eight days of hunger."

The evening then darkened to night. Pinda'-lema went to Unyongo's room. Did she think him Atome's steward? He and she

<sup>1</sup> The custom, in cannibal days, of eating strangers.

enjoyed themselves, and talked in conversation. He asked her, "Do you love me?" She answered, "Yes, I love." All that night passed, and daylight came. He had nothing to eat that whole day. Next night, at midnight, his friend Atome took good food up to the room, handed him the food, and went out. But Unyongo did not know that Atome was bringing food. Unyongo and the man enjoyed themselves and gave each other tender words of love. She said to him, "Are we to marry?" The man said, "I do not know whether we can marry." He was uncertain whether he could stand that test of hunger.

Atome still kept on bringing food. Another day opened; and Kombe began to suspect, from Pinda'-lema's vivacity, that he was not fasting. So he said to Unyongo, "What! are you giving him food?" She replied, "Father, I do not give him food, for I do not like him." It was true that she did not give him food; but she deceived her father in saying she did not like him. Kombe, not satisfied with her denial, told her in the evening, "You don't lie any more on the side of the bed where you have been lying. You must lie on the outside; and he must take the wall-side."

At night she did so. They fondled each other, and then went to sleep. In the middle of the night, when Atome came and spread out the food, he touched the head of Unyongo, supposing it to be Pinda'-lema, not knowing of Kombe's having changed their positions. Unyongo, being frightened, screamed, "O my father! Oh, who is this?" Atome took away his body, hiding sufficiently behind the post in the doorway.

Kombe and the townspeople came. Lamps were thoroughly carried around the room. They found the good food, and the table all ready. They sought for the person who brought the food, but did not see him. Kombe said, "Put the food in that drawer there." The drawer had a very difficult lock. Then they all went out.

Atome also went out that night, and he made other keys that same night at the blacksmith's bellows. When he had finished, he went up into the room. He tried one key, but it did not fit. He selected another; it clicked and the drawer opened. He took away the food that was there, and put in other pieces of fresh cassava-bread, locked the drawer, and went away. When the day broke, and people went up into the room and opened the drawer, the food they had seen at night was not there!

Kombe said, "I do not know about this matter;" and he began to call an assemblage of the people. Atome went out and changed his body by magic power, humbling himself as if he was a despicable fellow, all his body being covered with eruptions, and disease on his head, so that the townspeople would not recognize him, and would think him a visitor just arrived. He came and sat down amongst them.



Kombe began the investigation by asking, "Who has done this thing?" At once Atome replied, "I." Kombe, in surprise, "You?" Atome, "No." Again Kombe, "You?" Atome, "Yes." Again Kombe, "You?" Atome, "No." Then Atome spoke, "But now, you all assembled here, if I tell you the truth, will you grant my request?" They said, "Yes." Then he said, "Well, I beg Kombe and you all that you will allow Pinda-'lema to go away with his wife." They said, "Yes, we are willing." So they gave up the woman to Pinda-'lema.

The young men started on their journey with their woman, to go back to the seacoast, to the town of Maseni, the father of Pinda-'lema. They arrived finally at that town; and the townspeople gave them a thorough welcome.

Later on in his stay, Atome said to Pinda-'lema, "Chum, I want one of your father's wives." Pinda-'lema said, "Good!" and he went to tell that wife of his father. At first she did not consent. But presently she said, as a sign, "If I see a lime coming into the upper room, I will consent." Afterwards, while they two were still sitting together, a lime-fruit came, thrown through the window by Unyongo, who was in the plot. The woman picked it up and put it into a basin. And Pinda-'lema went and told Atome, "Chum, she consents." Then the day darkened, and at night Atome started to go to the room of the woman. He stretched out his hand to feel her shoulders, and in so doing, he touched the head of Maseni, not knowing that Maseni was there. Maseni laid tight hold of his hand, saying, "Who is it?" Atome scuffled, and Maseni scuffled. Maseni shouted, "Ho, men! ho!" People came in the dark, and laid hold of Atome; but he slipped away from them to the house of his friend, Pinda-'lema, and sat down.

When Maseni and the others followed, and demanded that Atome be killed at once, Pinda-'lema, to create delay and to give Atome a chance to escape, said, "My father, you may kill him to-morrow." The people said, "Yes, wait till daylight."

When daylight came, the tribe was called together in assemblage, and Maseni said, "Produce him!" His son said, "Let him first have his cup of tea." When Atome had finished drinking it, Pinda-'lema said, "Let him also eat." When the food was finished, Pinda-'lema said, "My father, what do you say about it?" He replied, "Atome shall surely die." Pinda-'lema said, "My father, my friend saved me from starvation, and I will save him too." His father said, "Not so, unless with a fight."

That previous night, after the people had returned to their beds, Atome, going out of Pinda-'lema's house, had by magic power put an iron fence all around the town, so that, if there was to be a fight, all should perish together, and none escape; and also, that same night, Pinda-



'lema had gone, with his magic silver sword in hand, off into the forest. There he had found a leopardess with newly-born kits. He had taken four of the little kits. The mother had followed him; but he had put the little leopards in a small iron enclosure of his father; and the leopard went back to her lair.

Pinda-'lema then began his address to his father. He said, "Now, then, my father! I caught young leopards last night, finding a leopardess with them newly born." The people interrupted, "Not so. Who can take a leopard's young just when she has borne them?" He answered, "Well, then, go to the enclosure and see." They went and found them, and acknowledged, "Yes, it's so."

Then Pinda-'lema resumed, "Men, now hear, for you have seen I speak the truth. This is the cause of this affair" (and he made up the following story): "I and my friend had a discussion. I told him that my father never slept. And he said, 'That is not true. Is there a person ever born who does not sleep?' And I said, 'If you go, you will find him awake.' So it was that he found my father awake; and he pressed his hand on my father's face, and my father seized him by the hand. And he and my father tusselled for that hand. My friend pulled away his hand, and the ivory ring which was on his wrist was left with my father. So, as I had told him, — 'If you do not find my father asleep, I will then catch a leopard's cubs,' — I went and caught the cubs of the leopard. Look at them! So it was only our discussion, not that he went to seek your wife."

The tribe were silent with amazement; and they said, "Eh! is it possible it was only a discussion!"

And they spoke to Pinda-'lema, saying, "Then you, what do you say should be done?" He replied, "I say that my father should give Atome the woman," in reparation for the false (*sic*) accusation.

But Maseni said, "I cannot do it." Then the two young men set the end of the father's town on fire, and his wives and children were in danger of being burned up. But Atome dipped his finger into water, sprinkled it on the conflagration, and the fire was extinguished.

So all the people said, "Let him take the woman" as a reward for putting out the fire. So Maseni gave them that wife.

Then they left Maseni and his town; and Pinda-'lema and his friend, and Pinda-'lema's mother, and their two wives, went to build their own village.

This tale shows the great love of friendship. It overcame even the obligations of blood-relationship, and stood even that test.

#### 16. TWO BROTHERS AND THEIR ENMITY.

The men of a certain town went to sea to catch fish. Two of them were near relatives, — half-brothers, children of the same father. One

of them, the elder, caught a large, strange fish. The other, the younger, said, "This fish that you have caught, of what kind is it?" The rest of the fishermen came around in their canoes to examine, and they also asked, "What kind of a fish is this?" But none knew: so they called it Ngunu-Upâyâ.

As the younger brother lifted it up to examine it closely, it slipped from his fingers back into the sea. Then the older one demanded, "As you have lost it for me, follow it to the place whither it has gone, and get it." The younger replied, "Brother, let me alone: excuse me for its loss; for, even if I go to seek it, I do not know where it has gone." But the elder said, "I will not forgive you."

They returned ashore to their town, and continued their quarrel there. The elder persisted in saying, "I will never forgive you till you have followed where that fish has gone." So the younger, wearied with the quarrel, said to his mother, "Mother, make me food for a journey: I'm going to seek where that fish has gone." His mother and father both agreed to this mode of settling the quarrel, and said, "Go and seek it, for your brother is tired of you. Go and seek where it is." His mother went to escort him along the beach. At a certain point he plunged into the sea, and by magic power walked along the bottom. On the way he met many fishes, and to each he offered some of his food. They ate of it, thanked him, and said, "Go on your way in peace." As he went on, he came to a small house. An old woman was sitting there alone. Her body was covered with disease, and the house was filthy with dirt. He entered, and saluted her; and she said to him, "I see that you are a handsome man; but why do you come into such a house as this, that is not fit for you?" He only replied by taking up a scoop and bailing out the dirty water. Then he went to a spring and brought good water, and with it he washed her whole body, and lifted her up from the ground, laid her on the bed, and made a fire near the bedstead. Then he said to her, "Old woman, eat. I have brought you food; eat." And he went out of the house, respectfully leaving her alone while she was eating.

While he was out, the woman by magic power changed her body to the appearance of a young woman. She arose from the bed, sat at the table, and called the young man. He came in, and they ate together. After they had finished the food, the woman asked, "The journey that brought you hither, what was the reason of it?" So he told her, "My brother caught a fish, and it slipped from my hands. He was angry with me, and ordered me to find the fish." Then the woman replied, "You are seeking a fish? Go on your way. At the next town enter, and there you must make a pretence to the townspeople by saying, 'Who has killed my uncle? I have come to seek the fish which my uncle has left as inheritance.'"

He went on his way, came to that place, did as the woman had told him; and they gave him that very fish that was lost.

Then he came back to the house of the woman, bringing the fish with him. She prepared food, and they ate together. Then the man said, "Come, escort me on my way." She refused, and remained in the house; but she gave him a stick of sugarcane, and told him to go and plant it on the shore. He resumed his journey, and came back to land, to the town of his people. His father and mother welcomed him with, "Iyě, iyě!" saying, "We did not know that you would ever come back." He took up the fish, and asked his brother, who was sitting there, "Where is my brother? There's your fish!" But the elder brother did not thank him, only saying, "Good! very good that I have obtained my fish."

The younger one took the sugarcane, and planted it near the door leading to the kitchen-garden. Many years passed, and the cane grew. One day the elder brother, feeling hungry, cut the stalk of cane and ate it. The younger one was out in the forest at the time. When he returned, and saw that the cane was cut, he said, "Who has cut my cane?" His father told him, "Your brother did it."

Then the younger son said to his brother, "The place where I found that cane, there you will go and find one like it for me!" All the townspeople interfered, saying, "Let your brother alone! Where will he find the cane?" But the younger said, "Where I sought his fish, there he may seek my cane."

The quarrel continued day by day, and finally the elder, being wearied, said, "Mother, give me food for a journey, and I will go." He went away with the food, and entered the sea on the path on which his brother had gone; but he went recklessly, in ill will, and trusting to himself and his own power. He travelled, and he came to the house of the old woman. He found the house dirty, as it was before, and the woman diseased, as she had been; and he did not go in.

She looked at him, and said, "This is no place fit for you to enter." He showed her no sympathy, or desire to help her. Then she said to him warningly, and as a rebuke, "I perceive that you will not succeed on this journey." The man replied, "To enter your dirty house, or to go back? Even if I do not succeed, I prefer to go back." She only said, "Do as your character likes to do." He answered, "What can I do? If I do not find the cane, and I go back, I can but die for it." So he curtly said to the woman, "I'm going." And she ordered him, "Go!"

He started to return to land, but on the way he lost the route, and could find no path that he recognized. And finally he was utterly lost, and was drowned.



## 17. THE TOUCAN AND THE THREE GOLDEN-GIRDLED CHILDREN.

Njambo had many women. He begot also many children. One day one of these women bore twins, both females.

Long after this, when the twins were grown beautiful young women, the elder went out for a walk on the beach; and, looking off at the sea, she exclaimed, "Would that to-day the agent of some trading-house would come and marry me!" At once a steamer came in sight and anchored, having on board the agent of a trading-firm of merchants, coming to inspect the work of his clerks. Instantly he loved the young woman, and he said to Njambo, "I want to marry your child." Njambo assented, "Yes, but give me very many goods." The agent gave him a large quantity of goods, married the woman, and took her away with him to his own country in Manga-Maněně ("White-Man's Land").

The merchant, head of the firm, subsequently also came, and he married the younger twin. This woman said to him, "I shall bear you three children, — one named Manga ('Sea'), one Joba ('Sun'), and one Ngânde ('Moon')." They agreed, as a promise, that this should be so; and he took her with him to his country of Manga-Maněně, to the same town where the other sister already was. But the mother of the merchant hated this daughter-in-law, so also did the mother-in-law of the elder sister. Moreover, the elder said to herself, "I am the elder; it was more fitting that I should have married the merchant rather than his subordinate, my husband, the agent." So she too hated her sister.

The wife of the merchant became pregnant; and her husband said, "I am going on a journey for amusement of travel."

When the birth-pangs seized his wife, after he was gone, she called her mother-in-law to assist her; also she called her elder sister, the one who married the agent. These two came, and they bandaged her eyes so that she should not see the child when it should be born.

So she bore a child, and she called it Manga. But the other two women took the child, and called for a carpenter. Under their direction, he made a coffin, put the child in it, and threw it into the sea. Then they took a kitten, and said to the mother, "You are false. You have not borne a child of man; you have borne a puss." Then they withdrew the bandage from her eyes. She sat up; and when she saw the cat, she began to cry; and the mother-in-law and the sister returned to their places.

When the merchant returned from his journey, his mother said to him, "Your wife is full of falsehood. She said to you she would bear a man-child, but lo! she bears a cat." He replied only, "Well, she promised me three; there are yet to be born two."

A man who was living a hundred miles away, in casting his seine



one day, drew in a little coffin. When he opened the box and saw a living babe, he exclaimed, "Lo! What a handsome child!"

Some time after this, the wife bore a second child; but before it was to be born, her husband went away on another journey. This he did to test his wife.

At the time of her confinement, the woman again sent word for the two women — her sister and the mother of her husband — to come. Again they bandaged her eyes. And she bore another child, giving it the name Ngânde. The infant, as it was born, gave a little wail like a squeal. The two women called the carpenter, as at first; and they took a little shote, and said to the mother, "This is your second child." And, as before, the carpenter threw the little coffin into the sea.

When the merchant arrived home again, his mother said to him, "Your wife has borne the child of a pig. She is very false." He patiently replied, "Well, there is one more left; and the end will show."

Again the fisherman, a hundred miles distant, found the second coffin, and, opening it, saw a human being in it, and exclaimed, "Oh, how beautiful this person!" And the child was taken ashore, where his elder brother was already grown to be a stout lad.

More years passed, and the woman bore a third child. Her husband had again gone on his journey. And at the time of her confinement, the mother again called for the other two women. They bandaged her eyes, as twice before. When the child was born, it wailed with a voice like a puppy. So they brought her a little dog, telling her it was her child. They again called for the carpenter, and said to him, "Do for this child as you did for the others." So he made the coffin, and threw it with the infant into the sea.

When the merchant came home again, his mother said to him, "During your journey your wife has borne a dog. So false!" Then he said to his wife, "Did you not promise me three children? And yet the children were a dog, a pig, and a cat." So he ordered her to be put in his stable among the cattle, saying, "This woman and the cows shall be in one and the same place."

Again the fisherman who had found the other two coffins found a third. Opening the box, he wondered at the child's beauty. He said to himself, "Who are those who throw these children into the sea?"

Of those children, the first two were males, the third was a female. These three grew up in strength and beauty in the fisherman's house, where he lived all by himself, except that he had a large bird with him, that could talk with human speech.

Finally this fisherman thought, "No! I'll leave these young people here by themselves." And he went away to live at another place, leaving them in the care of the Bird.

A message was sent one day to the town of the merchant by a news-teller whose name was Esčlěngila. He said, "A young woman whom I have seen at a certain place is exceedingly beautiful, more so even than was this one you have placed in the cow-house. And the young men who are building her house are very fine. They are building stones of diamonds in that house. And that house has a bird that is called Utombo ('Toucan')."

The merchant, having his curiosity aroused, decided to go and inspect that place. When he arrived there, he found the three young people all in one place. He was seized with a sudden surprise at their fine dress and signs of wealth, and with admiration for the young woman. He asked the young men that he might marry their sister. They consented, but they all three did so, deceiving him; for they all knew he was their father, the bird Utombo having told them so. They promised the merchant that in three days they would be ready to come to his house. He agreed to this arrangement, and went back to his town.

In three days he sent a steamer to bring them. They put on their very finest clothing, and embarked in the vessel. Soon they arrived at the merchant's town. There he made a great feast for them. And they all ate, except that Utombo ate nothing. When it was inquired why the Bird was not eating, the Bird said, "I want my food to be only a *ukukumba* (a certain forest fruit)." The merchant asked, "What are *mekukumba*?" The two young men answered, "As you have none here, gather stones, cook them in a pot, and he will eat them."

The stones were boiled over the fire; but the cook could not succeed in softening them. So the Bird said, "Well, if you cannot cook the stones, I will use a guest's right, and ask for what I want. Bring that woman who is out in the stable, and I will eat her."

She was sent for, was brought from the cow-house, and was promptly washed and arrayed for the feast. When she arrived, the two young men said to the merchant, "Summon all the employees and people on your premises. We have a word to say to you."

So all the people came together, very many. The three children were sitting together in one place. The woman also, who had put on fine clothes, was sitting with them, together with the Bird.

Those children, when they were born, had golden girdles, from which had come all their wealth.

The Bird spoke, and said, "All you men and people here, is there any among you who can eat a stone, as I can?"

They answered, "No!"

Then the Bird said, "I know of what I speak. This man wants to marry this young woman. But I have an announcement to make to

you. These three children — that man is their father; their mother is this woman. She promised her husband she would bear him three children. Those three are these. And they were born in greatness."

At this the merchant was amazed.

To prove his words, the Bird said, "You three children, remove your clothing to your waists, and show your girdles."

All the audience and the merchant examined, and they saw the gold.

Then the Bird said to the merchant, "Summon your mother, and carpenter, and the woman who married your agent; for they have done this thing."

When they appeared, and were charged with their crime, the carpenter said, "I only made and nailed a box. I have nothing in this matter." The mother-in-law also denied, saying, "I have nothing to do with it. It belongs to the agent's wife."

But the merchant ordered, "Seize these two women, — my mother and this wife of the agent; tie a stone to their necks, and throw them into the sea; for they have lied to me greatly."

So they were tied with a stone to their necks, and were thrown into the sea; and they died.

Then the merchant took his three children and their mother to his house. And he and his wife ended their marriage in peace and happiness.

AMBLER, PA.



## PENOBSCOT TALES.

BY F. G. SPECK.

I. THE TRAVELS AND ADVENTURES OF RABBIT.<sup>1</sup>*(a) Rabbit tries to outdo his Host the Woodpecker.*

HERE lives my story. Rabbit went to visit his friend Woodpecker. When he came to the door, Woodpecker said, "Come in and sit down!" There was a stump just outside the wigwam. "I have nothing to eat," said Woodpecker, "but I will go now and get something for our dinner." Then up the stump he went, and began to dig worms out of the wood with his beak. "These," said he, "are eels for our dinner. I always get them in this way." And when he had enough "eels," he cooked them, and the two had their dinner.

Then Rabbit invited Woodpecker to come over and visit him at his house in the brush, and have dinner. When Woodpecker arrived, Rabbit said, "Now I'll go and get our dinner. You sit down and wait." He took a piece of bone with a point to it and tied it to his forehead, as the woodpecker has its beak. Then he tried to climb up a tree near his wigwam, as Woodpecker had done. Up he got a little way by dint of hard scrambling; but his paws slipped, and down he came flat on his back with a thud that drove all the breath out of his body. Up the tree he clawed his way again. This time he got farther, and tried to dig worms ("eels") out of the wood, jabbing in with his bone as he had seen Woodpecker do; but he lost his hold, fell all the way down, and got killed. When Woodpecker saw what had happened, he came out and jumped over the dead Rabbit twice. The second time Rabbit came to life. "Now you go lie down. You are sick. You can't do anything now, you are sick. I'll get the dinner," said Woodpecker to him. Then he went up the tree, dug out the "eels," cooked them, and they had their dinner.

*(b) Rabbit tries to imitate his Host Kingfisher.*

Now Rabbit went visiting again. He saw Kingfisher sitting before his wigwam on a branch overhanging the water. Whenever a fish swam by, Kingfisher would dive in and spear it with his beak. When he had enough fish, he came down and invited Rabbit to come in and have dinner with him. After they had eaten, Rabbit wanted to get some fish, as Kingfisher had done. So he went out on the branch; and when he saw a fish, he dived in to get it. But he could

<sup>1</sup> Narrated by Joe Solomon, Oldtown, Me.



not swim, and nearly drowned before Kingfisher could get him out. Then, when he felt better, Rabbit went on.

*(c) Rabbit kills the Young Fishers and is pursued.*

Next Rabbit came upon a camp of Fishers, the young ones and the old mother at home. He took a poking-stick from near the fire, and knocked them all on the head until they were dead. Then he ran away into the thicket. When the old Fisher came home and found his family killed, he struck Rabbit's trail and started after him. He trailed him into the thicket, and soon began to gain on him. When Rabbit saw that he was losing, he turned himself into a priest striding before his church reading his prayer-book. When Fisher came along, he asked the priest, "Did you see a rabbit go by here?" The priest held up his hand for silence, not to interrupt him in his prayers. In a few minutes he asked him again the same question. "Yes," said the priest, "there are a lot of rabbits around here. The swamp yonder is full of them." "Well," said Fisher, "I'm looking for the rabbit who killed all my family;" and he was going to start on again. "Stop a while before you go, and have something to eat and drink," said the priest. Then they went into the church, and the priest gave Fisher some wine and bread. "Put the pieces of bread into your shirt," said the priest: "you will need them soon, if you are going to chase that rabbit." So Fisher tucked some bread inside his shirt. Now, Fisher fell into a sound sleep after drinking the wine. Then Rabbit resumed his proper shape, and left Fisher lying in a snow-bank. When he woke up, he was almost frozen to death; but he started on. The church had disappeared, and the priest had changed back into a rabbit and run off. As soon as Fisher got hungry in following the mass of rabbit-tracks in the swamp, he decided to eat the bread the priest had given him. He felt inside his shirt, but only pulled out a handful of rabbit-excrement. Then he knew he had been fooled; and ever since then Fisher has been running after rabbits, and killing them wherever he can find them. Here ends my story.

2. THE ADVENTURES OF RABBIT (SECOND VERSION).<sup>1</sup>

*(a) Rabbit tries to imitate his Host Kingfisher.*

Here camps my story. Rabbit was going along on his way, when he saw smoke coming from the roof of an old camp. When he got close to the door, he rapped, and Kingfisher came out. Said he, "Come in, my chum, and sit down!" Then Rabbit went in and sat down, and Kingfisher went down to the shore by the river. Rabbit watched him. Out on a cedar-branch Kingfisher began leaning over and looking

<sup>1</sup> Narrated by Buck Andrew, Oldtown, Me.

down into the water. Pretty soon he jumped into the water head first. Then he swam to shore and hauled out a big fish. He cleaned and cooked it, and then they ate it. After eating, they spent a while telling stories. When Rabbit started for home, he told Kingfisher to come over and visit him. When he arrived home, he built a camp, and pretty soon his partner Kingfisher came along. Rabbit told him to come in and sit down, and after a while they both got settled down. Then Rabbit got a sharp bone and fastened it to his forehead. His camp was near the river. Then he went out on a tree leaning over the water, and jumped right in, although he did not see anything. He had a hard time. He got drowned. Then Kingfisher got him ashore and stretched him out flat on his back. He jumped over him, and at once Rabbit came to life again. "Sp—, sp—, sp—!" he sputtered, "I got fish that time! Sp—, sp—!" He spat out the water. Then said Kingfisher to him, "You sit still, I'll get the dinner." Then he went out, caught some fish, and they had dinner.

*(b) Rabbit escapes from the Lynx after killing his Family.*

Rabbit started off again, and had gone a short distance when he saw another camp. He thought he would stop and have something to eat, as he was very hungry. In this camp he saw one old creature and two young ones. They were lynxes. He took a club and hit them all on the head, then ran away. When the other old lynx came home, he saw the rabbit-tracks, and knew by that who had killed his folks. He started off on the trail, and at last came to a church with a priest walking before it preaching. Lynx asked the priest if he had seen a rabbit. "Yes," said the priest, "a lot of them in the swamp." Then the priest invited Lynx inside to have something to eat and drink. Lynx went in, and the priest got him drunk. He gave Lynx some crackers, which he put inside his shirt to save until he might get hungry. Soon Lynx fell asleep. When he awoke, he found himself frozen in ice; and when he examined the crackers, he found that they had changed into rabbit-excrement in his shirt. That priest was Rabbit himself, and so he had fooled him. Then Lynx sped on again through the swamp, following rabbit-tracks. Soon he saw some teamsters hauling wood. Said he, "Where is Rabbit?" and the teamsters sent him chasing off toward salt water (the ocean), and the Lynx chased Rabbit until he came to salt water. There he saw a big ship floating, and those on board fired at him. Then I left and went away. That is why the lynx is always chasing about and hunting rabbits nowadays.

## 3. THE STORY OF JACK.

*(A European Story.)*

There were once three brothers who started out in the world to find their fortune. The oldest started first. He took with him some bread; and as he went along the road, he came to an old woman who begged alms of him. He told her that he had nothing but some bread, and that was only enough for one. Then she warned him to beware of the rock and a savage dog which he would find on his road. As he went along, he tripped on a sharp rock and dashed his brains out. The next to the oldest brother started out in the same way, and met the old woman, and exactly the same thing happened. Last of all came Jack, the youngest brother. When he met the old woman, he gave her half of his loaf; and she told him to beware of the rock, and then gave him a club to use against the dog which she said would attack him before long. Soon he came to the sharp rock, but saw it in time to step to one side, and so passed in safety. Then he came to where a big dog sprang upon him, but he struck it with the club and killed it. Having passed these dangers in safety, he came to the palace of the king. Here he asked for work. The king asked him what he could do, and he replied that he could do anything. "Very well," said the king, "if you can do anything, I will hire you;" and they struck a bargain, agreeing that the first one to become angry with the other should submit to having his back skinned. The first task that the king gave Jack was to plant his field. Jack took the plough and ploughed up patches of the ground; so that when it was planted and grew up, the grain appeared in patches here and there. When the king saw it, he was about to scold Jack, who said, "Are you angry?" — "Oh, no!" said the king, "I am not angry."

The next task he gave him was to herd the royal swine. He told Jack to go to the palace of a great giant in the neighborhood, and pasture his swine in the giant's field. For a lunch Jack took a lump of maple-sugar. When he arrived at the giant's palace, the monster came out, and would have killed him if Jack had not leaped into a tree. "Before we fight," said Jack, "let us see who is the greater man. Here I have a stone. I can chew it to bits." Then he chewed up the maple-sugar. Then the giant took a stone and tried to bite it, but could not break it. The giant told Jack to come down, and they would be friendly until they could try some more contests. That night Jack went into the giant's yard and bored a hole through one of the trees, then covered the opening with bark. The next morning he challenged the giant to punch a hole through a tree. The giant struck a big tree and drove his fist into the wood. Then Jack drove his fist through the hole in the tree, so that it came through on the other side, and the giant began to fear him for a very strong man. "Now," said



the giant, "let us take this cane and see who can throw it the highest." He produced a great cane of solid gold, weighing three tons, and hurled it so high that it did not come down till evening. Then Jack took the cane in his hand, and, looking toward the heavens, addressed himself to the Angel Gabriel. "Gabriel," said he, "for a long time I have wanted to make you a present. Now, here is a nice gold cane which I am going to throw you. Keep it when you get it for a present. Are you ready?" — "Hold on!" said the giant, "don't throw it, I don't want to lose it." So the giant gave up, and was afraid of Jack because he thought he was the stronger man. So Jack herded the swine in the giant's field, and at night went home to the king's palace. On the way he cut off the noses and ears of his swine and stuck them in the mire. Then he ran to the palace and told the king that the swine were mired, and to hurry down and help him. So, clad in his best clothes, the king hurried to the mire, and saw the noses and ears sticking from the mud. He grabbed one of the snouts and pulled. When it came up, he fell over backwards and smutted his clothes. "Go back to the palace and get a clean suit from my wife, and hurry!" he told Jack. Then Jack went to the palace and told the queen that the king ordered him to have intercourse with her. She would not believe him, but Jack told her to open her window and ask the king if it were not true. So the queen called down to the king in the mire, and asked him if what Jack said was true. "Yes," he replied, "and be quick about it!" So Jack mounted the queen, and by and by the king returned to his bedroom and saw them. He was about to draw his sword and kill Jack, when Jack said, "Are you angry now?" — "Yes, I am!" said the king. Then he had to let Jack take four inches of skin from his back.

#### 4. STORY OF JACK THE SOLDIER.

*(A European Story.)*

There was a soldier in the army whose name was Jack. One day he deserted, ran down the road, and left his horse and uniform. The general sent a captain and a corporal after him to capture him; but when they overtook him, Jack said, "Sit down here, and we will talk it over." Then he asked them if they were satisfied with their job, getting only a shilling a week, and he coaxed them to start in the world with him to seek their fortunes. At last they agreed, and all three started out on the road in search of adventure. Soon they struck into a big woods, and at night saw lights shining in the windows of a wonderful palace. When they entered, they found it completely furnished, but without occupants. A fine meal was spread on the table, and three beds were found made up. The only living things they saw were three cats. After eating and smoking, three beautiful maidens appeared



and told the men that they would like them to stay and live with them. That night they all slept together; and the next morning found everything as before, but the beautiful women had turned back into cats. For three nights they staid in this way; and the last night the captain's girl told him that if he would live with her, she would make him a present of a table-cloth which would always supply itself with whatever food he wished. The corporal's girl told him the same, and offered a wallet which should always be full of gold. Jack's girl made him an offer of a cap which would transport him wherever he wished. The men accepted the offer and received their presents. The next day, when the women had turned back into cats, the three men proposed to travel around and see the world; so they all put their heads together, and Jack pulled the cap over them and wished them to be in London. They found themselves in London at once. Soon Jack became infatuated with a beautiful woman whom he wished to marry. She kept refusing him, however, and putting him off till the next day. He offered her a wonderful present. Then he went to the captain and borrowed his table-cloth. He gave her that, but still she put him off. Then he borrowed the corporal's wallet and gave her that, yet she put him off. At last he begged her to give him a kiss. She laughed and agreed. Then he slipped the cap over their heads and wished to be in the wild woods of America. Immediately they found themselves in the heart of the wild woods, with not a soul near them for miles. She cried very hard, but soon begged Jack to go to sleep, and smoothed his forehead for him. Then, when he fell asleep, she took his cap and wished herself back in London again. When Jack woke up, he found himself alone in the wilderness, and he began wandering, and soon came to a great apple-tree with apples as big as pumpkins. He tasted one, and immediately a growing tree sprouted from his head, and he could not move. Near by, however, was another small apple-tree whose fruit he could just reach. He ate one of these small apples, and immediately the tree came off his head. So he gathered some of the big apples and the little ones, and wandered on. Soon he came out upon a great headland overlooking the ocean, and there he saw a ship sailing by. He signalled to it, and at last the sailors came ashore to get him. He told them he was a great doctor who had been lost in the woods, and wanted to get back to the old country. Then they took him on board and started back to England. Halfway across the ocean the captain got terribly sick, and the sailors called upon Jack to try to help him. He went down and gave the captain a piece of one of the big apples to eat; and at once a growing tree sprang from his head, its branches reaching way up among the masts. When the sailors saw this, they were going to throw him overboard, but he told them to wait until he tried his other medicine. Then he

gave the captain a piece of the small apple, and the tree came off his head. By this they knew Jack was a great doctor. When they landed in England, Jack saw his two friends, the captain and the corporal, sawing wood at an inn to earn their living. He went to a town and built a shop, where he put his great apples up for sale, and many people came to see the wonderful fruit. In the mean time Jack's lover had built a great palace with the money from her wallet; and she heard of the wonderful doctor and his apples, so she went to see them. When she saw Jack, she did not know him because his beard had grown, and thought the apples were very wonderful. She bought one at the price of fifty dollars. When she took it home, Jack left his shop, and waited to see what would happen. Soon the word went around that the wealthiest woman in the kingdom had a tree growing from her head, which none of the doctors could take off. So Jack sent word to the woman that he was a great doctor and would guarantee to cure her. So she sent for him, and he came. First, he told her that she had some great mystery in her life, that she had wronged somebody. He told her that before he could cure her, she would have to confess to him. Then she admitted that she had wronged a man, and had taken his things and left him. Then he told her that she would have to give up these things before he could cure her. So she gave him a little key, and told him to go in the cellar to a certain brick, behind which he would find the table-cloth, the wallet, and the cap. When he got these things, he left the palace, and soon she died for her wrongs. He went back to his friends who were sawing wood, and gave them their things. Now, they all started back to the palace where the three cats were. When they arrived, they found the palace all neglected, and the three cats looked very old. That night they turned back into three old women, who complained bitterly of being neglected. After they had eaten, however, the old women resumed their youth and beauty, and that night the youngest told Jack how they were bewitched by a great bull who lived near by. She told him that if the bull could be killed and his heart cut out, the spell would be removed, but that others had tried in vain. So the next morning Jack went down to his enclosure of stone and looked over. He saw a monster bull coursing around the inside. In the middle of the yard was a well, and a big rock standing at one side. When the bull was at the far end of the yard, Jack jumped the wall and ran for the well, followed by the bull. He had no sooner jumped into the well, than the bull smashed against the rock and fell over dead. Then Jack climbed out and cut out his heart, which he took back with him. That night the three girls ate a piece of the heart, and the spell was removed. After that they all lived together in the palace.

SOME MICMAC TALES FROM CAPE BRETON ISLAND.

BY F. G. SPECK.

THE following tales were written down from the dictation of Chief Joe Julian of the Sydney band, and John Joe of Wycogamagh, Cape Breton Island. As a contribution to comparative mythology they represent local versions of some myths well known not only among the Micmacs, but among the northern Algonkin in general.

GLUSKAP'S JOURNEY.

*(The Cape Breton Local Version.)*

Gluskap was the god of the Micmacs. The great deity, Ktci-nĩ'sxam, made him out of earth and then breathed on him, and he was made. This was at Cape North (Kte'dnuk, "At the North Mountain"), Cape Breton, on the eastern side. Gluskap's home was at Fairy Holes (Gluska'be wi'gwôm, "Gluskap's wigwam").<sup>1</sup> Just in front of the caves at this headland are three little islands in a straight line, long and narrow, known as Ciboux Islands. These are the remains of Gluskap's canoe, where he left it when it was broken. At Plaster Cove (Twô'butc, "Looking Out") two girls saw his canoe broken into three pieces; and they laughed, making fun of Gluskap. At this he told them that they would remain forever where they are; and to-day there are two rocks at Plaster Cove which are the remains of these girls. Next, a little farther north, at Wreck Cove, Gluskap jumped from his canoe when it foundered, lifting his moose-skin canoe-mat out, and left it on the shore to dry. It is there to-day. There is still to be seen a space of fifteen acres of bare ground where the mat lay. Then he started on and went to Table Head (Padalodĩ'tck), on the south side of Great Bras d'or. Here he had his dinner. Next he struck into Bras d'or Lake straight to Wycogamagh, on the western end, where, at Indian Island (Wi'sik, "Cabin"), he started a beaver and drove him out, following Bras d'or Lake to St. Patrick's Bay. At Middle River he killed a young beaver, whose bones are

<sup>1</sup> This is now known as Fairy Holes, between St. Ann's Bay and Great Bras d'or. The Micmacs tell how, sixty-two years ago, five Indians — Joe Bernard, Francis Bernard, Clement Bernard, Joe Newell, and Tom Newell — entered the caves which honeycomb this headland, carrying seven torches. They walked as far as the torches would light them, about a mile and a half, found eight brooks in the caves, and when they came out discovered how a rock three hundred feet wide had moved since they had entered. The Indians regard these caves as very mysterious.



still to be seen there.<sup>1</sup> Then Gluskap followed the big beaver until he lost track of him for a while. He stood at Wi'sik (Indian Island), and took a piece of rock and threw toward the place where he thought the beaver was. This rock is now Red Island (Pauγenuktê'gan). This started the beaver up, and he ran back through St. Peter's Channel and burrowed through underneath, which is the cause of the crooks and windings there now. Then the chase continued outside in the ocean, when the beaver struck out for the Bay of Fundy. Here at Pli'gank ("Split Place"), Split Point, Gluskap dug out a channel with his paddle, forming Minas Basin, Nova Scotia. There he killed the beaver. Near here is a small island, which is the pot in which he cooked the beaver; and there, too, is another rock, near Pot Rock, which is Gluskap's dog left behind at this time. Turtle (Mi'ktcik) was Gluskap's uncle. Here with his pot and dog he turned Turtle into a rock, and left them all there. Near where he killed the beaver are still to be seen the bones turned to rock. When he broke the channel here in Minas Basin to drain the water out, in order to uncover the beaver, he left it so that to-day the water all drains out at each tide. So Gluskap caused the Bay of Fundy tides. Then he crossed over eastward and came out at Pictou, where there were many Indians living. While there, he taught the Micmacs how to make all their implements for hunting and fishing, — bows, arrows, canoes, and the like. After a while he prepared to leave, and told the Indians, "I am going to leave you. I am going to a place where I can never be reached by a white man." Then he prophesied the coming of the Europeans and the baptism of the Micmacs. Then he called his grandmother from Pictou, and a young man for his nephew, and departed, going to the other side of the North Pole with them. Again he said, "From now on, if there should ever be war between you and any other people, I shall be back to help you." He is there now, busy in making bows, arrows, and weapons for the day when the white man may bother the Micmacs. The Micmacs are Gluskap's children. As he prophesied it came true, for in 1610 the first Micmacs were baptized and became Christians. Gluskap had departed just a little before them, because he knew he had to make room for Christ; but he is the Micmac's god, and will come to help them if they ever need him. When Peary discovered the North Pole, he saw Gluskap sitting at the top of the Pole, and spoke to him.

#### GLUSKAP TESTED BY CHRIST.

One time when Gluskap had become the Indian's god, Christ wanted to try him to see if he was fit: so he took Gluskap to the ocean, and

<sup>1</sup> A Micmac named Tā'mekīan (Tom Stevens) a long while ago is said to have found some of these bones, — ribs eight feet long, — some of which, with a hip-joint of monstrous size, he is said to have brought out. The Indians claim that these remains are now in the Museum at Halifax.



told him to close his eyes. Then Christ moved close to the shore an island which lay far out to sea. When Gluskap opened his eyes, he saw it. Christ asked him if he could do as much as that. Then Gluskap told Christ to close his eyes a while. When Christ opened his eyes, he found that Gluskap had moved it back to its place again.

TAKEN-FROM-GUTS (MUSPUSYE'GENAN).

There were two wigwams in which they were camping, an old man and his son. These two were giant man-eaters (*kogwe'sk*). After a while the young man got married, and a boy was born by his wife. When this boy was about six years old, another was about to be born; and the young giant, knowing his wife was pregnant, went to his father and said, "I'll give you my wife. You can kill and eat her." So the next day the old man took his walking-stick and went to his son's camp. When he entered the wigwam, he told his daughter-in-law to bend her head down; and having put the end of his stick into the fire, when it was red-hot, he poked it into her heart and killed her. The little boy, her first son, was watching his grandfather, and saw what he did. Then the old man took a knife and cut out the mother's bowels, and left them lying near the spring where they got water. Her carcass he took home with him. So the poor little boy was left alone, as his father was away hunting. Every day, as he went to the spring where his mother's bowels were, he saw a tiny boy. He tried to catch him, but failed every time. Nevertheless he saw the tiny creature smile at him. At last one day he did catch him, and he took him home. This little fellow had now grown larger and stronger. He had a little bow and arrow, and a bladder full of oil, and the old man wondered what it was. The elder brother asked him to make him another bow and arrows, and he asked what he wanted to do with them. "Give them to another little fellow," he answered. So another bow and arrow were made, and the elder boy gave them to the small one. One day while they were playing and shooting, they hit the bladder of oil and spilled it. Every night, after playing together about the camp, the small boy would return to the spring before the old man came home; but one day he came early and watched them playing. Then he ran and closed the wigwam, so that the little fellow could not escape. The little boy cried and begged to be freed, but the old man gave the little fellow some blue-jay feathers to coax him to stop crying. At last the little fellow got tame and stopped crying. After this he grew fast, and soon was bigger than his elder brother. This little fellow's name was Taken-from-Guts (Muspusye'genan) because he was born from his mother's bowels after they had been cut out by the old giant her father-in-law.

Now, one day Taken-from-Guts asked his elder brother, "Where is mother?" Then the brother told him, "Our father got grandfather

to kill mother." So Taken-from-Guts said, "We'll kill the old fellow." Then they built a big strong wigwam, getting lots of bark and hanging two or three dry trees inside, so that it would burn well. Then they invited their father inside; and as he was tired and sleepy, they made a big fire inside, and soon he fell asleep. Then they got ready and set fire to both ends of the camp at the same time, went out, and closed the door. Then their father began crying inside, but he soon burned to death. When there was nothing left but bones and ashes, the boys gathered the bones; and Taken-from-Guts took them, crushed them into powder in his hand, and blew them into the air. "You will become mosquitoes to torment and eat the people," he said. And so the giant was turned into the mosquitoes who now try to kill people by sucking their blood.

Next Taken-from-Guts asked his elder brother, "Where is our grandfather?" When he told him, they went to their grandfather's camp. On the way they killed a moose. When they reached their grandfather's wigwam, the old people were glad, because they expected to eat the two boys. But they said, "We have killed a moose. Tomorrow we will go back and get the carcass." So they went back to the moose and cut up the meat. When they got back to where the moose was, their grandfather, who went with them, was tired and sleepy. When he fell asleep, they warmed the fat from the moose's guts, and held it on top of the old man until in a short time he was dead. Then they cut out his heart and took it back to the wigwam, where their grandmother was waiting. They gave it to her to cook, telling her it was a piece of the moose's heart. She roasted it; and as soon as she ate it, she knew what it was, and said, "He had a very sweet heart." Then Taken-from-Guts took a tomahawk and killed the old woman.

Now they started on, and Taken-from-Guts asked his brother where they were going. Said he, "We are going to kill all the rest of the giants." Soon they reached where Marten and his grandmother were camping. When they entered the camp, Taken-from-Guts asked Marten for a drink of water, as he was thirsty. Marten's grandmother answered, "We can't get any water around here. Unless you have a good-looking daughter, it is impossible." Taken-from-Guts asked, "Why?" She said, "A creature named Bull-Frog (Ablege'mu) has taken all the water, and you can't get any." Then Taken-from-Guts asked Marten again for a drink, and Marten went and brought him some rily water; but when Taken-from-Guts saw it, he threw it away. He was so thirsty that he licked his fingers for the moisture. Then Taken-from-Guts went to see Bull-Frog, and beheld in his camp thousands of bladders all full of water. When he entered, Bull-Frog looked up, and Taken-from-Guts hit and killed him with his tomahawk. Then he sent home all the girls that Bull-Frog had taken from



the people in payment for drinking-water. Then he went out and broke all the bladders of water, and rivers and lakes appeared everywhere.

The next day the boys built a canoe to travel on the river. Then they went down the river and stopped at the place where Porcupine had his den. It was all full of rocks. Porcupine's wife was at home; and when they went in, she built up a fire so hot that Taken-from-Guts's brother soon died. Nevertheless Taken-from-Guts said, "I'm very cold," and he wrapped a bear-skin about him. Soon Porcupine-Woman could not stand it any longer. Then Taken-from-Guts revived his brother, and they started on in the canoe until they came to where the giants had built a trap. It was a place where steep rocks crushed everybody who tried to go by. Taken-from-Guts saw the trap ahead, and said to his brother, "Look out! there is a trap ahead. Strike with your paddle!" So Taken-from-Guts broke it away with his paddle, and they passed through.

Soon they came to a pond where there were lots of wild geese, that looked up as they came in sight, and were about to screech. These geese belonged to Gluskap, who lived across the pond. They were his watch-birds, and informed Gluskap when any one approached, by screeching. Then Taken-from-Guts held up his hand and told the geese to keep quiet. The geese kept quiet. Then they landed and went into Gluskap's camp, and quickly put up their wigwam. When Gluskap came out, he saw it, and wondered at such a powerful man. But towards evening he went and visited Taken-from-Guts, and talked with the boys. Taken-from-Guts gave Gluskap a pipe to smoke. Gluskap drew on it once and smoked it dry. Then he gave Taken-from-Guts a pipe, and said, "Fill this." And Taken-from-Guts smoked it dry. Twice he did this. When Gluskap went out, Taken-from-Guts said to his brother, "It's going to be a cold night to-night, I can see it by the clouds." That night was indeed so cold that when he put his pot to boil, one side of it boiled while the other side froze. The next morning it was fine and warm, and Taken-from-Guts went to wake his brother, who said, "I'm frozen to death." At evening Taken-from-Guts said, "It's going to be windy to-day by the looks of the clouds," and he told it to Gluskap, who thought, "I had better fix up my camp, for this is a very powerful man." So he put weights all around his wigwam. That night it blew a gale so hard that he could just about keep his camp up. It nearly blew down. The next day was fine, so the brothers left Gluskap and started on. When they left, Gluskap gave Taken-from-Guts a piece of fur for a present, one skin. Taken-from-Guts handed it to his brother to carry. As they went along, it grew bigger and heavier, until at last he could not carry it any farther. So Taken-from-Guts carried it; but soon he stopped, and



said to his brother, "You stay here and start a fur business with this skin. I can't carry it any longer." His brother then remained.

Taken-from-Guts, however, kept on, and at last came to two camps where old woman Skunk lived. She had some daughters. When he entered, she said, "Come in the back of the wigwam, my son-in-law!" The next day she said, "We'll go to the island and get some eggs." So they did go; and when they reached the island, the old woman told him that there were more eggs farther in from the shore. "I want you to get them," she said. So he went farther in, and she paddled off in the canoe and left him there. When he came back to the shore, she was gone and he was alone. The Gulls came by where he stood, and he asked them to carry him to the mainland. The Gulls did so, and he reached the camp ahead of the old woman. At this she was very much astonished. When night came, she told him, "I shall have to sleep with you to-night. That's the rule."—"All right," said he. That night she covered him up with fur and skins and lay down with him, intending to stifle him with her odor when he was asleep; but Taken-from-Guts made a hole through the coverings with his knife. Through this hole he could breathe. She tried very hard to kill him with her smell; but he breathed through the hole, and the next morning got up all right. The next day she had another test for him. She had a deep hole where she threw her other sons-in-law to kill them, and into this she threw Taken-from-Guts. When he reached the bottom, he found an old Turtle sitting there waiting for his prey. Turtle looked about for his knife to kill Taken-from-Guts; but while he was looking, Taken-from-Guts climbed out safely. They could not kill him.

#### RABBIT AND OTTER (THE BUNGLING HOST).

There were two wigwams. Otter lived with his grandmother in one of them, and Rabbit with his grandmother in the other. So one day Rabbit started out and wandered over to visit Otter in his camp. When Rabbit came into the wigwam, Otter asked him if he had anything to eat at home. "No," replied Rabbit. So then Otter asked his grandmother to cook something for Rabbit, but she told him she had nothing there to cook. So Otter went out to a pond which was right in front of the camp. He jumped into the pond, and caught a nice long string of eels. Meanwhile Rabbit was looking on to see what Otter would do to get his food. So when he saw Otter go home with his string of eels, Rabbit thought he could do the same. So he went over and asked Otter to come over to his camp the next day and have dinner with him. Accordingly the next morning Otter went over to Rabbit's camp. When he arrived, Rabbit asked his grandmother to hang the pot and cook something for dinner. "We have nothing, no fish, meat, or anything," she said, "but you go out and get something."

Then Rabbit went out to the pond, the same as Otter had done, and dived in to get eels; but he could not get anything, not a fish, as he was unable to dive no matter how hard he tried. In the mean time his grandmother was waiting. After a while, however, Otter went out to see what ailed Rabbit, and, after searching near the pond, found him all wet and with nothing to show for his efforts. "What's the matter with you?" he asked. "I'm trying to get something to eat," he replied. So Otter jumped into the pond and got a big string of fish for him, and so they had dinner. Then Otter went home.

The next day Rabbit started out to visit Woodpecker. When he reached Woodpecker's wigwam, Rabbit found him there with his grandmother. So the old woman started for a pot to make a stew or something; but she said, "We have nothing to cook." Then Woodpecker went out. There was a dry tree-trunk in front of the wigwam, and he went to it and picked a quantity of meal out of it. This he brought in to his grandmother, and they all had dinner. Rabbit had watched how Woodpecker got his meal; so he invited Woodpecker to come over to visit him, and went home. The next day Woodpecker went over to visit Rabbit. When Woodpecker arrived, Rabbit asked his grandmother to hang up the pot and cook dinner. "But we have nothing to cook," she said. So Rabbit went outside with his birch-bark vessel to fill it with meal, as he had seen Woodpecker do. He started to pick meal out of the trunk with his nose, as Woodpecker had done. After a while Woodpecker came out to see what ailed Rabbit, and there he found him with his nose all flattened out and split from trying to break into the wood. So Woodpecker left. Ever since then Rabbit has had his nose split.

One day, being out of food, Rabbit thought he would go and see Otter and steal some eels. He got into the habit of doing this every second night. Towards spring Otter began to wonder where his eels went to, as the barrel was getting low. So one morning Otter found Rabbit-tracks around, and said to himself, "I'm going to kill Rabbit for stealing my eels." Now, Rabbit knew what was going on; and when Otter reached Rabbit's camp, Rabbit had fled. Otter then asked Rabbit's grandmother, "Where has Rabbit gone?" She answered, "I don't know, last night he brought home some eels and then went away." — "He has been stealing my eels," said Otter, "and I'm going to kill him." So Otter started to trail Rabbit, who knew that Otter was following him. As Otter began gaining on him, Rabbit picked up a little chip and said for it to become a wigwam. At once this became a wigwam, and Rabbit turned himself into an old man sitting inside. Soon Otter came along and saw the wigwam. He went to the door, and there saw a little gray-headed man sitting inside. The old man was blind too. Otter did not know this was



Rabbit himself; so out of pity for him he gathered some fire-wood for him, and asked if he had seen anything of a Rabbit passing by. "No," replied the old man; and Otter started on again. After a while Rabbit left his wigwam and struck out on another road. Soon Otter could not find any of Rabbit's tracks, so he returned to the wigwam, only to find it gone. Only a chip remained in its place. Then he saw the tracks where Rabbit had jumped out: so he was very angry, and cried, "He won't trick me again!" Then Rabbit knew that he was being overtaken again, and, taking another chip, he wished it to become a house, and there was the house. So when Otter came along, he saw the house. There was a verandah outside, and a big gentleman walking back and forth all dressed in white. He had a paper which he was reading. This, of course, was Rabbit himself, but Otter did not know it. "Did you see Rabbit?" he asked. The big gentleman appeared not to hear him. The second time he asked, the big gentleman said, "Sek, sek, sek, abElī'gEmūtc." <sup>1</sup> This was supposed to be English he was speaking, and to mean "Never saw Rabbit;" but Otter looked hard at him, and noticed his feet, which were those of Rabbit. So Otter suspected that this was the person he was seeking. Then the big gentleman gave Otter some bread and wine, and Otter started on after Rabbit again. This was the second time he had been tricked, and he soon turned about and hurried back to the house. When he came to the place, the house was not there. Otter could see the tracks where Rabbit had started running away. "He won't trick me again, that's his last time!" declared Otter. So Rabbit started off, and soon came to the head of a bay where there was a little island so small that a person could almost jump over it. Rabbit jumped on to the island, and wished it to become a big man-of-war. When Otter came out to the shore, he saw the big ship anchored there, and the big gentleman in a white suit walking on deck. Otter cried, "You can't trick me now! You're the man!" Then Otter swam out toward the ship, to board it and kill Rabbit; but the big gentleman said to his sailors, "Shoot him! He's worth a lot of money over in France."

BADGER DISGUISES HIMSELF AS A WOMAN, MEETS WITH HERON, AND IS  
KILLED BY A GIANT BIRD.

Badger lived with his younger brother in a big wigwam. He was a nice and quiet fellow. The wigwam had two doors, one of which was Badger's. He never used any other door in going in or out, lest he lose his good luck. He was very careful to preserve his good luck. One morning when he went out, he saw an ill-omened creature (eLeMu-djī'tekwetc); and that spoiled his luck, as the creature was a kind of

<sup>1</sup> *Sek* has no meaning; *abElī'gEmūtc* signifies "rabbit."



witch. So Badger left his home, saying downheartedly, "I won't have any good luck any more." As he went on, he soon got to another village. He transformed himself into a young girl, and entered a small camp, dressed as a woman. This was where Marten and his grandmother lived. As soon as Badger in the guise of a strange girl came in, Marten went and told the chief that a strange young girl had come to his camp. The chief had a young son who was of an age to get married, so he thought he would marry this strange girl to his son. Then he went and proposed to her for his son. "Yes," she answered, "I will marry him." Soon they were married, and after a while the chief's son went away hunting in the woods. Then Badger went to the chief, her father-in-law, and told him it was the custom in her country for the wife to live in her father-in-law's wigwam and sleep with her sisters-in-law while her husband was away. So Badger slept with the chief's daughters.

Now, after a while it was expected that the chief's son's wife would bear him a child, as it grew time, and everybody was waiting for it. So Badger got an unborn caribou and fixed it up to appear that a child had been born. Everybody was glad that the chief would have a grandson. So Badger told them that in her country they always had a separate camp built for a woman having a child, and obeyed everything that she asked. Said she, "In my country the child of a chief is never seen by any one until after they have made a big feast and dance." So whatever she said was all carried out, and a big feast was made. Then Badger covered up the young caribou so that no one should see it before the feast. The first to see it would be the father. Then they brought the child over to the feast to be shown. Old man Big-Turtle, a shaman, was there, and knew that it was not the right kind of a baby; so he said to himself, "To-morrow I'll have that caribou for myself to eat." He was a shaman. Now, when they took the child from the little camp over to the big feast, Badger ran away. When the baby was uncovered, it was found to be nothing but a young caribou all dried up. The people could not imagine who the mother was, or where she had come from. Then old Big-Turtle told them, "It was Badger!"

As Badger fled, he soon came, at about sunset, to where three girls were up in a tree. When they saw him coming, they said, "There is Badger!" because he had returned to his proper shape. Then they took their hair-ribbons off and tied them on limbs as tightly as they could. Badger was very glad to find the girls, and called to them to come down and make camp for the night for him. "Very well," they said, "we'll build camp; but you go up the tree and get our hair-ribbons, but don't break them, and we'll build camp." When he went up the tree, they went off a little distance, saying that they were

going for some wood and boughs for the camp. When the girls got a short distance away, they ran off. Soon they reached a little brook, and saw Heron standing on the shore. The girls asked him if he would let them cross over on his neck. Heron allowed them to cross, and they hurried on. After a while Badger came along; and when he saw the old Heron, he said, "Hurry up! take me over, stretch your neck!" Then Heron let him start across on his neck; but when he was midway, he turned his neck over and let Badger fall into the river. Badger did not escape until he was carried way down river; and when he did, he met two boys. These boys were Sea-Gulls. He asked them where they camped. They told him. "Who's home?" he asked. "Grandmother," they answered. So Badger went to their camp and saw the old woman. He addressed her as "mother;" but she answered, "Badger is not my son, I never had Badger for a son." Badger replied, "My name is not Badger, it is Wearing-a-Diaper (Êdona'bes)." — "No," said the old woman, "you are not my son." — "But I am," said Badger; "I can tell you what kind of a day I was born on, in sleet weather I was born" (mê'daγanâskup ê'nawîa'neq). She counted all her sons, and said, "No, none was born then. You are Badger all right." The old woman had a big pot in which she was about to cook meat. Whenever she wanted any grease for food, she pulled out one of her hairs and put it into the pot. This would make two or three inches of grease in the pot. Then Badger was angry with her for denying him; so he took his tomahawk and cut her head off and put it in the pot. The two little boys saw him do it. This old woman was mother of the birds. After Badger ran away, Crow, one of the old woman's other sons, came home, and saw their mother's head in the pot. "Who did it?" he asked. "Badger," the little boys answered. "Which way did he take?" And they told him. Then Crow pursued Badger; and when he caught up with him, he could only snatch off his cap, as he was not strong enough to do more. When Crow took his hat away, Badger cried, "Oh, I'm so glad! My hat was so warm, I'm glad you pulled it off! I'm very glad!" So Crow had to give up. But next came Eagle, another brother, who caught up with Badger; and he tore off Badger's coat, as he was bigger and stronger than Crow. "I'm so glad!" said Badger, "my coat was so warm and heavy!" Next came a giant bird (*kellu*'), strong and big. He lifted Badger right up. "Well, I'm glad, because I'm very tired. Lift me up as high as you can." Badger knew he was going to be killed. When they were very far up, Badger began singing, "The whole earth looks as smooth and soft as the boughs on the floor of a camp." But the giant bird took him over a ledge of rocks where he dropped caribou to kill them, and let Badger drop. When Badger had fallen about halfway, he said to himself, "Just let the backbone be

left." So he fell, and was all broken to pieces,—all but his backbone,—and the backbone is there yet, I guess.

WHY THERE ARE NO PORCUPINES OR SKUNKS ON CAPE BRETON.

During the war between the English and the French in Canada, the English soldiers at Louisbourg, Cape Breton, captured a French priest. They tortured him by putting him naked into a pen with porcupines and skunks, to kill him by their quills and the odor. Then he said that never again would skunks or porcupines live on the island, and now to-day there are none here. Even if they are brought to the island, they die when they eat the things that grow here, on account of the curse.<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> Not only are skunks and porcupines absent on Cape Breton, but red deer and raccoons seem likewise lacking.



SOME NASKAPI MYTHS FROM LITTLE WHALE RIVER.<sup>1</sup>

BY FRANK G. SPECK.

IN the summer of 1913, while investigating some lines of culture contact between the northern Ojibwa, Cree and Montagnais, I encountered John Turner, a native of Moose Factory, who narrated the following myths of the Naskapi of Little Whale River, on the east coast of Hudson's Bay, near Richmond Gulf, longitude 78° west, latitude 56° north.

I also include a short cannibal-monster story from the Waswanipi Band of Cree (*Waswánipi ilíluwak*, "Far-away Water People"), who hunt around Waswanipi Lake (longitude 76.3° west, latitude 49.3° north). This was narrated by a Waswanipi woman met with on Rivière des Quinze, Quebec. Linguistic material from the Waswanipi Band shows the dialect to be Cree (belonging to the so-called *l* and *k* type). Its closest affinities, in phonetics and etymology, are with the Moose Factory dialect. The Waswanipi are about at the southeastern boundary of the Cree-speaking group. South of them are the Tête de Boules and Algonkin; east of them, the Montagnais; and northeast, the Mistassini.

## I. AYAS'I.

Ayas'i<sup>2</sup> was a great chief and trickster. He was an old man and had two wives, — an older one, his first wife; and a younger one, his second. By the older one he had a grown-up son, and several younger ones by the other wife. Now, the young woman was very jealous of the older wife, because she thought that Ayas'i would give the chieftainship to his son by his first wife; in other words, to his oldest son. She tried in different ways to invent stories against the son to poison Ayas'i's mind against him. She kept telling Ayas'i that the oldest son was trying to seduce her. Although Ayas'i liked his oldest son, he came at last to believe the younger woman's stories, and began to suspect the boy. But the stories he heard were not proved. The boy was very quiet and well-behaved.

One day the young woman was out in the bush and saw a partridge, and then she thought of a plan to trap the boy. She hurried back to the camp, and told the son to come and shoot the bird for her. "Oh, no!" said he, "there are plenty of younger boys here. Get

<sup>1</sup> Published with the permission of the Geological Survey of Canada.

<sup>2</sup> The vowel *a* is pronounced like *u* of English *but*; ' denotes that the preceding consonant is long; ' denotes main stress; ' denotes aspiration.

some of them to go and kill the partridge." But she coaxed him to come, saying that he was so much more able. At last he consented, and went with her and killed the partridge. Then the young wife pulled up her dresses, took the dying bird, and made it scratch her between the legs until she was lacerated around her lower parts. Then she went back to the camp. That night Ayas'i lay beside her and desired to cohabit. "No, no!" she said, "I'm too sore. I'm all cut up from my struggles with your oldest son." Ayas'i was surprised. Then she showed him the scratches and wounds, and told him how he had struggled with her in the woods and raped her. So Ayas'i grew bitter against the boy.

The next day a big canoe crowd arrived at the camp, as Ayas'i was a great man and often had visitors from far away. He got the crowd together, and said to them, "Now, to-morrow we will all go to the islands and collect eggs for a great feast for my son, as he wants eggs from the islands." Ayas'i was a great chief, so whatever he said had to be done. The next morning he told his son, "You must come too." — "No," said the son, "I don't want any eggs, anyway." But Ayas'i made him go too. So he got his canoe; and they embarked, and paddled toward a big island, Ayas'i at the stern, and the son paddling at the bow. When they saw a big island, the son asked, "Is that the island?" — "Yes," said Ayas'i. Then he blew his breath and blew the island farther ahead. The son could not see his father blowing, and wondered why the island could not be approached.

At last, however, they reached the island when Ayas'i thought they were far enough from home. "Now, go ashore and gather eggs," said Ayas'i. His son began gathering eggs near the shore. "Now go farther up. There are some fine eggs over yon rise. Don't stop so near the shore," said Ayas'i. Every time the son would look behind to see how far he was from the shore, Ayas'i would send him farther inland. Then, when the boy was some distance in, Ayas'i jumped into the canoe and paddled away home. The son called after him, "Father, father, you are leaving me!" — "Well, you have been making a wife of your step-mother," cried Ayas'i; and away he went, leaving his son behind. So the boy was left on the island, and wandered about, crying.

One day the boy met a Gull. "O grandchild! what are you doing here alone?" asked the Gull. "My father left me," said the boy. "You won't ever see the mainland again," said the Gull; "but I'll try to take you myself. Get on my back, and I will try." So the boy got on his back, and the Gull tried to fly up. But the boy was too heavy, and the Gull had to turn back. "But go over to the other end of the island, and there you will find your grandfather.<sup>1</sup> Maybe he can help you," said the Gull.

<sup>1</sup> Merely a term used in addressing older people.

So the boy wandered on, crying, and soon came to the other end of the island. There he saw a big Catfish (?). "What are you doing here?" said the Catfish. "My father left me," said the boy. "What do you want?" said the Catfish. "To get ashore to the mainland," said the boy. "Well," said the Catfish, "maybe I can take you over. Is it clear?" (The great Catfish was afraid of the thunder.) — "Yes," said the boy. "Are there no clouds?" asked the Fish. "No," said the boy. "Are you sure? Well, then take a stone in your hand and get on my back. Hold on tight to my horns (the Catfish had two horns on his head); and when you find me going too slowly, hammer with the stone, and I'll hurry faster, especially if it begins to look cloudy. Are you sure there are no clouds? Well, hold on tight, now!" And with this they started like the wind. Every little while the boy would hit the Fish a rap with the stone, and he would go still faster. Soon it began clouding up. "Is it clouding up yet?" asked the Fish. "No," answered the boy, even though he heard thunder. "What's that I hear? Is it thunder?" asked the Fish. "Oh, no!" cried the boy, and hit him harder with the stone.

Just then they reached the mainland; and the boy just had time to jump ashore, when a thunder-bolt came and smashed the Fish to pieces. But the boy got safely ashore, and began wandering about until at last he came to a small wigwam. He walked up and lifted the door-cover. There inside he saw a Fox sitting before a small kettle over the fire. When the Fox saw him, she said, "Well, grandchild, what are you doing here?" — "My father left me," the boy told her. Said the Fox, "I don't think you will ever succeed in getting home, as your father is very tricky and strong. Nevertheless I will try to help you."

In the mean time the boy's mother, the first wife of Ayas'i, felt very bad over the loss of her son. She cried all the time. She would go away in the woods by herself all day and cry; and every night, when she came home, Ayas'i would meet her outside the door and throw embers from the fire on her and burn her. So this went on day after day.

Now, the Fox agreed to help the boy. She transformed herself into a person and guided him along the trail. Soon they came to a place where a lot of hooks (like fish-hooks) were hanging down from the sky. There was no way of getting past without being impaled. Then the Fox turned herself into a small animal, and went up into the sky where the hooks were hung, and jerked them up. She told the boy to jump by when she jerked them up; and he did so, and got safely by.

As they went along farther, they soon came to a place where two monster-dogs were guarding the path. It was very narrow, and there



were a lot of rocks. The Fox turned herself into a weasel, and turned the boy into another small animal. Then she wriggled in and out among the rocks, and the dogs began barking fiercely. "I'm barking at Ayas'i's son!" cried the dogs. The Fox in her weasel form popped up here and there among the rocks until the dogs were frantic. They barked so much, that their master got angry at them, and came out and killed them for making such a noise about nothing; for every time he looked to see what caused them to bark, he could not see anything. When the dogs were dead, the Fox led the boy through safely. Now, these obstacles were all put along the trail by Ayas'i to prevent his son from getting back.

As the boy and his guide, the Fox, passed on, they soon came to a place where there was a flint stone, rounded on the end, and three-cornered on its sides. Then the Fox-Woman said, "Carry that stone with you, you may need it." So the boy took the stone. Soon they came to a wigwam where lived two women who guarded the way. These women had sharp teeth set in their vulva, with which they killed anybody who cohabited with them. This every one had to do before he could pass them. The Fox-Woman told the boy that he would have to cohabit with these women, but to use the stone. So that night, when they intended to kill him, he used the long stone on them, and broke all the teeth in their vulvas. Then he cohabited with them, and afterward passed safely on. So they started on again.

In the mean time the boy's mother continued her mourning. When she went into the woods, she would hear the little birds singing about her where she lay down. Their song would say, "Mother, I'm coming back." When she first heard it, she thought it was her son returning, and she would look up to meet him; but when she saw it was only little birds, she would cry all the harder. Then, when she would go back to camp at night, Ayas'i would burn her again. At last she became so down-hearted that she would pay no attention to the birds, who said, "Mother, I'm coming back."

At last one day the boy, after passing all the trials, did come back; and the Fox-Woman guided him to where his mother lay crying. When he saw her, he cried, "Mother, I'm coming!" but she would not look up, thinking it was only the birds mocking her grief. Then the boy went up to her, and she saw him. He beheld her face, all burnt and scorched. "What has caused your face to be burnt?" he asked. "Your father did it. He says my son will never come back," she replied. "Well," said the son, "Go to camp, and tell Ayas'i that I am back."

So they went along back to the camp. When Ayas'i heard the woman coming again, he jumped up to get coals of fire to throw on her, as usual. "Your son will never come back!" he cried. "Yes,

he is back now!" Ayas'i was so surprised that he dropped the fire; and when he looked, there stood his son. So the son said to his father, "You have been cruel to me and to my mother, all for nothing. You left me on an island, and I am back. Now I will be cruel to you. You shall creep all the days of your life." So he turned Ayas'i into a frog. He then said to his mother, "You shall be the best-looking bird in the world. People will never kill you. You shall be the robin." And he turned his mother into a robin, the handsomest bird in the world. That is the origin of the frog and the robin. That is the end.

## 2. THE FOUR WIND BROTHERS.

There were four brothers in a family which lived in a great cave in the earth. Of these four brothers, one was the North, another was the South, another the West, and the other the East. These were the Wind brothers, who made the winds. The West was the youngest of them; the North was the oldest; the South was the next to the oldest; and the East was the next to the West, the youngest. To cause the winds they would stand up, so as to be head above the great hole, and blow. Then the wind would come according to which of the brothers made it, the north, south, east, or west. And so it continued. The West was very wild when he raised a wind. But the oldest, the North, said to him, "No, no! Don't do that! You will raise such high winds that it will destroy the people, the Indians." Then when the youngest, the West, jumped up again to blow a wind, the North would tell him, "No, no! Stop, you will kill our mother!" Well, so they lived, these brothers, causing and regulating the winds of the world.

It happened that the North wind was the softest, and the East wind a little stronger, harder. The South also came with gusts, strong, but not as bad as the West wind, the youngest brother, who was the worst. When these brothers made the winds, they were satisfied with doing just enough not to destroy the people, but tried to manage things rightly. They would say, all of them, "We must try to look after our people, not to destroy them with our winds!"

## 3. THE GIANT CARRIED OFF BY THE EAGLE.

There was once a giant Beaver who had his house on the top of a great big rock on the shore of a lake. This Beaver was about one hundred feet long, and his cabin was very large. Near him lived a giant man who used to hunt the Beaver, but lived in fear of a monster Eagle who was watching all the time to carry him off. This Eagle was so large that he could pick up the giant as easily as an ordinary eagle could carry off a rat, even though the giant was taller than the largest tree, and broad to suit his height.



At last the giant's family grew so hungry, that he was compelled to go and hunt: so he took his ice-chisel<sup>1</sup> and went to chisel for the giant Beaver. He drove the Beaver from his nest, and at last cornered him and killed him. Then he packed him on his back and started for home. On the way the Eagle saw him coming, swooped down, and picked up both the hunter and his beaver as easily as he would two rabbits. Far up on a rocky mountain he flew with them to where he had his nest, thousands of feet above the valley. His nest was very large and had young eagles in it. When he got there, he began picking the beaver to pieces to feed it to his young eagles. Now, he kept the giant safe in the nest until the beaver was all gone.

In a few days there was nothing left of the beaver, and the Eagle got ready to kill the giant hunter. He rose high in the air, and swooped down to strike the giant with his wings and claws. Then the giant took his chisel and held it blade up, with the hind end braced against the ledge, so that when the Eagle swooped he would strike upon it. There it held fast; so that every time the Eagle swooped to strike the giant, he struck upon the chisel and cut his breast. After several trials the Eagle fell over dead into the nest.

Now, the giant was free from his captor, but could not get down from the nest on the cliff. He killed the young eagles. At last an idea came to him as to how to save himself. He cut the Eagle open down the breast and crawled inside. The idea came to him to shove off the cliff, and that the Eagle's wings and body would break his fall. So he pushed off, and down they went a mile through the air. He landed heavily, but was not hurt. He looked around to see where he was, and soon started for home. He had a long way to go, the Eagle had carried him so far.

In the mean time, when the giant's family found that he did not return the day he went for beaver, they started out to track him. They trailed him to where he had killed the Beaver, and farther, soon coming to a place where his tracks ended suddenly, as though he had been picked up. Here they gave up and went back to their camp. Said one of the old men, "Our son must have been carried away by some creature. We must help him all we can by our thoughts." So they waited and "wished" for his safe return. At last, after a few days, the giant arrived, and told his adventures; but the old man said, "It was not your cunning or strength that saved you, but the strength of our thoughts."

#### 4. THE SNOW MAN.

An Indian was travelling in the winter-time; and the snow was soft and slushy, as the weather had grown warm. He was wading

<sup>1</sup> The ice-chisel is made by attaching a bone, or nowadays a metal blade, to a pole of sufficient length.



through the slush on his journey. The walking was so bad that he grew angrier as he proceeded. At last he came to a lake, and found that it was covered with water on the ice, and he had to wade through it. As he got wetter, he grew still angrier; and he exclaimed at last, "Why does the North Man do this? Why doesn't he send good winter weather?"

At last he came to a portage at the other end of the lake. As he started on the portage, he saw a man all in white standing before him. At first he did not know who it could be; but as he came closer, he discovered that it was a Snow Man. He had been feeling very angry as he came along, and the Snow Man saw how cross he looked. When the hunter came close, the Snow Man said, "What is the matter?" Then the hunter replied, "Such terrible slush and melting weather! The North Man is no good." Then the Snow Man said, "I can't do anything for you now; but some time I will try to help you." — "All right," said the hunter. The Snow Man disappeared, and the hunter went on with his journey.

The spring came, and warm weather. The lake melted and broke up. Then the hunter thought to himself, "I wonder what the Snow Man meant when he said he would help me!" He began to hunt, and saved the grease from the animals he killed, and put it all in bladders. He made a big camp and cut lots of wood, and kept piling up wood and storing grease all summer and fall, for he thought the Snow Man had meant something serious by what he had said.

When fall was over, the weather began to grow cold, and the snow season commenced. It snowed and snowed, and drifted in great masses around his camp and over the wigwam. So the winter went on colder and colder, until one day the Snow Man came to the camp. He found the hunter sitting by his fire. "How do you find the weather now?" said the Snow Man. "All right," replied the hunter. The Snow Man staid, and the cold increased and the snow drifted higher. The hunter kept putting wood on the fire, and pouring grease on it, to make it burn stronger. By and by the Snow Man again asked the hunter, "How do you like the weather now?" — "All right," answered the hunter, as before. He had really had enough cold weather, but he would not give in. He stood the cold well, because he had plenty of provisions, wood, and grease. He used these and piled wood on his fire, making the wigwam hotter and hotter.

At last the Snow Man could stand it no longer, for he was commencing to melt. Soon he had to go away. But before he went, he told the hunter, "You are a stronger man than I am. You have conquered me, and now I will leave." After that he departed, and the cold began to moderate. The winter continued not so cold, but just as it should be, — not too cold nor too warm. It was a good winter, and since then the winters have not been so extreme.

5. STORY OF A CANNIBAL.

(*From Lake Waswanipi Band of Cree.*)

There was once a man who had two sons, little boys, whom he left in camp when he went off to hunt beaver. He had not been gone long before Djec'actodji'ne'hwan<sup>1</sup> came to the camp and saw the little boys. "Where has your father gone?" he asked them. One of them told him that their father had gone to hunt beaver. Then Djec'actodji'ne'hwan told them not to tell anybody that he had been there. Said he, "I am going to hunt up your father and kill him to-night. I will build a big fire to cook his beavers. But you must not tell anybody." And he went away.

When night came, the little boys' mother came and asked them if anybody had been there. "Yes, Djec'actodji'ne'hwan," they replied. Then she asked them what he had said. And they told her he had said he would kill their father and make a big fire to cook his beavers, and that he had told them not to tell anybody.

So the woman got her relatives together, and they set out to hunt for the father. Soon they came to where they could see a big fire; and they saw a big body laid out straight beside the fire, and Djec'actodji'ne'hwan cutting big slices off its side and roasting them in the fire. When they drew nearer, they saw that it was the hunter who was being eaten. Then the mother began crying; but one of the men told her not to cry. He said, "We will kill the cannibal (*wi'tigo*) who has killed your husband." And they got snares and set them about. Then Djec'actodji'ne'hwan got caught in the snares, and the men beat him to death with axes. Then they threw him into the fire and burned him all up; and they buried the hunter's body. One arm was already eaten off.

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<sup>1</sup> Translated by the narrator, who spoke very little English, as "cap."

CERTAIN WEST-INDIAN SUPERSTITIONS PERTAINING  
TO CELTS.

BY THEODOOR DE BOOY.

THE writer of the following paper was enabled during a period of five years — in which he had frequent occasion to visit the West Indian Islands, and more particularly the Bahamas, Jamaica, Cuba, and Hayti — to collect a certain number of superstitions and beliefs about celts. From the nature of the writer's work — i.e., the collecting for the Heye Museum of New York City of archæological specimens of the pre-Columbian tribes that inhabited these regions — it can readily be understood what great facilities he had to acquire data on these various beliefs, especially as the present-day population set great store on celts in their possession, and, in consequence of their superstitions regarding them, attach a far greater monetary value to specimens of this class than they do to such other aboriginal artifacts as they may happen to possess. The result is that the inquiring archæologist is told of the particular reason why the owner of the celt values his property so highly; and while this frequently means that the price asked for a specimen is totally out of reason, and that therefore a purchase cannot be considered, the inquiry proves to be of interest to students of the folk-lore of these regions.

Let it first be stated that the usual name in the West Indies for the petaloid celt is "thunderbolt," "thunderball," or "thunderstone," on the British Islands; "piedra del rayo" ("lightningstone"), on those islands where Spanish is spoken; and "pierre tonnerre" ("thunderstone"), in the Republic of Hayti. These names in themselves point to a belief in a celestial origin of the celt; and so firmly fixed is this class of name in the mind of the present-day inhabitant of the Antilles, that he fails to recognize a celt by any other name. The writer was once told by a gentleman who desired to make a collection of celts, that he visited Nassau in the Bahamas for two winter seasons, and made diligent inquiries for specimens, giving elaborate technical descriptions of celts to the negroes he interrogated, but to no avail. Finally a white resident told him to inquire for "thunderbolts," and within a short time he succeeded in obtaining several good specimens.

The idea, then, that these stones drop from the skies during a thunderstorm is so firmly fixed in the mind of the Antilleans, that no amount of reasoning will convince them to the contrary. At first,



when the writer came across ideas of this kind, he attempted to persuade the negroes that celts could not possibly have been formed in this manner, but it did not take him long to find out that this was energy wasted. One particular instance deserves recording, as illustrating that there are certain limits above which the African mind cannot rise. A Haytien physician who had studied at the Sorbonne in Paris, and who undoubtedly was a clever surgeon, also was imbibed with the idea that celts were "thunderstones;" and despite the fact that the writer argued with him and talked to him for a considerable length of time on the principles of physics, chemistry, and meteoric phenomena, the physician in the end was still unconvinced. Finally, on being shown a ceremonial celt (i.e., a celt upon one side of which was carved in low relief the squatting figure of an aboriginal deity), and asked how a thunderstorm could have produced this upon the surface of the stone, the physician said this might have been carved upon it by an Indian *after* it had fallen from the skies.

The superstitions about celts do not differ materially throughout the West Indies, but it was in the Bahamas and in Jamaica that the writer collected the greatest number of these. This, however, may be due to an insufficient knowledge of Spanish and the French "patois" spoken in Hayti. The negroes of Jamaica, the Bahamas, Cuba, Hayti, and Santo Domingo, all agree that celts are produced by thunderstorms, that they drop from the skies, and penetrate the earth to a depth of seven feet. This depth never varies in their recitals, no matter on what island the story is told, which is somewhat remarkable; and the thunderstorm idea is so firmly fixed, that the writer has frequently been pointed out houses and cocoanut-trees struck by lightning, with the assertion that, if he dug down seven feet, he would undoubtedly come across one of the stones he was so anxiously inquiring after. Then, again, the "thunderbolts" re-appear on the surface of the earth after seven years, a period of time which also never varies; and on several occasions the writer asked his informant if the stone worked itself towards the surface at the rate of a foot a year. This proved too deep a problem to the native mathematicians.

What undoubtedly corresponds to the northern idea that "lightning never strikes twice in the same place" is the Antillean superstition that if one keeps a "thunderbolt" in the house, this is an effective guard against the building being struck by lightning. This is one of the reasons why it is occasionally hard to make an owner part with his stone, for, so he argues, what would in the future protect him against being struck by lightning if he sold it? On many of the small sailing-vessels that gain a precarious living collecting sponges on the Bahama banks, a celt is kept on board for the same purpose. On one or two occasions the writer even came across negro families, which,

for better protection and to guard from loss, had carefully buried a "thunderbolt" under the doorstep of their abode.

The West Indians have a very simple way to determine whether or not a stone is a "proper thunderbolt," to use a Jamaica negro expression. This is to tie a thread firmly around the middle of the celt, and then to suspend it over a lighted candle or the fire. If the thread does not burn or break, the "thunderbolt" is genuine. Strange to say, this test is universally acknowledged to be infallible throughout the northwestern part of the West Indies; and the writer has collected many celts which still show the stone somewhat blackened by the soot of the candle, and a clean line where the thread had been. Needless to say, any smooth stone will allow this test, owing to the physical law that a smooth surface allows the thread to lie closely against the stone with no air intervening, in consequence of which combustion of the thread cannot take place for some time; in fact, not until the stone itself is hot enough to burn the thread. Many and bitter were the disappointments of the negroes when they offered the writer ordinary smooth pebbles for sale, vowing that they were "proper thunderbolts" because the thread did not burn.

"Thunderbolts" also are endowed with wonderful medicinal properties, if one can believe the West Indians. In case of stomachic pains, generally due to too much indulgence in salt fish after a long period of semi-starvation, there is nothing so good as to lay a celt upon the seat of trouble. If at the same time a little water is drunk in which a celt has been steeped, the trouble is almost sure to disappear. Strange to say, a celt is also supposed to be an excellent means of keeping water cool, and for this purpose is often kept in the earthenware water-jar found in so many negro cabins. It is a wonder, therefore, that stomach troubles occur at all, as the water in which the celt is steeped is drunk constantly, and should therefore act as a preventive against this affliction. This, however, is a problem which the writer will not attempt to solve. The fact remains that he has often surreptitiously fished around in the water-jars of such cabins as he happened to visit, in order to try and find celts, frequently with the most surprising success.

It would also appear that celts are held in esteem by the "obiah-men" of Jamaica and the "voodoo-priests" of Hayti, although the writer was never able to discover to what particular purpose these stones served the native witch-doctors. Any inquiry on this subject was immediately met with the most stubborn silence and a pretence of stupidity, which could not be penetrated. During a stay in one of the smaller towns in Jamaica, the writer heard of the arrest of a man suspected of the practice of obiah, for which there is a very heavy penalty in this colony. Being anxious to discover what the prisoner



had in his possession in the way of native poisons, love-philters, etc., the police-sergeant was interviewed, and the writer was willingly shown the obiah-man's outfit. This consisted mostly of a few small bottles filled with insects, powdered earth, etc., a few colored rags, a small coffin fashioned out of wood, and a perfect specimen of a petaloid celt. The sergeant could not — or would not, which is more likely — tell what purpose the "thunderbolt" served in the outfit of the witch-doctor, but was willing enough to donate it to the writer. Most likely the stone was used as in the Bahamas and elsewhere, to "cure" the sick. In Hayti, also, the "voodoo-priests" attach great value to these stones; but, as it is not safe to make too many inquiries in this country regarding the practices of the native medicine-men, it is probable that this mystery cannot be cleared up.

Perhaps the most curious of all beliefs was told the writer by one of his boatmen in the Bahamas. This sailor at one time had served as a coal-passer on a small steamer, and in consequence regarded himself as a quite efficient engineer. On one occasion, when the subject "thunderbolt" was under discussion, he told the writer that these stones contained so much "electric" that if they were pulverized, they would furnish enough power to run the largest engines. This, however, must not be taken as a typical superstition, but rather as a proof to what heights the imagination of a negro mind can ascend.

It is likely that there are still other superstitions about celts, although the writer knows of no others from the West Indies. A few authors — notably Dr. J. W. Fewkes in his "Aborigines of Porto Rico," and Frederick A. Ober in "The Storied West Indies," "In the Wake of Columbus," and a few other works — have briefly noted the fact that celts were named "*piedra del rayo*" and "thunderbolts." It must also be added here, that, besides a superstitious value, the native West Indian also attaches a monetary value to stones of this class. It is not unusual to find that some of the finest specimens bear marks of having recently been broken. Whenever an archæologist remains in one place for any length of time, and the negroes hear that he is steadily purchasing celts, they begin to think that the stones must contain something that makes them valuable to the white man. In order to find out what this may be, they smash up a celt or two to investigate whether or not the stone contains gold or some other precious metal, — an investigation which, needless to say, results only in disappointment. But the breaking-up of one or two stones does not convince; and the writer well remembers where he had been in one spot for over two weeks, and after a while every single celt brought in for sale bore evidence of this mutilation. It was then patiently explained to the negroes that broken "thunderbolts" were *not* purchased; and, as by this time they had no entire ones left, the would-be vendors betook themselves to their homes, "sadder and wiser men."



In conclusion, one more illustration of the value which the negro sometimes thinks his celts have. The writer and a Mr. C. V. Spicer, who was assisting in some archæological work in the Bahamas, were once lying anchored off a small settlement called Snug Corner, on Acklin Island, on a small sloop belonging to the Heye Museum, which was used for the Bahama work. The weather was quite squally, with a considerable amount of rain, and it was decided to retire early. Just before going to bed, a hail was heard; and within a few minutes a small, open sail-boat came alongside, with a crew of three men. The writer was then told that this boat had been all day long coming from the south point of Acklin, some twenty miles away; and it was evident that the trip had been wet and disagreeable, judging from the appearance of the three men. On inquiring what the men wanted, the writer was informed that they had three "thunderbolts" for sale, which, on examination, proved to be of the usual type, with a value of twenty-five cents apiece. In view of the fact that the three men had had an unpleasant time (the writer not knowing then that the trip had been made for his special benefit, but thinking that the three men were on their way to a more northerly settlement), they were offered thirty-six cents apiece for the stones. This offer was quickly declined; and never did the writer see a quicker change from the usual negro grin to the most utter African despondency. Mr. Spicer by this time was beginning to feel sorry for the men, and ordered them some supper, they having eaten nothing all day long during their "beat" against the wind from the south point of Acklin Island to Snug Corner; and it was only after the small boat had again departed into the night that the mystery was solved. During their supper the men told the crew of the Heye Museum sloop that they had come up especially from South Point to sell the celts to the writer, that they had been informed that the writer had paid fifty dollars apiece for "thunderbolts" at Fortune Island (a neighboring island), and that they expected to return to their village with at least a hundred and fifty dollars. This had excited their cupidity to such an extent that they had undertaken the long trip to windward on a stormy day, having probably kept themselves warm and comforted by thoughts of soon having this money to spend; and the writer's offer of thirty-six cents apiece for the stones was therefore all the more disheartening.

An occurrence of this kind was unusual, however, although it happened often that the possessor of a celt began by asking a pound sterling (about \$4.80) for his property. This amount he steadily diminished, and in the end was glad enough to obtain from twenty-five to fifty cents for a stone which had cost him nothing in the beginning, save the trouble of stooping over and picking it up.

HEYE MUSEUM,  
NEW YORK CITY.

WYANDOT TALES, INCLUDING FOREIGN ELEMENTS.<sup>1</sup>

BY C. M. BARBEAU.

I. HE IS GOING TO THE LAND OF BLISS.<sup>2</sup>

As she was about to start off, the old woman called Tawidi'a, and said, "Tawidi'a, you must now look after the child while he is asleep. Drive the mosquitoes away lest they bite him, mind you!" And she went away.

After having been fooling around and playing at some distance, Tawidi'a suddenly remembered that his mother had said, "Mind you, don't let the mosquitoes bite the child!" (So he went over and looked.)<sup>3</sup>

There, right on the child's face, a mosquito was standing and biting him. Tawidi'a at once got hold of a stone maul and hit the mosquito with it. He wanted simply to kill the mosquito; but it so happened that, as he had hit the child's head with the maul, he had only destroyed the child.<sup>4</sup>

Indeed, he was so scared that he concealed himself where the swans hatch. As he sat there, he killed the swans as well. When it was done, he gathered the feathers; and, having covered his body with gum, he coated it with the feathers, that stuck fast all over him. He had in his mind, "She must not recognize me!"

When the old woman came back home, she soon found out that the child had been murdered. She called out, "Tawidi'a!" . . . But he only quacked, as the swans do. His voice was really like that of the swans. Again she cried out, "Tawidi'a!" Once more he quacked, and his voice was still exactly like that of the swans.

His mother, however, came over to the place where the swans used to hatch. There she found Tawidi'a. She said, "Why did you ever kill the child?" He replied, "But you told me, 'Don't let the mosquitoes bite the child!' and there I saw a mosquito sitting in the

<sup>1</sup> Published by permission of the Geological Survey, Ottawa, Can.

<sup>2</sup> This is a modern series of episodes added to an old and popular winter tale, which is well known among the Wyandots and the Senecas. Tawidi'a is the hero in both tales, with the difference that in the archaic one he is always most awkward and ridiculous, while in the modern counterpart he shows himself most clever in all the episodes but the first one. The above version was recorded in text among the Wyandots of Oklahoma, in 1912 (informant, Catherine Johnson; interpreter, Allen Johnson). The story-teller first used to announce the title of the tale that he was about to recite. The audience would acknowledge by the exclamation "Yilhe'l" (that is, "Welcome!")

<sup>3</sup> The words and sentences in parentheses are not explicitly included in the text.

<sup>4</sup> This incident reminds one of La Fontaine's fable, "L'ours et l'amateur des jardins."

child's face and biting him; so I hit the mosquito (with the maul), for I wanted to kill it, and not the child." The old woman cried out, "Away with you! Be off to some other place, for I don't want to see you any longer!"

Tawidi'a ran off a long distance into the woods. His mind was now deeply troubled. He came back at night to the place where his mother was living, and killed an ox<sup>1</sup> that belonged to him. As he skinned it, he left the horns and tail attached to the skin. When this was done, he wrapped himself up in the ox's rawhide and went off some distance. Then he climbed a tree and sat way up. As the green around the tree was very nice and smooth, it so happened that at night several men came riding on horseback to that very place. They did not see Tawidi'a standing almost in the tree-top, and one of them came to sit on a large log lying just near by. Then he pulled out a great deal of the yellow metal, the gold money that the others took a long time to count. Some more money was soon brought forth (and counted).<sup>2</sup> One of them said, "What would you do if the Underground-Dweller<sup>3</sup> (the Devil) should come here in person?" The other replied, "I would surely kill him!" and added, "And you, what would you do?" The first one said, "It is doubtful. I really don't know what I should do if I were to see the Underground-Dweller here."

At that very moment the branch on which Tawidi'a was sitting broke off, and down to the ground he fell with his horned (and tailed) garment. The other fellows jumped upon their feet and ran away, leaving behind heaps of yellow metal.

Now, Tawidi'a, having removed the ox's hide that covered his body, gathered a great deal of money and started for his mother's home. He said, "Be in a hurry and help me! I have discovered no end of metal, and we must gather it up."

This made her forget altogether that she had banished him; and she was, as before, willing to keep him with her. They had, in fact, found a great deal of gold, which they stored away.

Now, then, their closest neighbor was a man of wealth and standing. So the old woman said, "Go over there and borrow the small, barrel-like vessel<sup>4</sup> in which he is said to measure his goods, for I want to know how much we have got now." Before he started to borrow the bushel, she added, "You must not say that we want it for measuring the yellow metal, mind you!"

<sup>1</sup> Kyutó'skwèrò', a term that applies to both ox and cow. It means "cattle" as well.

<sup>2</sup> This detail reminds one of Ali Baba and the forty thieves, in the Arabian Nights.

<sup>3</sup> The Wyandots' modern notions about the Devil, or, as they call him, the Underground Dweller, have been borrowed from the Europeans.

<sup>4</sup> The measure that the Wyandots used to call "half a barrel" is now termed "half a bushel."



When they had counted many bushels of gold, Tawidi'a returned the small barrel to its owner. He intentionally managed, however, to fill a crack in the bushel with gold coins, so that the man of importance might know that gold had been measured. The owner of the bushel said, "You seem to have been measuring gold!" — "It is so!" boasted Tawidi'a. The other inquired, "But how could it ever be so, for you are quite poor?" Tawidi'a replied, "But I am a thief, you know!" The wealthy man exclaimed, "Quite untrue! for I do not believe that you could ever steal anything that belongs to me." And he added, "I would believe you only if you could unyoke the (pair of) oxen with which my servant is now ploughing my field yonder."

The field was by this time almost all ploughed up. So Tawidi'a hastened, and watched very closely. Quite soon he began to chase some young quails ahead of him; and he spoke to them, saying, "Listen! you come down here and run over there, past the fence. When the ploughman chases you, let him believe that he is just on the point of catching you!" So it all happened, and the ploughman was (for a long while) running after (the quails).

Meanwhile Tawidi'a unyoked an ox, cut off its tail and one of its horns, and he stuck the horn into the other ox's back and forced the tail into its mouth. Then he drove the unyoked ox to the butcher's shop and sold it for meat.

When the ploughman came back to his field, he could not anywhere find the other ox; and, seeing one of its horns sticking out of the other's back, he came and told his master, "It is impossible for me to plough any longer. One of the oxen, indeed, has swallowed the other!" As the man of rank wanted to see for himself, he also realized that one of the oxen had swallowed the other. He said, however, "Wait a while! I must go to the butcher's shop and see."

(He came in as) Tawidi'a was still there. (Boasting of) his deed, Tawidi'a insisted, "Oh, let us see! Did you not fail to believe me when I said that I was able to steal? Did you not say, 'You could not truly steal anything from me'?" The other man retorted, "You would have to achieve far more before I could believe you. This time, I say, you are not able to steal my gold finger-ring, which I have just handed to my wife."

Tawidi'a went over at night to the wealthy man's house, and close by his door he set up a large manikin looking exactly like himself, and began to watch. By and by he yelled, "Kwe!"<sup>1</sup> and the man of distinction got up, shouldered his gun, went out, and, seeing Tawidi'a standing by, he shot at him. The manikin fell to the ground (for only the manikin had been shot). The man of importance called his servants at once, saying, "Cover his body up with dirt!"

<sup>1</sup> Meaning "Halloo!" "How do you do?" This is still the most common form of greeting among the Wyandots, besides "Bajou!" the distorted French word "bonjour!"

Meanwhile the real Tawidi'a rushed into the house and said to the woman (with the ring), "Hurry up and give me my ring, for it has now been done: I have killed Tawidi'a!" (and she gave Tawidi'a the ring.)

The man of rank came in some time later, and, speaking to his wife, he said, "Now give me my ring, for I have indeed done it: I have killed Tawidi'a." She replied, "But I had already done so when you came in and ordered, 'Give me my ring at once!'"

The truth then dawned upon him, and he murmured, "How truly daring and clever that fellow is!"

Tawidi'a still had the ring on, when, the next day, he met the other man, who said, "Now there can be no doubt that I shall do away with him once for all!" And his servants caught Tawidi'a and fastened him in a bag. His next command was, "Carry him to the lake yonder, and, fastened inside the bag as he is, drop him into the lake!"

The load was at once placed upon a wagon and taken away toward the lake. Then Tawidi'a began to say, "I am now going to the land of bliss."

As the servants were passing with the wagon by a berry-patch, they started to pick fruit, and farther and farther they went. Just about then some one came along the road driving a large herd of cattle. Tawidi'a, from within the bag that was still on the wagon, kept on repeating, "I am now going to the land of bliss." The man who was driving the cattle along the road overheard these words, "I am now going to the land of bliss;" so he inquired, "Could you not take me along with you?" — "By all means!" replied Tawidi'a; "but untie the fastening of the bag!" He then put the other fellow in the bag in his stead; and he himself, Tawidi'a, went away, driving the cattle along the road.

When the servants returned from the berry-patch, they made for the lake with the bag, that was still at the same place on the wagon. They put the bag into a canoe when they reached the lake, and soon they dropped it in the middle of the water. When it was done, they came back to their master's house and reported, "It was done a long while ago; he was dropped into the lake."

Very soon, however, Tawidi'a was seen riding about. He, in fact, came to see the important man, and he conversed with him. The other said, "Is it really you that I see here?" Tawidi'a replied, "Yes, it is I!" — "But how did you ever manage to get out of the lake?" inquired the first one. Tawidi'a explained, "There is hardly any water there. When the servants dropped the bag into the water, it hit the bottom very gently and lay there. Some people that were standing around there untied the bag in which I was sitting (and let me out). Then they took me along into a wonderful country (the land of bliss) with vast prairies and immense herds of cattle. After

a time I got tired of all that, and said, 'Now I must be going back home!' so these people said, 'Very well! but you had better take back to your home as many of these domestic animals as you possibly can drive along, and you should ride this fine horse.' So it truly happened, and on my way back I drove along as large a herd of cattle as ever I wanted."

The man of distinction said, "(This is so wonderful) that I myself want to be taken to the lake in a bag and be dropped into the water;" and as it was being done, he added, "Take me along farther out on the lake and drop the bag, for it may be that the land of bliss is still more wonderful there."

All along the road, moreover, the rich man was repeating the same words as Tawidi'a, "I am now on the way to the land of bliss." When his servants had reached the middle of the lake, he said, "Here it is!" and the bag was dropped into the deep water, never to emerge again, to be sure.

In vain did they expect the man of distinction to return, as Tawidi'a had done, for he had sought his own destruction; and because he had said to Tawidi'a, "I do not believe you could ever steal anything," he had learned once for all that, indeed, Tawidi'a was not only able to steal, but was most clever and shrewd.

There the wealthy man's wife is still waiting for him, remembering that he had said (before leaving), "I will return very soon after they have dropped me into the lake;" but maybe she will have to wait forever.

Yihε'!

## 2. THE STEER AND THE ILL-TREATED STEP-SON.<sup>1</sup>

A child was much abused (by his step-mother), who would not give him any food, hoping that he might thus die of starvation.

The cattle were under his care, and he had to drive the milking-cows (back to the settlement) at night. Although food was for a long time refused to him by his step-mother, he would come back home every night; and it was truly strange (to see) how he could thus live without being fed. The woman appointed some one to follow the child and watch him wherever he went.

At mid-day, when the boy had gone quite a long way off, he stopped and sat down. Then two men, it seems, came out of the head of a Steer, and gave some food to the child. The spy reported to the woman what he had seen; and she replied, "So it is! If the boy is now alive, it is because he is fed by the Steer which he owns."

The old woman soon managed to get sick, and (her husband) hired

<sup>1</sup> Recorded in text form at Wyandotte, Oklahoma, in July, 1912 (informant, Catherine Johnson; interpreter, Allen Johnson). This tale, according to Mrs. Johnson, was one that the late Mę<sup>n</sup>da-dí'ñq't often used to relate.



many medicine-men to doctor her. Her health, however, could not possibly be restored. Now, then, she pretended that while asleep she had received instructions in a dream. She said, "I must give a feast, this is the only means for me to recover; and the Steer owned by the boy must be slaughtered (for the occasion)." The father therefore gave advice to his son, saying, "Would you not spare (the Steer), and (allow) him to be killed? I shall give you a similar one, if you are willing to give him up." By no means! The boy would not spare his own domestic animal; for (there was no doubt that) his step-mother's hatred for him was the only reason why she wanted to do away with the helpful animal.

The child wept, and the Steer came along. "Don't cry!" said he, "for you must consent, and say, 'I shall be willing only if she herself kills the Steer which I own.'" And (the woman) replied, "Yes, I am able to kill (the animal), provided you tie him."

Then the boy proceeded towards a big stump, and he stood on it. The Steer, in fact, had advised him to do so, adding, "We must take to flight; and when I pass by (the stump), I shall put you on my back."

No sooner had the people bound the Steer than (the woman) came up with a sharp knife with which to kill him. But the Steer ran his horns through (her body), thus destroying her instead; and, breaking his bonds to shreds, he escaped and went to the place where the boy was standing on the stump. As the Steer passed by, the child mounted upon his back.

They took their flight to a remote place; and when they came to a large river, the Steer simply swam across it. They had no longer anything to fear; for nobody would now slay the domestic animal, who, in his usual manner, fed the child every day.

After some time they again travelled together, and found another river, which the Steer crossed with the boy sitting on his back. The Ox said the next day, "So it is! we are now to encounter bad luck. Starvation is walking this way, and we shall have to fight her (this) afternoon. After that, I may (be able to) feed you but once more, at noon. For fear, however, that I may be overpowered, I will now tell you what is to be done after our fight with Starvation. While my body is still warm, you must skin me (and remove) a narrow strip of my hide all along the spine, from the nose to the tail, which you must leave attached. That is what you have to do."

Noon was no sooner past than the Steer entered in a great fury, and began to walk back and forth. The boy climbed a tree near by, and watched the struggle that was going on, although he could not see at all (the being) against whom his domestic animal was fighting.

The Steer was defeated in the end and destroyed by Starvation.

The child then remembered what he had been advised to do. So he skinned the animal, and, when it was done, he went away. He did not really know whither he was going. That is why the (being) whose hide (he had kept as a charm) conversed with him several times, indicating the way.

The boy did not stop until he had reached a place where people were living; and, at the first house he came across, an old woman abiding thereat inquired, "Where do you come from?" He replied, "I wish to stay here and work." — "What are you able to do?" asked she; and he said, "I look after the cattle: this is what I can do." And she said, "You are the very sort of servant I have long been looking for."

The boy therefore staid (with her); and the old woman became "his mother." As he had now to pasture her domestic animals, she gave him a warning. "You must not take my cattle yonder," said she, "for (my land) extends only that far; and you should not go beyond, for my wicked neighbor who lives there is armed with a spear."

The cattle had soon grazed all the grass on the old woman's land, so the boy led them (into the fields) beyond. Again the next day he trespassed on the land of the dreaded neighbor, who then noticed it. "Away with you!" said he. "This is my land, and I do not want you to bring your cattle here." The boy replied, "It could not be so, for all the grass over there has been grazed." He added, "I have now chosen to fight with you." The neighbor retorted, "Very well! To-morrow at noon we shall fight together."

The boy wore his strip of hide as a belt when they both met at noon on the next day. Unfastening it from around his body, he at once slashed the other fellow's legs off with it. Now the neighbor lamented, and said, "Oh, do not kill me! Have mercy, and I shall give you all my land!"

The boy, in fact, spared him, and accepted his offer. When her (adopted) son came back home with her cattle, the old woman asked him, "Is it really so? Have you not pastured the cattle on our wicked neighbor's land, although I had urged you not to do so?" The young fellow answered, "It is so, indeed, and we have fought (over it); but I have compelled him to abandon all his land." And from that time on he allowed the cattle to roam about free.

When the autumn came, the old woman said, "Be off, and sell (one of) our domestic animals! You should not bargain with (the trader) who lives in the village near by, for he is always quite unfair (to the country folks<sup>1</sup>). Try the other one who lives far from the village, instead, as he may give you a larger price. With this sum we shall purchase warm clothes for the winter."

<sup>1</sup> Added by Allen Johnson, the interpreter.

Now, then, the boy started for the village with the domestic animal; and, as he had barely covered half of the distance, he met some one who asked, "Where are you taking it to?" He replied, "I am going to sell it, so that we may get warm clothes for the winter."—"Let us barter together!" said the other. The boy inquired, "What will you give me?" And the (stranger spoke to his dog), saying, "O my domestic! here you must defecate." Then he pulled out a box containing (two) "tumbling-bugs,"<sup>1</sup> and laid the round insects (on the ground). They at once began to roll the (dog's) fæces. The man next put down (several) mice<sup>2</sup> and drew out a musical bow (or violin).<sup>3</sup> No sooner had he rubbed the strings than the mice danced.

Now the boy was willing to barter his ox (with the stranger); and when it was done, he came back to his adopted mother's home. She inquired, "Have you really sold it?" He said, "Yes!"—"What did you get in exchange?" asked she. And he replied, "Here it is, the dog, for one thing;" and (speaking to the dog) he said, "O my domestic! defecate here!" Upon being laid down, the beetles began to tumble the fæces about. The boy next put the mice on the ground and began to rub the stringed bow. The mice, in truth, danced; and the old woman exclaimed, "Wu '! This is real fun, and I am much amused." The next morning she said, "You shall once again go there; and this time you must not fail in trading this ox, so that we may get warm clothes for the winter." So the boy again started off with an ox, which he was going to sell. There at a distance he saw the same fellow coming along. When they met, the other asked, "Where are you going with the ox?"—"This one," replied the boy, "I am going to trade in order to get warm clothes for next winter."—"Here I am! Let us barter together!" was the answer. "What will you give me?" asked the boy. "This is the very thing (for you)," said the man, thereupon pulling out a veil, a very small thing, indeed. The young fellow inquired, "But what is it good for?" The other explained, "Look here! You see the large tree standing there?" And he pitched the veil at the tree. It was done at once: (the tree) had been reduced into chopped wood, arranged into several piles.

The boy gave his consent, and exchanged the ox (for the veil). And the stranger added, "Over there lives a wealthy man who may be

<sup>1</sup> The "tumbling-bugs," as they are popularly known, are "dung-beetles" (family, *Scarabidæ*). Allen Johnson, the interpreter, stated that these insects—generally seen in pairs—lay their eggs in the fæces of animals, which they are often seen rolling about to a suitable place for their purpose: hence the name of "tumbling-bugs."

<sup>2</sup> Dětsu' "gyăté'a': "the-her-finger(ring)-has on," which is the descriptive name applied to the mouse.

<sup>3</sup> Yărê'săyá' "ta': name of a musical instrument consisting of a bow and string (or strings?) [yarê'sa', "string of a bow;" ŭyá' "ti", "it rubs" or "it is rubbed" (in Wyandot)]. The same name is now given to the violin (informant Allen Johnson).



useful to you, for he always employs a wood-cutter; go there, and he will surely hire you, and you will thus get a great deal with which to purchase your winter clothes."

The young man went back home; and the old woman asked him, "Have you sold it?" He replied, "Yes!" — "What did he give you?" was her next question. And, as he said "Here it is, a veil," she laughed, and exclaimed, "This thing must indeed be warm (for the winter), — a veil!" but he explained, "With this thing I shall indeed realize great benefits." Thereupon he went to the place where stood a number of large trees, pitched the veil, and many cords of chopped wood replaced them. So he said, "Certainly! (by means of) this our bodies shall keep warm."

The next morning he started for the rich man's place, and stood at the door (for a while). The people (in the house) saw him, and reported, "A hireling is standing there." The chief came around and asked, "What is it for?" The (young man) replied, "I am looking for work." The important personage inquired, "What can you do?" — "This I can do, cut wood;" and (the man) said, "You are the very one I was looking for. (You see) that island yonder? It is a big island, and you must chop all the wood (on it)." He added, "At noon you may come back here to eat." And (speaking to another servant) he ordered, "You go there and show him the place where he is to chop wood."

Now they took him along to the large island, and said, "This is (the place)." As they were still there, walking about, the boy made a request. "Pray," said he, "turn around and be off! for it is truly impossible for me to do any work when some one is looking at me." So they went away.

Now, then, he began and pitched the veil at the trees that stood there in great numbers. Long before noon, in truth, the work was done; and all (the wood was arranged) in very many cords. After a while, growing tired of walking about, he thought, "I had better go back to the house now." When he was again seen by the wealthy man's servants, they repeated, "Here he is!" and their chief came. "Why is it so?" asked he; "you are already walking here, although I had advised you to come in only at noon." The boy retorted, "But it is all done; it is a fact!" His master said, "Mind you! a lie is a grave matter," and he gave a command (to his servants). "Go there!" said he, "and investigate what truth there is in his statement, 'Now I have done it.' " They made their investigation, only to find that it was really so, and that there was nothing but chopped wood there. Their report was, "It is so, he has done it;" upon which the wealthy man said, "Come in! Quite soon I think they will be through with cooking, and after our meal I will pay you." He asked the boy,

moreover, "How did you really do it, for you are not quite grown up as yet?" — "I have chopped (the wood), though," replied the other, "it is quite true;" which he had, of course, done with the help of the veil. When the meal was over, the boy received such a large amount of goods in payment, that he was barely able to carry it to his home. As he reached his mother's house, he exclaimed, "Now, behold! it is your turn to go to the village for the purchase of clothing."

The next morning, in fact, she hired some one to take her to the village, where she bought a large quantity of warm clothes for herself and her son.

Another day the (young man) started for the place where a man of importance resided; and when he arrived there, he was again hired (for chopping down the trees covering) a very large patch of ground. After a while the work was all over; and, as the wood now stood in numerous piles, the price which he received this time still surpassed (what he had received for his first work).

This good fortune, moreover, was all due to the Steer which he used to own.

Again he went back to the place where his mother lived with the large quantity of valuables which he had received in payment. "It is really wonderful," said he, "what benefit we derive from the veil;" and the old woman exclaimed, "Never before have I known such prosperity. Blessed am I for having adopted you!"

It happened once that he made friends with another young man, who informed him, "I have been invited to a feast given by the chief's<sup>1</sup> daughter; and the point is that the fellow who is clever enough to make her laugh (will get married to her), whoever he may be." So they both started for the feast, the young man taking with him the mice, the "tumbling-bugs," and the dog, and wearing his every-day clothes. A large crowd of people were assembled there when the feast began; and (the young men) in turn tried in every possible way to make the chief's daughter laugh, but without avail. When it was over, they said, (pointing to the old woman's son,) "Now be it so! let this one have his turn. He may be able to make her laugh. To be sure, he will not have to exert himself, as he looks most comical with his ragged clothes." The chief said, "By all means! it is now your turn." So the young man answered, "Just a moment! I will bring along the dog, my domestic." (Speaking to his dog) he said, "O my domestic! here you must defecate;" and upon being laid down, the "tumbling-bugs" began to roll the fæces about. Then he put the mice on the ground and rubbed the stringed instrument, and the mice danced. The girl, indeed, could not help laughing. All those who were standing around,

<sup>1</sup> Dekŭrā'kuwa' ('the important or wealthy person') is the term used here and in the preceding cases.



moreover, burst with laughter. The rich man (her father) said, "This one is my son-in-law. Now you must all go back to your homes, for it is so! he has now become my son-in-law." He (spoke to his servants,) saying, "Now dress him up with the very best clothes that can be found." And so they did.

(After a while the young man) felt lonesome and went out. He met an Indian who was walking about. "If you are willing to receive a great deal in payment from me," said (the stranger), "let me first sleep with your wife." The other replied, "It is agreed!" But (the Indian) now hired (a warrior) armed with a spear, and commanded him, "Cast this fellow into the lion's den;" and he dropped the (chief's son-in-law) amongst the fierce brutes, who at once made for him. But the young man simply took his veil and pitched it at the lions, who were all subdued without being killed. He did not remove the veil, and they tried in vain to tear it to pieces. For a number of days, in fact, it was impossible for them to eat when their guardian came to feed them.

Then one of the Lions begged him, "Pray, have pity on us! remove the veil!" — "Not yet," replied the man, "for you were just about to devour me; and if I were to remove it, you would again do the same thing." The Lion said, "No! we shall only help you, and let the people discover that you are (a captive) here." Now the Lion roared, and some one came to see what was the matter. When the people found the man there, they reported the matter to his father-in-law. "He is sitting there amongst the Lions, your son-in-law." The chief said, "Why is it so? Bring him along!" So they did; and he was then able to go to the place where his wife was staying.

The next day he looked for the "spear-man;" and when he found him, he said, "Were you not going to kill me? Look here! it is my turn now!" So he drew the veil out and threw it at the (warrior's) house, just to crush it at once into a heap of small bits. His enemy now being slain, the young man went back to his wife's house. He said, "Now I must be off, for no doubt my mother must be worrying." But the young woman replied, "Not yet! you should not leave until we go there together to bring back your mother with us." So they started together, and arrived at the old woman's house. She was, indeed, far more pleased than ever, for her son had brought back a young woman (his wife) with him. He said, "We have both come to fetch you." — "Very well," replied she; "but I must first sell all that I own." He said, "No! we must look for some one who is as poor as we used to be, and give it all away." They found out, in fact, that their neighbor also had long been a widow, living all by herself. So she gave her all she had.

Then they took their mother along with them, and went to live at



the wealthy man's place. Soon the young man replaced his father-in-law, and became chief in his stead.

It is quite likely that they are still living there now.

Yihé!

### 3. THE PUMPKIN AND THE RABBIT.<sup>1</sup>

A man arrived at the place where (the people) lived. As he was carrying pumpkins, a fellow asked him, "What is this?" He replied, "A mare's<sup>2</sup> egg." — "What happens when it hatches?" asked the other; and the reply was, "If you only carry the pumpkin every day, it will get heavier, because the colt is now growing (inside it)."

So the other fellow (purchased the pumpkin<sup>3</sup> and) carried it along. After a certain time his "mare's egg" grew so heavy that he became entirely exhausted, and he sat down. The pumpkin then rolled down the hill and split open against a projecting stump. But only a rabbit was sitting there, by the stump and the smashed pumpkin. The man who had purchased (the mare's egg) thought to himself, "Now it is really so! it is hatched;" and at once he began to call, "Kupikupikupi!" He was thus coaxing the colt; but it was useless, the (thing) would not listen. So he kept running after it.

After a while he began to inquire from place to place where the people were living. He would ask, "Did you see my horse, that has run away?" Some one begged him, "Pray, tell me! what is it like?" He replied, "(I) cannot tell you, for there was no time to judge of its looks. Indeed, no sooner was it hatched than it ran away. I really don't know what it is like." And the other replied, "It could not be so; because horses don't hatch, but bring forth (their young ones)." So the (simple) man said, "Truly, I have thus been cheated!" and the man added, "Go to the place where it was hatched and look carefully. Let me go with you!" When they had both reached the spot, the man told the owner (of the mare's egg), "Nay, 'egg'<sup>4</sup> is not its name, but rather 'pumpkin.'<sup>5</sup> That is it."

Yihé!

<sup>1</sup> Taken down in text form in 1913 (informant, Catherine Johnson; interpreter, Allen Johnson), Wyandotte, Oklahoma. Mrs. Johnson heard this story recited by her uncle, the late Jim Peacock (Dīkyu'küyú'ti) of the Wyandot Deer clan. Whenever a storyteller begins a fireside tale which is acknowledged as mere fiction, he first repeats the usual formula, "He walks in the Indian manner" (erōmé'ha'ce' i'réc', "he-the man | like or thus | both [on both legs]-he-walks;"; more broadly, "a man-like is walking"); and the listeners exclaim, "Yihé!" ("Welcome!")

<sup>2</sup> Yu'că'te', "horse" (male or female).

<sup>3</sup> Detail supplied later, in the course of the text.

<sup>4</sup> Ū'tō'ca', "egg."

<sup>5</sup> Ūñō'ca, "pumpkin." In the Wyandot winter tales several puns of this kind are to be found.

The foregoing Wyandot story may now be compared to some versions of its European prototype:—

(a) “A somewhat similar story is found in Rivière’s French collection of tales of the Kabail, Algeria, to this effect: The mother of a youth of the Beni-Jennad clan gave him a hundred reals to buy a mule; so he went to market, and on his way met a man carrying a watermelon for sale. ‘How much for the melon?’ he asks. ‘What will you give?’ says the man. ‘I have only got a hundred reals,’ answered the booby; ‘had I more, you should have it.’ — ‘Well,’ rejoined the man, ‘I’ll take them.’ Then the youth took the melon and handed over the money. ‘But tell me,’ says he, ‘will its young one be as green as it is?’ — ‘Doubtless,’ answered the man, ‘it will be green.’ As the booby was going home, he allowed the melon to roll down a slope before him. It burst on its way, when up started a frightened hare. ‘Go to my house, young one!’ he shouted. ‘Surely a green animal has come out of it.’ And when he got home, he inquired of his mother if the young one had arrived.

“In the Gooroo Paramartan (an ‘amusing work, written in the Tamil language by Berchi, an Italian Jesuit, who was missionary in India from 1700 till his death, in 1742’), p. 29, there is a parallel incident to this last. The noodles are desirous of providing their Gooroo with a horse, and a man sells them a pumpkin, telling them it is a mare’s egg, which only requires to be sat upon for a certain time to produce a fine young horse. The Gooroo himself undertakes to hatch the mare’s egg, since his disciples have all other matters to attend to; but as they are carrying it through a jungle, it falls down and splits into pieces; just then a frightened hare runs before them; and they inform the Gooroo that a fine young colt came out of the mare’s egg, with very long ears, and ran off with the speed of the wind. It would have proved a fine horse for their revered Gooroo, they add; but he consoles himself for the loss by reflecting that such an animal would probably have run away with him.”<sup>1</sup>

(b) An Irishman had not been long in this country when he was sold a pumpkin by a country fellow, who told him that it was a “mare’s egg.” The Irishman continued his journey, carrying the pumpkin; but he soon got tired, and sat down to rest on the crest of a hill. The pumpkin rolled down the slope and was smashed to pieces. As it hit a brush-heap at the bottom, a rabbit ran away; and the Irishman jumped up, shouting, “Catch him, catch him! He is a race horse!”<sup>2</sup>

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OTTAWA, CAN.

<sup>1</sup> From *The Book of Noodles*, by W. A. Clouston (London, Elliot Stock, 62 Paternoster Row, 1903, p. 37).

<sup>2</sup> Informant Mr. F. W. Waugh, of the Geological Survey of Canada, who states that over twenty-five years ago he often heard his father (George N. Waugh, of Brant County, Ontario) recite this story, which was well known in the same locality.

## ESKIMO SONGS.

BY ELEANOR HAGUE.

THE following Eskimo tunes were recorded by Captain George Comer on the west coast of Hudson Bay, near Cape Fullerton. Nos. 1 and 2 are chorus songs sung by women. No. 2 probably accompanies the chant of a single singer. No. 3 is a chant sung by a single person. The cylinders from which the records were made are rather faint, and part of them were so indistinct that it was impossible to catch the tune.

I. ESKIMO SONG.<sup>1</sup>

The musical score for "I. ESKIMO SONG. 1" is written on ten staves. The first staff is labeled "Introd." and "Chant." and begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. It contains several measures of music, including a double bar line and a repeat sign. The second staff continues the melody with a "V" marking above it. The third staff is labeled "Refrain." and features a series of "V" markings above the notes. The fourth staff is labeled "Chant." and includes the vocalization "A wa wa wa wa" with a "p" (piano) marking above the final note. The fifth staff continues the melody with the vocalization "wa wa wa wa" and "a wa". The sixth staff is labeled "Refrain." and features a series of "V" markings above the notes. The seventh staff continues the melody. The eighth staff is labeled "Chant." and features a series of "V" markings above the notes. The ninth staff is labeled "Refrain." and features a series of "V" markings above the notes. The tenth staff continues the melody.

<sup>1</sup> Actual pitch. The *p* sign placed above a note means that it should be sung a little below pitch.



*Chant.*

*Refrain.*

*Chant.*

*Close.*

The song consists of five repetitions of a chant, which is irregular in rhythmic structure, probably in accordance with the words. Preceding the chant are two introductory notes. The first four lines are each followed by a refrain, which consists of two parts. Its rhythm is fairly well fixed, and it seems plausible that the irregularities may be due to imperfections of singing. The close of the whole song consists of a repetition of the first part of the refrain, which terminates with a long-drawn-out note in place of the modulations found in the preceding lines.

## 2. FRAGMENTS OF ESKIMO SONG.<sup>1</sup>

*Moderately increasing the speed with the successive repetitions.*

Between these two phrases are passages of indefinite rhythm, but on one note, B.

<sup>1</sup> Actual pitch.

3. FRAGMENT OF ESKIMO CHANT.<sup>1</sup>

A musical score for an Eskimo chant, consisting of eight staves of music in treble clef. The notes are mostly half and quarter notes, with some rests and accidentals. The lyrics are written below the notes.

Ah ay yah ay yah O - vo ga lay, . . . . .

A - vo - ga lay ay

yah ya ya ya ya ya yay ay yah

O - bo - ga lay ah - lo - ah - lo - e - lo

Ay

yah yah yah yah yah yay yah . . . . . yah yah yah yah.

NEW YORK.

<sup>1</sup> Actual pitch. The first part of the cylinder was too faint to catch.

## TWENTY-SIXTH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE AMERICAN FOLK-LORE SOCIETY.

THE Twenty-Sixth Annual Meeting of the American Folk-Lore Society was held on Wednesday, Dec. 30, 1914, in the University Museum of the University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, where the Society met in affiliation with the American Anthropological Association and the American Association for the Advancement of Science. The meeting was called to order by the President, Dr. Pliny Earle Goddard.

The Council of the Society met at 9 A.M. in Houston Hall, University of Pennsylvania. Present, Messrs. Boas, Dixon, Fewkes, Goddard, Peabody, Tozzer; President Goddard in the Chair.

The meeting of the Society was held at 10 A.M.

### SECRETARY'S REPORT.

The membership of the Society is as follows:

	1913.	1914.
Honorary members.....	14	12
Life members.....	11	10
Annual members.....	345	333
	<u>370</u>	<u>355</u>
Subscribing libraries.....	156	149

The Secretary regrets to announce the death of Professor Angelo de Gubernatis and of Professor Alexander F. Chamberlain, honorary members; of Mrs. Henry Draper, a life member; and of Professor Alcée Fortier, a past president.

CHARLES PEABODY, *Secretary.*

### TREASURER'S REPORT, DEC. 23, 1913, TO DEC. 24, 1914.

#### RECEIPTS.

Balance from last statement.....	\$165.19
Receipts from annual dues.....	780.45
Subscriptions to "Publication Fund".....	85.00
Sales of Memoirs and Journals.....	501.57
Contribution from Hispanic Society.....	350.00
Gifts for Editor's expenses.....	250.00
Balance from Treasury of New York Branch of the American Folk-Lore Society (Stansbury Hagar, Treasurer, New York, N. Y.).....	50.00
Interest, Old Colony Trust Co., Boston, Mass.....	16.87
	<u>\$2199.08</u>



## DISBURSEMENTS.

The New Era Printing Company, Lancaster, Pa., for manufacturing Journal of American Folk-Lore, Oct.-Dec., 1913; Jan.-March, 1914; April-June, 1914..	\$989.08
American Anthropological Association, 7/12 cost of composition, mailing, etc., of "Current Anthropological Literature".....	324.25
Miss M. L. Taylor, work on Journal.....	99.00
H. A. Andrews, work on Journal.....	75.00
Balance in Editor's hands.....	76.00
Copyright.....	1.00
Treasurer's sundry expenses, printing, etc.....	8.00
Rebate Boston Branch (S. B. Deam, Treasurer, Boston, Mass.).....	49.00
Rebate Cambridge Branch (M. L. Fernald, Treasurer, Cambridge, Mass.).....	22.00
Rebate Missouri Branch (Antoinette Taylor, Treasurer, St. Louis, Mo.).....	6.00
Wm. Stake Co., New York, N.Y., insurance on catalogue.....	2.00
Storage of catalogue and expressage.....	16.25
Boston Branch, postage on bills.....	3.72
Old Colony Trust Co., Boston, Mass., for collecting checks.....	2.20
	<u>\$1673.50</u>
Balance to new account.....	525.58
	<u><u>\$2199.08</u></u>

Audited, Jan. 19, 1915.

R. B. DIXON	} <i>Auditing Committee.</i>
CHARLES PEABODY	

## EDITOR'S REPORT.

During the current year three numbers of the Journal have been issued. It was the intention of the Society to present the fourth number to the International Congress of Americanists, which was to have been held in Washington in October, 1914. Owing to the European war, this meeting had to be deferred, and the printing of the number in question has been somewhat delayed owing to these conditions.

During the present year an arrangement was made with the Hispanic Society of America by which one number of the Journal was published under the joint auspices of the American Folk-Lore Society and the Hispanic Society. This number appeared as the July number, and is devoted entirely to Spanish folk-lore in America. It is hoped that similar arrangements may be made in future years, and that in this way more systematic attention may be given to Spanish folk-lore.

During the past year an agreement was entered into with the firm of G. E. Stechert & Company for the publication of the index of the first twenty-five volumes of the Journal. The manuscript for the first twenty volumes has been prepared, and there remains to add to it the index for Volumes XXI-XXV. Owing to the war, the printing, however, had to be deferred. It is now hoped that the printing may be begun in 1915.

Since the Bureau of American Ethnology has undertaken the publication of a bibliographic record of current Americanist litera-

ture, the American Folk-Lore Society and the American Anthropological Association have discontinued the publication of the "Current Anthropological Literature," as the same material will now be taken care of by the new proposed governmental publication.

FRANZ BOAS, *Editor*.

The Editor was authorized to add to the number of Associate Editors a representative of French-American folk-lore, provided that this subject can be properly taken up in the Journal.

Messrs. Dixon and Peabody were appointed an Auditing Committee.

The following officers were elected:

PRESIDENT, Pliny Earle Goddard, American Museum of Natural History, New York.

FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT, G. L. Kittredge, Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass.

SECOND VICE-PRESIDENT, J. Walter Fewkes, Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D.C.

PERMANENT SECRETARY, Charles Peabody, Cambridge, Mass.

ASSISTANT SECRETARY, Alanson Skinner, American Museum of Natural History, New York.

TREASURER, Eliot W. Remick, 300 Marlborough Street, Boston, Mass.

EDITOR OF THE JOURNAL, Franz Boas, Columbia University, New York.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS, G. L. Kittredge, Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass.; Aurelio M. Espinosa, Leland Stanford Junior University, California.

COUNCILLORS. For three years: R. H. Lowie, E. K. Putnam, A. M. Tozzer.

COUNCILLORS HOLDING OVER. For two years: Roland B. Dixon, Mrs. Zelia Nuttall, A. L. Kroeber. For one year: Phillips Barry, J. B. Fletcher, Alanson Skinner. Past Presidents: J. R. Swanton, H. M. Belden, John A. Lomax. Presidents of Local Branches: F. W. Putnam, R. B. Dixon, A. C. L. Brown, H. G. Shearin, Miss Mary A. Owen, J. F. Royster, Reed Smith, Miss Dorothy Scarborough, C. Alphonso Smith.

The President, Secretary, and Editor were authorized to arrange for the programme of the annual meeting, to consist of the presidential address and a business meeting of the Society, while the reading of all papers is to be relegated to the joint meetings with the affiliating societies.

It was voted that the Society adopt the policy of an annual alternation of Presidents without re-election, the alternating to be as far as possible between the literary and the anthropological aspects of folk-lore.

At 10.30 A.M. the scientific meeting of the Society was called to order, President Goddard in the Chair. The following papers were read:

PLINY EARLE GODDARD, presidential address, "The Relation of Folk-Lore to Anthropology."

A. A. GOLDENWEISER, "The Knowledge of Primitive Man" (discussed by Lowie and Fewkes).

STITH THOMPSON, "European Tales among the North American Indians" (discussed by Boas, Michelson, Spinden, Warrington, Sapir, Goddard, Lowie, and Goldenweiser).

PHILLIPS BARRY, "The Magic Boat."

The following papers were read by title: "The Diffusion of Modern Ceremonies in the Plains Area," by CLARK WISSLER; "Additions to the Traditional Ballads in the United States collected in 1914," by REED SMITH; "Huron-Wyandot Mythology," by C. H. BARBEAU.

An invitation was extended by Mr. James Warrington of Philadelphia to visit his large collection of books on music, and was accepted with thanks.

CHARLES PEABODY, *Secretary.*



# THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN FOLK-LORE.

VOL. XXVIII. — APRIL-JUNE, 1915. — No. CVIII.

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## THE STORY OF THE PINNA AND THE SYRIAN LAMB.

BY BERTHOLD LAUFER.

THE Chinese Annals of the Later Han Dynasty (A.D. 25-220), in the account of Ta T'sin, ascribe asbestine cloth to the Roman Orient. The text then continues, "Further, they have a fine cloth said by some to originate from the down of a water-sheep, and they have also a stuff made from wild-silkworm cocoons."<sup>1</sup> The name of the former of these

<sup>1</sup> Hou Han shu, ch. 118, p. 4 b. The previous translators of this passage did not treat it with full justice. Hirth (China and the Roman Orient, p. 41) offered the rendering, "They further have 'fine cloth,' also called *Shui-yang-ts'ui* [that is, down of the water-sheep]; it is made from the cocoons of wild silkworms." G. Schlegel ("The Shui-yang or Water-Sheep," Actes du 8e Congrès des Orientalistes à Stockholm, 1889, p. 22) criticised this translation on some point, and himself proposed, "They have fine cloth which some say is made from the down of the water-sheep and the cocoons of wild silkworms." Chavannes (T'oung Pao, 1907, p. 183) translates, "They have, besides, a light cloth, of which some say that it is from the down of the aquatic sheep, but which in reality is fabricated from the cocoons of wild silkworms." M. Chavannes himself, however, contradicts this translation by his mode of interpretation: for he explains the cloth from the down of the water-sheep as the textiles made from the fibres of the pinna (the textiles are not styled "byssus," as stated by him), and in regard to the silk material refers to Aristotle's mention of "silks from wild silkworms on the island of Cos." In this case the two articles are entirely distinct, and it is clear that the above Chinese clause consists of two separate and co-ordinated parts. A stuff made from wild-silkworm cocoons is not capable of eliciting a tradition pertaining to a water-sheep. The latter, as plainly suggested by this name, is an aquatic product, while silk is not. That this view of the matter is correct, is solidly testified by the texts of the T'ang shu, and of Ma Tuan-lin quoted above, which speak of the water-sheep only, without any reference to wild silkworms. The text of the Wei liu (Hirth, *l. c.*, p. 71), however, is perfectly conclusive: "They weave fine cloth, saying that they utilize for this purpose the down of the water-sheep; this product is termed 'cloth from the west of the sea.' All domestic animals of this country are produced in the water. Some say that they make use not only of sheep's wool, but also of tree-bast [that is evidently flax] and the silk of wild silkworms in the production of textiles." Here the wild silkworms are separated from the water-sheep by two intervening sentences, and it is patent that the two subjects are not interrelated. — The passage of Aristotle in regard to the silkworm, to which Chavannes alludes, has frequently been misunderstood. Aristotle does not say that the animal was bred or the raw material produced in Cos: he merely

two textiles is imparted in the "Wei lio," written by Yü Huan between 239 and 265, who states, "They weave fine cloth, saying that they utilize for this purpose the down of the water-sheep; this product is termed 'cloth from the west of the sea' (*hai si pu*)."<sup>1</sup> The same name appears in the Annals of the T'ang Dynasty,<sup>1</sup> in the account of Fu-lin (Syria), where "the wool of the water-sheep is woven into cloth." Ma Tuan-lin, in his "Wên hien t'ung k'ao," completed in 1319, has the same information; but the name is altered by him into "cloth occurring in the sea" or "cloth from within the sea" (*hai chung pu*). This was presumably effected under Arabic influence; for Ibn al-Baiṭār calls the product yielded by the *Pinna nobilis* or *P. squamosa* "wool of the sea" (*suf el-bahr*),<sup>2</sup> and, as will be seen, after Greek model.

The failure of previous authors to explain these accounts correctly resulted from their neglect to study the corresponding traditions of the ancients regarding this matter. Bretschneider<sup>3</sup> observed with reference to the passage in the Han Annals, "This is perhaps the byssus, a cloth-stuff woven up to the present time by the inhabitants of the Mediterranean coast, especially in southern Italy, from the thread-like excrescences of several sea-shells, especially *Pinna squamosa*." A modern condition of affairs is here invoked to account for a fact relating to antiquity; while the ancients find no place at all, and no attempt is made to explain the origin of the curious Chinese term "water-sheep." There is, moreover, a grave error in Bretschneider's statement when he designates this fabric as "byssus." Byssus, as everybody knows, was a fine tissue of the ancients, produced in the vicinity of Elis in Achaia.<sup>4</sup> It is variously interpreted as cotton or flax.<sup>5</sup> More probably it was the latter.<sup>6</sup> At any rate, it has nothing to do with the ancient

states that a woman of Cos, Pamphila by name, daughter of Plateus, is credited with the first invention of the fabric. Only subsequent authors—as Pliny (xi, 77) and Isidorus (xix, 22, 13), who lived from 570 to 636—mention the actual occurrence of a wild silkworm on Cos (compare J. Yates, *Textrinum Antiquorum*, p. 163; Blümner, *Technologie*, vol. i, 2d ed., p. 202). On the other hand, the opinion is expressed that Aristotle, in this passage, does not speak at all of a silkworm (Aubert and Wimmer, *Aristoteles Tierkunde*, vol. i, p. 162); and E. Hahn (*Haustiere*, p. 563) even goes so far as to reject, with good reason, this whole text as unauthentic. At any rate, it seems doubtful that Aristotle should have written all the unintelligible absurdities of this account. Be this as it may, the notice ascribed to Aristotle's name cannot be enlisted to explain the wild silk mentioned by the Chinese Annals as having been wrought in the Roman Orient. This kind of silk has nothing to do with Cos or *vestes Coae*, but distinctly points to what was termed by the ancients *bombycinae*,—textiles manufactured in Assyria or Syria, and obtained from a wild silkworm whose cocoons could not be reeled off, but were combed and spun. This silk (in French *galette*) possessed less gloss and fineness than the Chinese material.

<sup>1</sup> T'ang shu, ch. 221 B, p. 8. The T'ang dynasty ruled from 618 to 906.

<sup>2</sup> L. Leclerc, *Traité des simples*, vol. ii, p. 386.

<sup>3</sup> On the Knowledge possessed by the Ancient Chinese of the Arabs, p. 24.

<sup>4</sup> Pliny, *Naturalis historia*, xix, 4.

<sup>5</sup> Blümner, *Technologie*, vol. i, 2d ed., p. 192.

<sup>6</sup> J. Yates, *Textrinum Antiquorum*, pp. 267-280.



textiles obtained from the fibres of the pinna. The error of Bretschneider was caused by the fact that in our zoölogical nomenclature the filaments secreted by the foot of this animal and other bivalve mollusks, and serving for attachment to fixed objects, are styled "byssi" (plural of "byssus").<sup>1</sup> In this sense, however, the word was not used in the language of the ancients. Notwithstanding, we are under obligations to Bretschneider for his ingenious suggestion, as it will be seen that, as a matter of fact, he was quite correct in his presentiment.

Yule<sup>2</sup> connected the water-sheep of Chinese tradition with Friar Odoric's story of the vegetable lamb of the Volga. This, however, is plainly an unmethodical procedure and a chronological *saltus mortalis*, — first, as the two traditions are widely different without an attempt on the part of Yule to explain this difference; and, second, as a Chinese tradition of the third century pertaining to the Hellenistic Orient cannot be brought into direct contact with reports of mediæval European travellers, but must be correlated with coeval Hellenistic thought. Hirth<sup>3</sup> justly emphasized the wide gap of the chronological interval that separates the two events, but did not cope with the problem involved. Schlegel<sup>4</sup> attacked it in an uncritical manner, and brought new confusions into the discussion by dragging into the tangle also the camel. It is Chavannes's<sup>5</sup> merit to have clearly discriminated between the water-sheep and the so-called *Agnus scythicus* of mediæval travellers,<sup>6</sup> and to have established for the former the only correct interpretation by means of the filaments of the pinna; but, in so doing, Chavannes has recourse solely to an Arabic author, Iṣṭakhri, of the tenth century, and reconstructs from his report a legend which should have given rise to the Chinese idea of a water-sheep. It is clear, however, that the Arabic as well as the Chinese traditions must be reducible to a Hellenistic tradition; and it is obvious alike that the Chinese notion which first appears in the "Wei lio" of the third century is not due to the Arabs, but received a direct impetus from Hellenism. It is therefore imperative to go straight to headquarters, and to study what the ancients themselves have to say about the pinna and its products.

<sup>1</sup> This bunch of silky fibres suitable for weaving projects only from one side of the animal, near the lower pointed extremity, which is fixed perpendicularly in submarine sand or rocks, the *byssus* having the function of an anchor. *Pinna* (more correctly *Pina*) is the generic name for a large family of marine mussels (*Pinnidae*), belonging to the class of *Pelecypodes*, and occurring in the Mediterranean and Indian Oceans (see P. Fischer, *Manuel de conchyliologie*, p. 963, Paris, 1887; and A. Hyatt, *Remarks on the Pinnidae*, *Proc. Boston Soc. Nat. Hist.*, vol. xxv, 1892, pp. 335-346). The species utilized by the ancients is known as *Pinna nobilis* or *P. squamosa*.

<sup>2</sup> *Cathay*, vol. i, p. LVII.

<sup>3</sup> *China and the Roman Orient*, p. 262.

<sup>4</sup> "The Shui-yang or Water-Sheep," *l.c.*, pp. 19-32.

<sup>5</sup> T'oung Pao, 1907, p. 183, note 4.

<sup>6</sup> It will be seen in the further course of this article, however, that an historical and inner connection between the two exists, nevertheless.



First of all, it is remarkable that the classical Greek and Roman authors, while thoroughly acquainted with the pinna as a species of edible mollusk, are entirely reticent about the employment of its filaments for textiles. This industry is foreign to the classical epoch, and does not appear before the second century A.D.; it is an offshoot of Hellenistic, not of Greek culture. Aristotle, in his treatise on zoölogy (v, 15), describes the pinna as follows: "With regard to the *limnostreac*, or lagoon oysters, wherever you have slimy mud, there you are sure to find them beginning to grow. Cockles and clams and razor-fishes and scallops grow spontaneously in sandy places. The pinna grows straight up from its tuft of anchoring fibres in sandy and slimy places. These creatures have inside them a parasite nicknamed the 'pinna-guard,' — in some cases a small carid, and in other cases a little crab. If the pinna be deprived of this pinna-guard, it soon dies." Again he says, "Some shift about from place to place, others remain permanent on one spot. Of those that keep to one spot, the pinnae are rooted to the ground. The razor-fish and the clam keep to the same locality, but are not so rooted; but still, if forcibly removed, they die." Of special importance for a consideration of the legend of the vegetable lamb (to be discussed farther on) is another passage in the same work of Aristotle (VIII, 1): "Nature proceeds little by little from things lifeless to animal life in such a way that it is impossible to determine the exact line of demarcation, nor on which side thereof an intermediate form should lie. Thus next after lifeless things in the upward scale comes the plant; and of plants, one will differ from another as to its amount of apparent vitality; and, in a word, the whole genus of plants, while it is devoid of life as compared with an animal, is endowed with life as compared with other corporeal entities. Indeed, as we just remarked, there is observed in plants a continuous scale of ascent towards the animal. So, in the sea, there are certain objects concerning which one would be at a loss to determine whether they be animal or vegetable. For instance, certain of these objects are fairly rooted, and in several cases perish if detached. Thus the pinna is rooted to a particular spot, and the solen (or razor-shell) cannot survive withdrawal from its burrow. Indeed, broadly speaking, the entire genus of testaceans have a resemblance to vegetables, if they be contrasted with such animals as are capable of progression."<sup>1</sup>

Theophrastus<sup>2</sup> speaks of certain animals living only in others like those existing in the pinna; in another passage<sup>3</sup> he compares the pearl-oyster of India and the Red Sea to the pinna of the Mediterranean.

<sup>1</sup> Smith and Ross, *Works of Aristotle*: vol. iv, *Historia animalium*, by D'Arcy W. Thompson, pp. 547 b, 548 a, 588 b (Oxford, 1910). Aubert and Wimmer, *Aristoteles Tierkunde*, vol. i, p. 155; vol. ii, pp. 112-115.

<sup>2</sup> *De causis plantarum*, II, 17, 8 (Opera, ed. Wimmer, p. 215).

<sup>3</sup> *De lapidibus*, 36 (*Ibid.*, p. 345).

Pliny<sup>1</sup> describes the animal in the manner of Aristotle, emphasizing its parasite (*comes*) called the *pinoteres* or *pinophylax*, — a crustacea that really lives in shells,<sup>2</sup> and, according to the naïve notions of the ancients, helped the pinna toward its food-supply. The pinna, which is without eyesight, opens its shells, which are soon filled by small fish; the vigilant *pinoteres* gives notice to the pinna at the right moment by a gentle bite; the bivalve closes its shell, kills the captives by this pressure, and divides its booty with the companion. Aristophanes, in his "Wasps" (v. 1511), alluded to this fable; and Aelian<sup>3</sup> reiterates the same as a good story.<sup>4</sup> Neither Pliny nor Aelian, however, alludes to any textile product obtained from the pinna; and the silence of Pliny, who is well informed on the subject of textiles, is particularly significant and conclusive. The origin of pinna textiles is therefore suspected to have taken place, not in the classical world, but in the Hellenistic Orient. The "Periplus Maris Erythraei," written between A.D. 80 and 89, lends color and support to this opinion. This Greek work mentions five times under the name *πινικόν* the textile obtained from the pinna. It must be remembered that the pinna belongs to the mussels that furnish the genuine pearl; and it is my impression that the same people who were engaged in the business of the pearl-fishery in the Persian Gulf and around Ceylon also hit upon the idea of making the best possible use of the by-product of the filaments. The technique of byssus textiles grew as a side-issue out of the pearl-industry. This is confirmed by the data of the "Periplus," which mentions the pearl-oyster of the Persian Gulf as *πινίκιος κόγχος* ("pina conch"),<sup>5</sup> and the byssus textiles as *πινικόν*, being exported from the place, styled the "emporium of Apologus," and from Ommama to Barygaza, the important trading-port in the Dekkan, but inferior to those of India.<sup>6</sup> The *πινικόν* is likewise a product of Taprobane

<sup>1</sup> IX, 42, § 142.

<sup>2</sup> Compare O. Keller, *Antike Tierwelt*, vol. ii, p. 488. According to Isidorus of Charax (in a fragment preserved by Athenæus, III, 46), this parasite lives also in the mouth of the oyster-shell (see text and translation in W. H. Schoff, *Parthian Stations by Isidore of Charax*, pp. 10-11, Philadelphia, 1914).

<sup>3</sup> *Hist. anim.*, III, 29.

<sup>4</sup> Also Cicero (*De finibus*, III, 19; and *De natura deorum*, II, 48) and Horapollon (*Hieroglyphica*, II, 108) have noted it (compare J. Beckmann, *De historia naturali veterum*, p. 239).

<sup>5</sup> § 35 (ed. of Fabricius, p. 74); compare also § 59 (p. 102).

<sup>6</sup> It is wrong, as translated by W. H. Schoff (*Periplus of the Erythraean Sea*, pp. 36, 46, 47), to speak in this case of "pearls;" for the pearl is called *μάργαρον*, *μαργαρίτις*, etc., and the *Periplus* itself (§ 56) styles the pearl *μαργαρίτης*. The word *πινικόν*, however, is a derivative from *πῖνα* designating the animal as a species, not any part of it. Certainly the total animal itself was not subjected to exportation, but only those portions useful in mercantile enterprise; that is, the pearls and the byssi or filaments. Consequently the term can but refer to the latter, and denotes either the raw material destined for weaving



(Ceylon; § 61), and the product is traded to a port on the Ganges (§ 63). When and exactly in what locality these textiles were first made, we have no means of ascertaining precisely; but the "Periplus," written at Alexandria toward the end of the first century, contains the earliest conspicuous allusion to their existence, and in general determines their geographical area in the Oriental sphere along the lines of Indo-Persian commerce.<sup>1</sup> I would not emphasize so strongly, however, the point that fine cloths of this substance were made exclusively in India, as has been done by J. Yates.<sup>2</sup> Without invalidating or corroborating this inference, we should keep in mind that nothing about such a textile is known to us from India, ancient or modern; and, in view of the deep-rooted Hindu aversion to the taking of animal life, I even have the feeling that a textile secured from an animal, whose death for this purpose was necessarily involved, could not well have been an Indian idea, at least in its origin not a Hindu invention. The unknown author of the "Periplus," not having himself visited India, can hardly be regarded as an authority on Indian subjects, unless his statements may be checked or confirmed by other sources; also his text has been handed down to us in a bad condition, and in many cases is open to doubt and conjecture. The question of the local origin must therefore be held in abeyance; and its definition, as stated, is to be restricted to the maritime expanse of the Erythrean Sea (bordered by the littorals of Arabia, Persia, and India) rather than extended to any particular territorial or ethnical group.<sup>3</sup> It is therefore or the ready-made woven product. Lassen (*Indische Altertumskunde*, vol. iii, p. 46), Fabricius (p. 77), and Blümner (*Technologie*, vol. i, 2d ed., p. 204), have decided in favor of the latter, and I concur with them in this opinion. Fabricius, it is true, is not wholly consistent in his interpretation, for in § 59 he renders *κολύμβησις τοῦ πινικοῦ* by "capture of pearls," and at the end of this chapter *πινικόν* by "*Steckmuschel*," whereas J. Yates (in his classical work *Textrinum Antiquorum*, *An Account of the Art of Weaving among the Ancients*, p. 158, London, 1843) upholds the meaning of byssus textiles for this very chapter (his interpretation of *σινδῶν ἐβαργαπέτις* as "fine cloth obtained from shells yielding pearls," of course, is untenable [see Fabricius, p. 104, note 1]). — In the British Museum there are two Greek bronze figures with the head of an Ethiopian, or negro, clasping a pinna which they have just brought up (H. B. Walters, *Cat. of the Bronzes in the Dept. of Greek and Roman Antiquities*, *Brit. Mus.*, p. 269, Nos. 1674, 1675).

<sup>1</sup> In the Greek papyri the byssus textiles have not yet been pointed out. We owe to Th. Reil (*Beiträge zur Kenntnis des Gewerbes im hellenistischen Ägypten*, pp. 116-122) a complete list of the textiles mentioned in the papyri, among which no reference to the pinna occurs.

<sup>2</sup> *Textrinum Antiquorum*, pp. 157-159, with reference to § 59 of the *Periplus*.

<sup>3</sup> In fact, none of the Greek writers to be cited presently mentions a locality where the weaving of pinna fibres was carried on. It has commonly been said that the manufacture took place at Tarentum in southern Italy; but this statement is advanced for no other reason than that the pinna is obtained, and the fabrication principally conducted, at Taranto in modern times. There is, however, no direct evidence that this place was the seat of the ancient industry. On the contrary, as set forth above, the evidence available points to the Orient. There are now two processes of catching the pinna in the Gulf of



logical that we find the first knowledge of this material in Hellas during the second century, where it had meanwhile apparently arrived from the Orient.

The first Greek author to testify to the fabrication of textiles from the pinna fibres is the sophist Alciphron of the second century, who, in the collection of his letters,<sup>1</sup> styles them "woollen stuffs out of the sea" (τὰ ἐκ τῆς θαλάσσης ἔρια).<sup>2</sup> The principal wool-furnishing animal of the ancients was the sheep; and the term used by Alciphron is either the index of a belief existing at that time in a marine sheep that furnished the wool of the pinna, or directly responsible for the formation of such a notion. The same idea turns up in Father Tertullian (born about A.D. 160; according to others, *circa* 155–*circa* 222), who, speaking of the materials used in weaving, observes, "Nor was it enough to comb and to sow the materials for a tunic. It was necessary also to fish for one's dress; for fleeces are obtained from the sea where shells of extraordinary size are furnished with tufts of mossy hair."<sup>3</sup> The Chinese terms "water-sheep" and "cloth from the west of the sea" (or "cloth from within the sea") and the Arabic designation "wool of the sea"<sup>4</sup> are immediately to be connected with the descriptions of Alciphron and Tertullian, and present the outflow of that Hellenistic tradition which inspired their statements. The water-sheep of the

Taranto,—by diving and by fishing. The latter method is performed by means of the *pernonico*, which consists of two semicircular bars of iron fastened together at the ends. At one end is a wooden pole; at the other end, a ring and cord. The fishermen bring their boat over the place where the pinna is seen through the clear water, let down the *pernonico*, and, having loosened the pinna by embracing it with the iron bars and twisting it round, draw it up to the boat (compare J. Yates, *Textrinum Antiquorum*, pp. 152–154). According to P. Petrucci (Novo dizionario della lingua italiana, vol. ii, p. 316, Milano, 1902), large quantities of the filaments are gathered on the coasts of Sardinia, under the name *nàcchera* or *pelo di nàcchera*.

<sup>1</sup> *Epistolae*, I, 2, 3 (Hercher, *Epistolographi Graeci*, p. 44, Paris, 1873).

<sup>2</sup> Compare Blümner, *Technologie*, vol. i, 2d ed., p. 204; and O. Keller, *Antike Tierwelt*, vol. ii, p. 549. In the ancient Glossaries we find *πλυννον* in the sense of *marinum*, that is, *vellus marinum* ("sea-wool"); and *pinnosum* = *laniosum*.

<sup>3</sup> Nec fuit satis tunicam pangere et serere, ni etiam piscari vestitum contigisset: nam et de mari vellera, quo mucosae lanusitatis plautiores conchae comant (Liber de pallio, III, Patrologia latina, ed Migne, vol. ii, col. 1093). I have adopted the translation of J. Yates, *Textrinum Antiquorum*, p. 155. Tertullian's treatise *De pallio* contains a defence of his wearing the pallium instead of the toga, and belongs to the group of his works which were written later than the year 208.

<sup>4</sup> This term is certainly older than the time of Ibn al-Baiṭār (1197–1248), who merely was a compiler and translator, and who derives his notes on the pinna from "the book called 'er-Rihla.'" Rihla (that is, "The Voyage") was the work of al-Baiṭār's teacher, Abu'l Abbās, styled en-Nebāti ("the Botanist"), born in Sevilla, where he died in 1239. He traversed Spain as a collecting botanist, extended his excursions into Arabia, Syria, and Irak, and laid down the results of his explorations in the work mentioned, which is unfortunately lost, and only preserved in the citations compiled from it by al-Baiṭār (see the introduction of L. Leclerc, *Traité des simples*, vol. i, p. v).

Chinese records is by no means a Chinese invention, but the spontaneous reproduction of a popular term current in the Hellenistic Orient. It was there that the raw material employed in the textile products yielded by the pinna filaments was styled "water (or marine) sheep," or "marine wool," — a mental process suggested by the same spirit that nicknamed "goats" the close-textured sponges which are particularly hard and rough.<sup>1</sup> The Italians still call the fibres *lana pesce* or *lana penna*; that is, "fish wool," or "pinna wool."

Basilus the Great (Basilios Megas, 329 or 331–379), Bishop of Caesarea in Cappadocia, in one of his homilies, dilates on the wonders of the sea, pointing to the coral which grows in the water as an herb, but, taken up into the air, assumes the solidity of stone; and to the pearl which is hidden in an animal of low order, yet is craved by the treasuries of kings, the oyster-shells being scattered around along coasts and rough rocks. On this occasion he speaks also with admiration of "the pinna's raising a golden fleece which none of the dyers was hitherto able to imitate."<sup>2</sup> Another Greek ecclesiastic writer<sup>3</sup> even says that the product of the pinna is superior to sheep-wool. The Byzantine historian Procopius of the sixth century, in his work "Ctismata," dealing with the buildings executed or restored by the Emperor Justinian,<sup>4</sup> informs us that Armenia was governed by five hereditary satraps, who received their insignia from the Roman Emperor. Among these was a chlamys made from wool, — not from the wool, however, obtained from sheep, but from wool gathered out of the sea. The animals in which the outgrowth of the wool originates are usually styled *pinnoi*.<sup>5</sup> Accordingly the notion of marine fleece, and comparison of it with sheep-wool, were constantly awake in the minds of Greek authors. The description of the wool as "gold-colored" by Basilus answers the facts.<sup>6</sup>

Of Arabic authors, we owe the most interesting description of the pinna to Abu'l Abbās, to whom reference has already been made. This author, though to a certain extent under the influence of Greek tradition, as shown by his term "marine wool," evidently speaks from personal observation enriched by information gathered during his travels. We shall revert to his account later, in another connection.

<sup>1</sup> Aristotle, Hist. anim., v, 16 (fol. 548 b).

<sup>2</sup> Πόθεν τὸ χρυσοῦν ἔριον αἱ πίνναι τρέφουσιν, ὅπερ οὐδεὶς τῶν ἀνθοβαφῶν μέχρι νῦν ἐμιμήσατο (Homilia vii in Hexaemeron; Patrologia, ed. Migne, vol. xxix, col. 161).

<sup>3</sup> Cited by Blümner, Technologie, vol. i, 2d ed., p. 204, note 8.

<sup>4</sup> Περὶ κτισμάτων, iii, 1 (written after 558).

<sup>5</sup> Χλαμὺς ἡ ἐξ ἐρίων πεποιημένη, οὐχ οἷα τῶν ἱπροβατίων ἐκπέφυκεν, ἀλλ' ἐκ θαλάσσης συνειλεγμένων πίννων τὰ ζῶα καλεῖν νενομίκασι, ἐν οἷς ἡ τῶν ἐρίων ἐκφυσις γίνεται.

<sup>6</sup> There is a muff of dark gold color, made from byssus-fibres at Taranto, in the collections of the Field Museum; also a pair of gloves and a cap knitted from the same material. The latter specimens have a dull cinnamon-brown color, without gloss.



The oldest Arabic account of byssus textiles, already pointed out by Chavannes, is that of Iṣṭakhri, who wrote about 951. His story, according to M. Reinaud's<sup>1</sup> translation, is worded as follows: "At a certain period of the year an animal is seen running out of the sea and rubbing itself against certain stones of the littoral, whereupon it deposes a kind of wool of silken hue and golden color.<sup>2</sup> This wool is very rare and highly esteemed, and nothing of it is allowed to waste. It is gathered and serves for the weaving of tissues that are now dyed in various tinges. The Ommayad princes who then ruled at Cordova reserved for themselves the use of this wool; only surreptitiously a small portion of it may be abstracted. A robe made of this wool costs more than a thousand gold-pieces." The same story is repeated by Qazwīnī (1203-83), who localizes it at Santarem, a city in Spain on the Tajo, near Bāga on the coast of the sea: "One of the wonders of this sea is what is told regarding a certain animal which there comes out of the water to rub itself on the shore, whereby its hair falls out; these have the color of gold and the softness of *khezz*.<sup>3</sup> These are rare and highly esteemed, for which reason the people gather them and weave them into clothes. The kings prevent their exportation, which can be done but secretly. The value of a garment amounts to more than a thousand gold-pieces owing to its beauty and rarity." Maqdisī has exactly the same notice as Qazwīnī, but adds a new name for the animal in the form *abū qalamūn*, which is derived from Middle-Greek ὑποκάλαμον, and says that the garments glitter in different colors on the same day.<sup>4</sup>

The most curious development of the Arabic notions regarding byssus textiles was that these were ultimately taken for the plumage of a bird,

<sup>1</sup> Géographie d'Aboulféda, vol. ii, pt. 2, p. 242. The text is in De Goeje, Bibl. Geogr. Arab., p. 42; it has been translated also by Dózy, Supplément des dict. arabes, p. 853.

<sup>2</sup> This, of course, is a fabulous story, the *raison d'être* of which will be discussed below. In fact, the shells must be opened, and the filaments are cut off from the gland. When the bottom of the sea is sandy, the shell with its bunch of silky fibres may easily be extracted; but in rushy and muddy sea-bottoms they stick so fast as to be generally broken in being drawn up. In Italy the "wool" is twice washed in tepid water, once in soap and water, and again in tepid water, then spread on a table to dry. While yet moist, it is rubbed and separated with the hand, and again spread on the table. When quite dry, a wide comb of bone is drawn through it; afterwards this process is repeated with a narrow comb. The material destined for very fine work is combed also with iron combs called *scarde* (cards). It is then spun with a distaff and spindle. The threads are now almost universally knit, a technique unknown to the ancients (compare J. Yates, *Textrium Antiquorum*, pp. 154-155).

<sup>3</sup> According to G. Jacob (*Handelsartikel*, pp. 45-47), furs of the beaver, and also the name for a silken material. It seems to me that this word is the result of a fusion of two originally different words (compare Hindustani *kesh* ["hair"] and *khaz* ["filoselle silk"]) and H. Blochmann's note in his translation of *Ain I Akbari* [vol. i, p. 92]).

<sup>4</sup> G. Jacob, *Studien in arabischen Geographien*, vol. ii, pp. 60, 61. The Arabic-Greek word is evidently connected with the name "chameleon."



and that a bird species was construed which was alleged to yield the product of the pinna. Qazwīnī opens his chapter on ornithology with the description of a bird, styled *abū barāqish*, "being of fine shape, of long neck and feet, with a red bill, and of the size of a stork; every hour its plumage glitters in another color, — red, yellow, green, blue. In imitation of the color of this bird are woven garments styled *abū qalamūn* and exported from the land of the Romaci. Only for its color and shape this bird is noteworthy; of its functions and the medical properties of its parts nothing has come to my knowledge."<sup>1</sup> It is no wonder that, as said by Jacob, even Damīrī did not know what kind of bird should be understood by *abū barāqish*;<sup>2</sup> for, in my opinion, this bird is plainly fictitious, and reconstructed on the basis of real and alleged byssus textiles. How and why this was accomplished is obvious also. There are linguistic and commercial reasons for this metamorphosis. The word *pinna* (properly *pina*), the name for the bivalve in question, is likewise the classical Latin form for the subsequent word *penna* ("feather"),<sup>3</sup> and this ambiguity may have given rise among the Arabs to the conception of the filaments of the pinna as bird-plumage, — a conception easily furthered by the strong mutual resemblance of the two substances. Abu'l Abbās,<sup>4</sup> in his description of the pinna, says that it terminates in a point resembling the beak of a bird. On the other hand, as stated by Qazwīnī, textiles obtained from the pinna were exceedingly scarce, made stealthily, and were a sort of royal prerogative. Their exorbitant price was prohibitive to the masses. Feather fabrics were accordingly passed off as byssus weavings, and a wonderful bird was invented to boom the sale of this product. The real existence of such feather fabrics in western Asia is attested by Chinese sources.<sup>5</sup> Such makeshifts must have been in vogue as

<sup>1</sup> G. Jacob, *Studien in arabischen Geographien*, vol. ii, p. 97.

<sup>2</sup> Damīrī says that it is a certain bird like the sparrow, assuming various colors, and that it is applied to a changing and variable disposition (A. S. G. Jayakar, *Ad-Damīrī's Hayāt al-Hayawān*, vol. i, p. 352, Bombay, 1906). This description is difficult to reconcile with Qazwīnī's stork.

<sup>3</sup> In modern Italian the words *penna* and *pinna* are interchangeable.

<sup>4</sup> L. Leclerc, *Traité des simples*, vol. i, p. 387.

<sup>5</sup> The Arabic word *suf* ("wool" or "down") that we met in the term *suf el-bahr* ("marine wool") for the byssus of the pinna, passed from the days of the Mongol period into the Chinese language in the form *su-fu* or *so-fu* (variously written; see Watters, *Essays on the Chinese Language*, p. 355). In the *Annals of the Yüan Dynasty* (*Yüan shi*, ch. 78) it is mentioned as the cloth worn by the grandsons of the sovereign, and described as the finest of the woollen fabrics of the Mohammedans. The *Geography of the Ming* (*Ta Ming i t'ung chi*, ch. 89, fol. 24 a, ed. of 1461) defines *so-fu* as a textile made from bird's-down with designs as found in open-work, variegated silk (compare Bretschneider, *Mediæval Researches*, vol. ii, p. 258). An author, Chu Tsê-min, ascribes *so-fu* also to the country Fu-lin (Syria), saying that it is made from twisted hair which is dyed a dull green, and that on being washed it does not fade out (*Ko chi king yüan*, ch. 27, p. 16 b). *So-fu* was sent to China from Samarkand in 1392, from Ispahan in 1483, and from Lu-ini (Rum, Byzance)

early as the ninth century, in the time of Iṣṭakhri; for this author's statement that the pinna textures were then dyed in various colors is highly suspicious. A genuine pinna stuff would most assuredly not have been subjected to this vandalizing process, apt to destroy its original appearance. The Greek authors insist on the golden color and the silky quality of the byssus of the pinna, and these properties constituted the merit of the fabric for the sake of which it was craved. Basilius the Great, Bishop of Caesarea in the fourth century, accentuated the fact that none of the dyers could imitate the golden wool raised by the pinna; and a Syriac work wrongly ascribed to Aristotle, dealing with objects of natural history and partially based on Basilius' writings, says still more explicitly that "there are no dyers so clever in their work that they could accomplish something similar after the model of the colors of the pinna."<sup>1</sup> These passages show that from

in 1548 and 1554 (Bretschneider, *l.c.*, pp. 258, 291, 308). The feather fabrics *suf*, therefore, seem to have been in vogue in the Byzantine Empire and Persia. Dr. A. Yohannan, lecturer at Columbia University (a Persian by birth), told me that he himself had seen in Persia the manufacture of these textiles from bird's-down. The same industry is met with among the tribes of the Hindu Kush. We owe this information to J. Biddulph (*Tribes of the Hindoo Koosh*, p. 74, Calcutta, 1880): "A curious kind of cloth is sometimes woven out of bird's-down. That of wild fowl and of the great vulture is most generally used. The down is twisted into coarse thread, which is then woven like ordinary cloth. Robes made of it are very warm, but always have a fluffy uncomfortable look, suggestive of dirt. They are made only in the houses of those in good circumstances." It should not be supposed, however, that the Chinese made the first acquaintance with feather fabrics in consequence of their trade with Arabs and Persians. Such were indeed manufactured in China from ancient times, though we are ignorant of the technique employed, which may have been different from that practised in western Asia. In a study of asbestos and the salamander (to be published in the *T'oung Pao*) the writer has shown that this industry played a signal rôle also among the aboriginal tribes of southern China. In view of the fact that it is widely distributed in ancient America, it would be an important task to study in detail the exact history and the geographical and ethnographical diffusion of the industry in Asia (my reference, of course, is strictly applied to the use of feathers for weavings, not for mosaics or any other ornamental purpose). For the benefit of Orientalists not familiar with the literature on America, the following brief indications may serve as an aid to preliminary information. Franz Boas (*Second General Report on the Indians of British Columbia*, p. 14, in *Sixth Report on the North-Western Tribes of Canada*, 1890) states, in regard to the Lkufgen tribe on Vancouver Island, "Blankets are woven of mountain-goat wool, dog-hair, and duck-down mixed with dog-hair. The downs are peeled, the quill being removed, after which the downs are mixed with dog-hair. A variety of dogs with long white hair was raised for this purpose; it has been extinct for some time. The hair which is to be spun is first prepared with pipe-clay." W. H. Holmes (*Prehistoric Textile Art*, *Thirteenth Annual Report, Bureau of Ethnology*, p. 27) observes, "Feather work was one of the most remarkable arts of the natives of Mexico and other southern countries at the period of the conquest. The feathers were sometimes woven in with the wool and sometimes applied to a network base after the fashion of embroidery. Rarely, it may be imagined, were either spun or unspun fabrics woven of feathers alone." Compare further W. Hough, *Culture of the Ancient Pueblos of the Upper Gila River Region* (*U. S. Nat. Mus. Bull.* 87, pp. 71-72, Washington, 1914).

<sup>1</sup> Syriac *pūnōs*. See K. Ahrens, *Buch der Naturgegenstände*, p. 75.



the fourth century onward dyers had indeed attempted to produce imitation pinna stuffs, but that their efforts were unsuccessful; certainly they did not utilize byssus in these experiments, but some other inferior fabric of a similar appearance. In the ninth century these reproductions had evidently advanced beyond the experimental stage, and deluded the public. The dyed byssus fabrics mentioned by Iṣṭakhri, indeed, are makeshifts, and as shown by Qazwīnī, in all likelihood, must have been textiles woven from bird's feathers. This is borne out also by Maqdisī's statement that the garments glitter in different colors on the same day, which is true only of feather fabrics, not, however, of byssus textiles. The latter do not glitter at all, but have a uniform gold-brown or dull-cinnamon hue. The fact that woven bird's-plumage represents a very close resemblance to pinna tissues may be gauged from Chinese descriptions of feather weavings, in which almost the same descriptive elements are used as by the Arabic authors in their references to pinna. A few examples may be cited from Chinese records. In the period Shang-yüan (674-676) of the T'ang dynasty, the Princess Ngan-lo<sup>1</sup> had two skirts made in the Shang-fang.<sup>2</sup> They were woven from the down of various kinds of birds. When viewed in front, the weaving presented a definite color; when viewed sideways, another color; when viewed in the sunlight, again another color; and when viewed in the shade, again a diverse color; while the forms of the various birds were visible in the skirts. One of these she presented to the Empress Wei.<sup>3</sup> The "Lang hūan ki," a work of the Mongol period, contains the following: "Phoenix-feather gold (*fēng mao kīn*) means the feathers growing beneath the neck of the phoenix; they are like ribbons and glittering like gold, being matchless and as fine and soft as silk floss. In the spring the feathers drop to the foot of the mountains. The people gather them and weave them into gold brocade that bears the name 'phoenix-feather gold.' At the time of the Emperor Ming (713-755) people of the country brought such feathers as tribute, and many garments were adorned with them in the palace; at night they emitted a brilliant light. Only Yang Kuei-fei<sup>4</sup> was presented with a sufficient quantity to have them made into a dress and a screen, dazzling like sunlight."<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> A daughter of the Emperor Chung-tsung; she died in 710 (Giles, *Biographical Dictionary*, p. 3).

<sup>2</sup> The imperial factories supplying the wants of the reigning house.

<sup>3</sup> Kiu T'ang shu, ch. 37, p. 13.

<sup>4</sup> The favorite court-lady of the Emperor Ming, who died in 756 (Giles, *Biographical Dictionary*, p. 708).

<sup>5</sup> The text is in T'u shu tsi ch'êng, IV, 197, kung hien pu ki shi 3, p. 1 b. — D. J. Macgowan (*American Journal of Science and Arts*, 2d ser., vol. xviii, 1854, p. 156) mentions women's jackets composed of the feathered head-skins of peacocks, made in Shen-si. He describes the prevailing tints of these garments as green and blue, of resplendent metallic lustre, of varying intensity, mutually changing into each other, or shotted according as the light falls upon them in different directions.



In the Annals of the T'ang Dynasty (618-906) we meet another tradition, which at first sight is widely different from the older story of the water-sheep, but on closer examination proves to be an interesting continuation or further development of it. This new tradition hailed from the country of Fu-lin (Syria, with the probable inclusion of Byzance), as the former came from Ta Ts'in, the Hellenistic Orient, and is worded as follows: "There are lambs engendered in the soil. The inhabitants wait till they are going to sprout, and then build enclosures around as a preventive measure for wild beasts that might rush in from outside to devour them.<sup>1</sup> The umbilical cord of the lambs is attached to the soil, and when forcibly cut off, they will die. The people donning cuirasses and mounted on horseback beat drums to frighten them. The lambs shriek from fear, and thus their umbilical cord is ruptured. Thereupon they set out in search of water and pasture."<sup>2</sup>

Chavannes<sup>3</sup> has been so fortunate as to discover an earlier version of this legend in the commentary which Chang Shou-tsie published in 737 on the historical memoirs of Se-ma Ts'ien. This author cites the "I wu chi" of Sung Ying as follows: "In the north of Ts'in, in a small canton dependent on it, there are lambs spontaneously engendered in the soil. Awaiting the moment when they are ready to sprout, the people build enclosures around them, for fear lest they might be devoured by wild beasts. Their umbilical cord is attached to the ground, and its forcible cutting will cause the animal's death. Instruments are therefore beaten to frighten the lambs which shriek in terror, so that the umbilical cord breaks. Thereupon they set out in search of water and pasture, and form herds." This version has doubtless emanated from the same source as that of the Old T'ang Annals, with which it substantially agrees, except that the equestrian

<sup>1</sup> "Shepherds in the East lead a lonely and romantic life. They wander with their flocks far from human habitations, in order to bring them to pasture, and also because it is necessary for them to watch over them by night, to protect them from wild beasts. The sheep are usually on these occasions driven into a fold which is merely a space enclosed with a loose stone wall. Sometimes, where possible, a cave is selected. A doorway is formed in the boundary wall where one exists" (H. C. Hart, *Animals mentioned in the Bible*, p. 196). In the same manner the sheepcotes of the ancient Israelites appear to have been open enclosures walled round, in which the sheep were guarded from the scorching heat at noon and from beasts of prey at night (Numbers xxxii.16; 2 Samuel vii.8; Jeremiah xxiii.3; John x.1-5).

<sup>2</sup> Kiu T'ang shu, ch. 198, p. 12. In the New Annals of the T'ang (Sin T'ang shu, ch. 221 n, p. 8) the following version is given: "In the northern districts there are sheep growing in the soil, their umbilical cord rooting in the ground and causing their death when cut. It is therefore the practice to gallop around on caparisoned horses and to frighten the animals by beating drums. Their umbilical cord is thus ruptured, and they set out in search of water and pasture, without being able, however, to form flocks (or, they are not gregarious)."

<sup>3</sup> T'oung Pao, 1907, p. 183.

feat of the armored shepherds is lacking. Further, the locality is not laid in Fu-lin, but in the north of Ts'in. Obviously we have to make a slight emendation in the text, and to read "Ta Ts'in" in lieu of plain "Ts'in," which would consequently carry this version also into western Asia. That this conjecture is correct, is visible from two other texts. Ma Tuan-lin has reproduced the passage of Chang Shou-tsie, and arrayed it in the chapter on Ta Ts'in:<sup>1</sup> consequently Ma Tuan-lin must have encountered the reading "Ta Ts'in" in the edition of Chang which was before him.<sup>2</sup> Further, the "Pei hu lu," written by Tuan Kung-lu about 875,<sup>3</sup> explicitly naturalizes the same story in Ta Ts'in.<sup>4</sup> It is therefore possible that the oldest version of the legend, when it first penetrated into China, was labelled as originating from Ta Ts'in; that is to say, that it was transmitted to China before the beginning of the sixth century, when the name "Fu-lin" made its début.

I propose to examine this curious legend without any bias toward speculations which have previously been advanced. It is obvious that any rationalistic explanation evolved from our mind cannot render it justice, but that it must be explained from the thought developments of Ta Ts'in and Fu-lin. The failure of the former efforts is chiefly due to the neglect of this regard to cultural environment. The understanding of an idea generated in Ta Ts'in or Fu-lin cannot be approached by having recourse to a rumor of mediæval travellers, or still more recent authors, pertaining to totally different localities.

The student of folk-lore and the trained observer will be conscious of two points,—first that the germ of a fact or observation relative to natural history underlies the legend; and, second, that, as not all its constituents can satisfactorily be explained from natural events, it must have been construed with a certain end in view, which may have an allegorical purport or religious cause. Let us first discuss the zoölogical background. It is the question of a certain peculiar kind of

<sup>1</sup> Hirth, *China and the Roman Orient*, pp. 79, 115.

<sup>2</sup> As Ma Tuan-lin joined this story to his chapter on Ta Ts'in, he naturally suppressed the addition "Ta Ts'in" in the beginning of the story, but otherwise opened it exactly in Chang's words, — "in a small canton dependent on it in the north." The only divergences in Ma Tuan-lin's text are the omission of the phrase that the lambs shriek in terror, and the alteration at the end, "they do not form herds," — the latter point in agreement with the text in the *Sin T'ang shu*.

<sup>3</sup> Pelliot, *Bull. de l'Ecole française*, vol. ix, p. 223.

<sup>4</sup> The version of this work, which is in *T'u shu tsi ch'êng* (section on sheep, *hui k'ao* 2, p. 16 b), has heretofore not been utilized for the study of the legend. Besides the specific definition of Ta Ts'in, it has another interesting feature, inasmuch as it entitles the animal "earth-born sheep" (*ti shêng yang*) from which the lamb originates. The text runs thus: "In Ta Ts'in there is the earth-born sheep. Its lamb is born in the earth. The inhabitants build enclosures all around the lambs. Their umbilical cord is attached to the soil, and when forcibly cut, the animal will die. By means of equestrian stunts and drum-beating they frighten the lambs, that shriek from fear when their umbilical cord breaks off. Thereupon they set out in search of water and pasture."



lamb<sup>1</sup> (the word is used advisedly) characteristic of Fu-lin (Syria), and formerly also of Ta Ts'in (the Roman or Hellenistic Orient). The growth of this lamb is described in terms referring partly to a plant and partly to an animal. The primordial generation in the soil evidently is derived from the planting of a seed.<sup>2</sup> The word *mêng* ("to sprout, shoot forth") used in the Chinese text is exclusively employed in regard to vegetation, never to fauna. Fields as well as flocks may be safeguarded by fences, but only the latter for protection from raids of wild beasts, that as a rule are not interested in the crops. Again, the umbilical cord is an animal organ, and plants are not impressed by the beating of drums. From that act of release onward, the creature retains its pure animal character to the end. We need not for a moment trouble our thoughts about the question of the "to be or not to be" in nature, of such a being. This point of view is immaterial; while the issue at stake is whether a zoöphyte of this peculiar character and description existed in the scientific knowledge or popular lore of the Hellenistic Orient. Indeed, it existed, and has already been introduced to us by Aristotle, in his "History of Animals" (VII, 1) quoted *in extenso* on p. 106. In this passage the father of all zoölogical science dilates on the boundary-lines between plant and animal life, where the plant ascends toward the animal, and the animal descends toward the plant. At this point, according to Aristotle, it is difficult to discriminate with absolute certainty between animal and plant; and he cites as illustration of this doctrine the example of the pinna, which, devoid of motion, is rooted like a plant to a fixed spot, and must perish when detached from its intrenchment. That the pinna was conceived during the Hellenistic epoch as a wool-furnishing sheep, has already been demonstrated with sufficient evidence from both the Hellenic and Chinese camp. Thus we are enabled to grasp an essential point of our legend: the lamb engendered in the soil and firmly attached to it by means of its umbilical cord, which when forcibly cut off will cause the animal's death, represents a metamorphosis of the biological condition of the pinna, as described by Aristotle, — the umbilical cord which befits a mammal taking the place and being the transformation of the byssus.<sup>3</sup> It is needless to insist on the fact that Aristotle was the great

<sup>1</sup> Only the Sin T'ang shu speaks of sheep.

<sup>2</sup> The verb *shêng* of course is not conclusive, as it is used with reference to both plants and animals. Hirth and Schlegel take it in the sense of "to grow," which is not necessary; Chavannes more correctly translates "*naissent dans le sol*." The word plainly refers to the very initial stage in the formation of the organism; Pliny would say in this case "*nascuntur in terra*."

<sup>3</sup> There is accordingly a positive historical interrelation of the water-sheep of old and the vegetable lamb, which Chavannes (T'oung Pao, 1907, p. 183) has denied, merely on the ground that in the case of the latter the question is never of water. The lack of the attribute "water," however, does not constitute a fundamental or characteristic diver-



universal teacher of natural history to all subsequent generations, and that his works translated into Arabic were worshipped like a fetich in the Orient.<sup>1</sup> How the further elements of the legend were formed we are allowed to recognize from the accounts of the Arabs. We remember that Iṣṭakhri and Qazwīnī relate the story regarding the pinna, that at a certain time of the year it comes out of the sea and deposits its wool by rubbing itself against the rocks of the shore. Consequently the belief prevailed that the pinna was not deprived of its

gence, but is merely a chronological difference due to the further development of the legend. In the Hellenistic stage of development correlative with the Han epoch the matter was still fairly rational, the pinna being regarded as the water-sheep, in the manner rather of a metaphorical expression than of a palpably convincing notion of reality. Yet beliefs spread and grow, and in the fifth or sixth century the basic origin was forgotten; the water-sheep, owing to its equipment with a navel, the seat of its life, then could no longer be believed to exist in the sea, but was wrested from the watery element to be transplanted into solid land and to grow into a veritable, full-fledged ovine species equipped with phenomena of plant-growth. According to the nature-philosophy of the ancients, there was no difficulty in associating an umbilical cord with the life of plants: not only was this organ compared with the root of a plant, but also the stalks of tree-fruits, particularly the figs, and the germs of seeds were straightway called *ὀμφαλός* or *umbilicus* (the evidence is collected by W. H. Roscher, "Omphalos," pp. 7-8, *Abhandl. sächs. Ges. d. Wiss.*, vol. xxix, No. 4, 1913; and R. Meringer, *Wörter und Sachen*, vol. v, 1913, p. 63; compare also the same journal, vol. vi, 1914, p. 144; both Roscher and Meringer, in their admirable studies of *Omphalos*, have neglected the legend in question, which we trust will furnish them with additional material in the prosecution of their highly interesting researches). On the other hand, Aristotle (*Hist. anim.*, i, 54) designates the animal *Omphalus* as the "root of the abdomen" (*μετὰ δὲ τὸν θώρακα ἐν τοῖς προσθίοις γαστήρ, καὶ ταύτης ῥίζα ὀμφαλός*). There is a still deeper reason to be discussed below as to why the water-sheep was ultimately transformed into a land-animal.

<sup>1</sup> In general, compare the interesting essay of William M. Sloane, "Aristotle and the Arabs" (*Classical Studies in Honor of Henry Drisler*, pp. 257-268, New York, 1894). It has already been demonstrated by H. E. Stapleton, one of the most successful students of Arabic alchemy (in his treatise "*Sal-Ammoniac: a Study in Primitive Chemistry*," *Mem. As. Soc. of Bengal*, vol. i, 1905, pp. 28, 36), that one of the essential features of this science, inherited from Greek alchemy, was the re-establishment of a belief in the strong interrelation of animals, plants, and minerals, in the paramount unity of the world of nature. "No strict line of demarcation separated plants and minerals from animals and man; all were looked upon as closely related units of a single whole." Stapleton quotes two characteristic examples from Berthelot's *La Chimie au moyen âge*. A Syro-Arabic text of the tenth or eleventh century says, "We can bring it about that a vegetable turns into an animal, and that an animal produces another animal. Take, for example, hair. When human hair putrefies, after a time it becomes a live snake. In the same way, the flesh of an ox changes into bees and hornets; an egg becometh a dragon; the raven engenders flies. Many things, by the process of putrefaction and transformation, engender animal species. From the putrefaction of plants originate certain animals." According to the Arabic alchemist Tughrāī, who died in 1121, seeds are produced by planting the horns of hoofed animals. Still older examples are found in the *Kitāb al-Hayawān* of al-Gāhiz, who died in 869; he discussed the origin of flies from beans, vermin from ordure, wasps from the marrow of palms, etc. (E. Wiedemann, "Zur Alchemie bei den Arabern," *Journal für praktische Chemie*, vol. 76, 1907, p. 73).

byssi through human agency, but voluntarily abandoned them, thus saving its own life. For another and still more specific statement of the case we are indebted to the Arabic botanist and traveller Abu'l Abbās, who died in 1239 at Sevilla, and who says in his work "*Rihla*,"<sup>1</sup> "The inhabitants of the shores where the pinna is caught told me that a marine animal, a crustacea, captures this mollusk; that it spies the latter in the low water as soon as the pinna lets its wool escape; that it then pounces down upon the pinna and subsists on it to the exclusion of every other animal." This story opens our eyes to another feature of the Chinese legend: the frightening of the lamb on the part of men who don cuirasses with the intention of enforcing the rupture of the lamb's umbilical cord through a psychological process operating in the lamb's mind. In the original animal fable these cuirassed men were crustacea, the shelly crusts of which were subsequently transmuted into cuirasses; they terrified the pinna, which, taken aback at the sight of the enemy, dropped its byssi. These byssi drifted ashore, where they were picked up by men for the purpose known to us. The essence of the Chinese story, as far as it is originally founded on a pure animal fable, is therefore not difficult to reconstruct: it is based on the alleged struggle between pinna and crab, combined with Aristotle's discussion of the pinna's biological functions. In the Chinese version, moreover, the idea crops out that the wool of the dead lamb is useless, that while alive the lamb must be shorn. The story as recorded by the Chinese, certainly, — and in view of the accuracy of the Chinese we have no reason to question this point, — is an exact reproduction of the legend as it was current in the Orient. If the pinna was there identified with a sheep or lamb, it was entirely natural that the belief should develop that byssus-wool, in like manner as sheep-wool, could not be secured from the slain animal; and the animal, to the way of thinking in that community, would have been killed by the act of depriving it of its wool, the wool being the same as the byssus identified with an umbilical cord. For this reason it was necessary to devise a process by which the creature could be induced to give up the prized wool of its own accord; and this *rôle*, in popular imagination, was assigned to the crab. The Chinese legend, as recorded in the T'ang Annals, is therefore capable of the following retranslation or re-interpretation: "A peculiar animal of Fu-lin is the pinna (lamb), whose life is bound to the soil. The inhabitants wait till the animal, which has the nature of a plant and is devoid of motion, is going to sprout, and guard it by enclosures from attacks of rapacious beasts. The byssus (umbilical cord) of the pinna (lamb) is firmly rooted in the ground; and when forcibly detached, the animal will die. It is much terrorized by the crab, which hunts it for food. At the sight of this armored adversary,

<sup>1</sup> Quoted by Ibn al-Baiṭār (L. Leclerc, *Traité des simples*, vol. ii, p. 386).



the pinna, stricken with fright, sheds its byssi, which in this manner do not lose their vitality. The byssus-wool thus drifts ashore, where it is gathered by men to be woven into cloth." Now, the further development was that the pinna-lamb, when once rescued from the sea, was finally landed as a realistic lamb, whose wool was directly craved by men: so man remained no longer a mere looker-on, but actively took a hand in the game and elicited the wool. Our Chinese version of course is incomplete, or perhaps merely forgetful, in not alluding to the utilization of the wool; but this is certainly the purport of the musical performance. The animal is liberated from its vegetal existence and becomes a live lamb able to roam about for water and pastures; and then, certainly, man would shear it to secure its wool.

We have noted that the pinna of old was transformed into a sheep, a lamb, and even a bird; but this is not all. It was even conceived as a human being, and an intimation to this effect is given in the Talmud.<sup>1</sup> In the Mishna *Kilaim* (VIII, 5), a portion of the Talmud, we meet the passage, "Creatures called *adne sadeh* ('lords of the field') are regarded as beasts." Rabbi Simeon, who died about 1235, comments on this statement as follows: "It is asserted in the Jerusalem Talmud that this creature is the 'man of the mountain.' It draws its food out of the soil by means of the umbilical cord: if its navel be cut, it cannot live. Rabbi Meir, the son of Kallonymos of Speyer, has added these remarks: 'There is an animal styled *Yedua*,<sup>2</sup> with the bones of which witchcraft is practised. It issues from the earth like the stem of a plant, just as a gourd. In all respects, the *yedua* has human form in face, body, hands, and feet. No creature can approach within the tether of the stem, for it seizes and kills all. As far as the stem (or umbilical cord) stretches, it devours the herbage all around. Whoever is intent on capturing this animal must not approach it, but tear at the cord until it is ruptured, whereupon the animal soon dies.'" The coincidence of this legend with that of the Chinese is very striking, but the novel feature cropping out in the Palestinian Talmud is the identification of the strange creature with a human being, the "man of the mountain." Who is this mysterious man of the mountain?

The Chinese version of the legend hailed from Syria (Fu-lin). At the time when it was learned by the Chinese, Syria was a Christian country, and the guess therefore is plausible that the old Hellenistic story of the water-sheep had been modified there under the influence of Christian allegory. The most surprising alteration of the Syrian

<sup>1</sup> The Talmudic texts, on the ground of information furnished by H. Adler, have been reproduced by H. Lee (*The Vegetable Lamb of Tartary*, pp. 6-8, London, 1887), to whose work we shall come back. The same material had already received intelligent discussion from L. Lewysohn (*Zoologie des Talmuds*, pp. 65, 356-358, Frankfurt, 1858).

<sup>2</sup> According to the nature of Hebrew writing, in which only the consonants are fixed, the vocalization of this word, of course, is uncertain.



redaction is the substitution of the lamb for the sheep; and the Chinese term *yang kao* is so specific and intentionally chosen, that the Chinese without any doubt have reproduced correctly and exactly what Syrian tradition intended. The lamb among Christendom was the symbol of the Savior, Agnus Dei (John 1.29); and the lamb that according to the Talmud is the "man of the mountain" unquestionably represents an allusion to the "Divine Lamb standing on Mount Sion" (καὶ εἶδον, καὶ ἰδὸν ἀρνίον ἐστηκὸς ἐπὶ τὸ ὄρος Σιών. — Revelation XIV.1). Thus the Lamb is represented in Christian art from the fourth century onward.<sup>1</sup> While this symbolism may well be hidden under the story of the Syrian Lamb, it is obvious, on the other hand, that it is incapable of explaining in full the whole gist of the legend. It is inconceivable that Christ should have been conceived as a lamb immovably rooting in the soil, and liberated by the action of the mounted shepherds. It remains to be considered that prior to the fourth century it was not the person of the Savior who was represented under the figure of the lamb, but that it was the faithful who were thus depicted,<sup>2</sup> either as the retinue of the Good Pastor, or enjoying the delights of Paradise after their salvation. This affords a satisfactory clew to the understanding of the Christian symbolism associated with our legend in Syria. The lambs attached with their umbilical cord to the ground are Christian devotees who still cling to earthly pleasures, Christians during their temporary passage or pilgrimage through this world. They are threatened by rapacious beasts, wolfish devils of temptation. The good shepherd guards his lambs by a protecting wall, but their final salvation must come through their own will and effort. The mounted and armored horsemen awakening and rousing them symbolize the Last Judgment.<sup>3</sup> The connection of the lambs with this earth is severed, their earthly existence ceases, to be crowned by their resurrection and ultimate redemption in the Heav-

<sup>1</sup> M. Laurent, *L'Art chrétien primitif*, vol. i, p. 152; vol. ii, p. 162, and Plate LXIV, Fig. 3. A. N. Didron, *Christian Iconography*, vol. i, pp. 318-344. The Sixth Council of Constantinople forbade the representation of Christ as a lamb (O. M. Dalton, *Byzantine Art*, p. 158).

<sup>2</sup> Matthew xxv.32; John x.1-5. The notion is traceable to the Old Testament, where the people of God are styled his "sheep" (1 Kings xxii.17; Psalms LXXIX.13; LXXX.1).

<sup>3</sup> Compare Revelation ix.17 (the armored horsemen) and viii.6 (the trumpet-blowing angels). The concatenation of the lambs with Judgment was presumably elicited or at least supported by the passage in Jeremiah (xxiii.3-5): "And I will gather the remnant of my flock out of all countries whither I have driven them, and will bring them again to their folds; and they shall be fruitful and increase. And I will set up shepherds over them which shall feed them: and they shall fear no more, nor be dismayed, neither shall they be lacking, saith the Lord. Behold, the days come, saith the Lord, that I will raise unto David a righteous Branch, and a King shall reign and prosper, and shall execute judgment and justice in the earth."

only Kingdom. "They set out for water and pasture"<sup>1</sup> is the symbolical expression for the salvation, the water in the Christian sense denoting the communion of faith and the eternal kingdom of God. It is not known to me whether a Christian tradition of such a form really existed in Syria;<sup>2</sup> but the reconstruction here attempted is justifiable in itself, in order to do full justice to the Chinese version of the story. The Christian element and tendency are a necessary postulate, without which its fundamental features cannot be understood. It is most striking that this story opens in a sober manner, as though it were its only purport to describe a useful domestic animal of Fu-lin; not a word, however, is said about the utilization of any product of this animal, and we should certainly expect to hear at least what is done with the wool. Consequently the question is not here of a commercial proposition; at least, the Syrians who transmitted the tradition to the Chinese were not interested in this side of the matter, but solely in the peculiar life-story of the lambs, so that we are fully entitled to regard it as an allegory, and to seek its origin in the tenets of their Christian creed. The modification of the sheep into lambs, the cuirassed cavaliers, the water and pasture, and the Talmudic "man of the mountain," are unmistakable features characteristic of Christian notions. There is, further, a negative criterion pointing in the same direction: there was a sentence closing the story, the significance of which was either variable or vacillating in Syria, or not fully grasped by the Chinese interpreter. The recension of Chang Shou-tsie makes the lambs form a gregarious company after their release. In the redaction of the New T'ang Annals, compiled by Ngou-yang Siu in 1060, it is denied that they are able to form herds; while Tuan Kung-lu in his "Pei hu lu" (875), and Liu Hü in the "Old History of the T'ang Dynasty" (934), apparently embarrassed over this dilemma, dodged this point. Sheep are naturally gregarious animals; but for this very

<sup>1</sup> Compare Psalms xxiii. 1, 2: "The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: He leadeth me beside the still waters."

<sup>2</sup> Such allegories, however, were quite in keeping with the spirit of that time. Basilius the Great, whom we cited on the pinna, for instance, illustrated the doctrine of resurrection from the life-story of the silkworm: "What have you to say, who disbelieve the assertion of the Apostle Paul concerning the change at the resurrection, when you see many of the inhabitants of the air changing their forms? Consider, for example, the account of the horned worm of India, which, having first changed into a caterpillar, then in process of time becomes a cocoon, and does not continue even in this form, but assumes light and expanded wings. Ye women, who sit winding upon bobbins the produce of these animals, namely the threads, which the Seres send to you for the manufacture of fine garments, bear in mind the change of form in this creature; derive from it a clear conception of the resurrection; and discredit not that transformation which Paul announces to us all" (J. Yates, *Textrinum Antiquorum*, p. 215). Again, it is interesting that Basilius, who appears to have known the silkworm only from books and by report, copied his description of it chiefly from Aristotle's account (*Hist. anim.*, v, 19).



reason I am not inclined to believe that the Syrian original version, with its wondrous and supernatural tendency, should have terminated in such a platitude. On the contrary, it is my impression that the Syrians did say that these extraordinary lambs, quite at variance with the common kind, did not assemble into flocks; that means, in Christian speech, the self-responsibility of the individual, and the obligation to his personal endeavor toward the path of redemption.

In the Mongol period we have a much debased version of our story from Ch'ang Tê, who was sent by Mangu Khan in 1259 to his brother Hulagu, King of Persia, and who describes the "sheep planted on hillocks" (*lung chung yang*) as a product of the countries of the Western Sea (*Si Hai*) as follows:<sup>1</sup> "The umbilical cord of a sheep is planted in the soil and watered. At the time of the first thunder-peals it begins to grow, while the cord still remains connected with the ground. When full-grown, they are frightened by the sounds of wooden instruments: the cord breaks off, and the animal roams around to feed on the herbage. In autumn the sheep can be eaten, and there are seeds, to be used for planting, contained in its navel." Ch'ang Tê must have overheard this story in Persia. Certainly it is not a further Chinese development, but one of Arabo-Persian origin; certainly, also, it does not refer to any product, animal or vegetal, of western Asia, but merely represents a literary outgrowth of the older Fu-lin legend sensually deteriorated in the popular mind.

The section of the cyclopædia T'u shu tsi ch'êng entitled "Earth-Born Sheep" (already quoted) gives the following extract from the "Wu ts'ê yüan ying tsi:"<sup>2</sup> "As regards the earth-born sheep of the Western Regions, a vertebra of the neck is taken and planted in the soil. On hearing the sounds of thunder, the kid is generated out of this bone. When frightened by horsemen, its umbilical cord is severed. Its skin can be utilized as a mattress. Another account has it that the people north of Mo<sup>3</sup> plant the horns of sheep, whereby is engendered an animal of the size of a hare, fat and beautiful. The report is rather strange, and it is not ascertained what kind of fruit it is which is planted by those people. Though what Liu Yu<sup>4</sup> relates may be correct, yet it remains a mystery. Indeed, it is a marvel and subtlety of nature." It is evident that in the Mongol period the interest shifted in a certain measure and largely centred around the cause leading to the germination of the curious zoöphyte.

<sup>1</sup> Compare Bretschneider, *Mediæval Researches*, vol. i, p. 154.

<sup>2</sup> Apparently identical with the *Yüan ying tsi*, — writings of Wu Lai of the Yüan period (Bretschneider, *Bot. Sin.*, pt. 1, p. 214, No. 1125).

<sup>3</sup> *Mo pei jên*. We have to read perhaps "Sha-mo" (the desert of Gobi), or, as another text cited by Schlegel (*l.c.*, p. 25) has it, "Ta-mo."

<sup>4</sup> Editor of the *Si shi ki*, — the memoirs of the journey of Ch'ang Tê, whose account has been given above.



During the fourteenth century the legend of the Syrian Lamb appeared in the diaries of European travellers. Odoric of Pordenone, who started on his journey between 1316 and 1318 and returned in 1330 (he died in January of the ensuing year), tells of very large melons growing in the Caspian Mountains in the kingdom Cadeli; and when these be ripe, they burst, and a little beast is found inside like a small lamb, so that they have both melons and meat.<sup>1</sup> Sir John Mandeville (or Maundeville), who travelled in Asia from 1322 to 1356, has the same report about gourd-like fruits which when ripe are cut, and disclose within a little beast in flesh, bone and blood, as though it were a little lamb. Men eat both the fruit and the beast, and this is a great marvel. The traveller assures us that he himself has eaten of this fruit. These trivial and puerile stories gave rise in Europe to numerous wild speculations in regard to a Scythian lamb of vegetal origin, growing on trees, as may be read in the monograph of H. Lee, "The Vegetable Lamb of Tartary: a Curious Fable of the Cotton Plant" (London, 1887). This work, though of considerable merit and not devoid of critical ability, is a failure in its main tendency, which is to prove that it was the cotton-plant which caused the origin of the story of the vegetable lamb.<sup>2</sup> True it is that in the European versions (and only these are taken into account by Lee) a reminiscence of cotton-pods bursting forth and laying bare the white cotton wool is alive; this, however, is not the origin, but the ultimate result, the most recent adjustment of the story, the antecedents of which must be connected with the Fu-lin traditions of the earth-born lamb. Even without the knowledge of these, Lee's conclusion could not be upheld. Years ago, when I first read his treatise without having access to the chain of Chinese texts, it did not prove convincing to me. It is inconceivable that in the fourteenth century, when cotton and the manner of its production were perfectly known in Asia and Europe, any such abstruse fable should have arisen in regard to cotton. The Indian cotton-plant became intimately familiar to the classical world, thanks to Alexander's campaign;<sup>3</sup> and I do not know that it ever became the object of fables in India, China, Greece, or Rome,<sup>4</sup> or in Syria, or among the Arabs.

<sup>1</sup> Yule, *Cathay* (new ed. by H. Cordier, vol. ii, p. 240).

<sup>2</sup> Lee was not the first to make this suggestion; for Yule, in a note of his *Cathay* (vol. ii, p. 242), remarks that Erman thinks the whole story a mythical view of the cotton-plant.

<sup>3</sup> Compare H. Bretzl, *Botanische Forschungen des Alexanderzuges*, pp. 136-139.

<sup>4</sup> H. Lee (*l.c.*, p. 46) makes a case of the passage in Herodotus (III, 106), who is the first Western author to mention Indian cotton, and says, "There are trees growing wild there, the fruit of which is a wool exceeding in beauty and goodness that of sheep." This certainly means nothing at all, particularly not with reference to the story of a vegetable lamb appearing in Europe as late as the fourteenth century. Herodotus, who merely compares cotton with sheep's wool, cannot be made responsible for a legend that is brought home in the middle ages from some dark corner of Asia. It is the history and the transformation of this legend which must be studied with critical methods. No philologist,

The Chinese of the sixth century, and assuredly of the T'ang period, knew very well what the cotton-plant and its products were;<sup>1</sup> and neither is there in the Chinese documents regarding cotton any reference to lambs, nor is there the slightest allusion to cotton in the Ta Ts'in and Fu-lin texts regarding the water-sheep and the earth-born lamb. The two groups of traditions are most clearly differentiated, and offer absolutely no point of contact.

The European mediæval fables are intelligible only when we read them together with the earlier traditions of the Chinese. Both Odoric and Mandeville reported their stories as coming from a certain part of Asia, and the mutual resemblance of these is close enough to arouse the suspicion that one copied the other; but this point is not of importance to me. The point to be emphasized is that their stories are the worthy counterpart of those prosaic and grossly materialized versions which we encountered among the Chinese of the Mongol period, and which are contemporaneous with Odoric and Mandeville, when the spiritual drift of the sacred Syrian allegory had long sunk into oblivion. Of course, the Chinese are not guilty of this sacrilege, but Persians and Turks, and that host of minor tribes composing the Western empire of the Mongols. Yule has identified the Caspian Mountains of Odoric with Mount Kasbin, about eighty miles due south of the Caspian Sea, in Persian territory near Teheran. Ch'ang Tê, as noticed, recorded his version of the story in Persia on his mission to Hulagu. Odoric's agreement with Ch'ang Tê proves that both have reproduced with tolerable correctness a bit of folk-lore picked up by them on Persian soil. The Persians were interested in the edibility of the lamb, and are duly seconded by Odoric and Mandeville, who have both lamb and fruit consumed. These people were interested in the material birth of the lamb, which they explained as growing from a seed planted in the ground. Accordingly it was a cultivated plant, bearing the lamb as a fruit, and raised anew every year; and this tradition again is echoed by the European mimics. The only novel features reported by the latter, and not yet revealed by a Chinese or other Oriental text, are the identification of this fruit with a melon, and the lamb harbored behind its rind.<sup>2</sup> Maybe both Odoric and Mandeville overheard the story from their informants in this manner; maybe they themselves

either, will subscribe to Lee's hypothesis (p. 50) that the word *μηλον* used by Theophrastus for the capsule of the cotton-plant, because it means also "apple" and "sheep," might have contributed to convey, many centuries later, to readers of a dead language, an erroneous idea of fleeces that grow on trees.

<sup>1</sup> Compare the valuable notes of Hirth and Rockhill, *Chau Ju-kua*, p. 218; and Watters, *Essays on the Chinese Language*, p. 439.

<sup>2</sup> The strange combination of melon and cotton-plant may have as its *raison d'être* the phonetic similarity of the Persian words *kharbuz* or *kharbūza* ("water-melon") and *karbās* or *kīrbāsa* ("cotton, muslin;" derived from Sanscrit *karpāsa*).



are responsible for this assimilation having a remote flavor of the cotton-pod; but, on this assumption, we are forced to admit that one was forestalled by the other. The traditions of the Chinese have enabled us to study the development of the story in its various stages, from the beginning of the Christian era down to the thirteenth century, and to recognize its origin, growth, and significance. We have seen that it takes its birth from the pinna, and that the Aristotelian doctrine of the fusion of vegetal and animal characteristics, applied to the life-habits of the pinna, is the very germ, the protoplasm, so to speak, which has called into existence the West-Asiatic notion of a vegetal lamb. This vegetal lamb therefore was evolved from a marine mollusk, never from a plant, and least of all from the cotton-plant. For this reason Yule<sup>1</sup> was misguided in seeking for "the plant about which these fables have gathered," and in regarding it as a certain genus of fern. Animal figures shaped by the Chinese from the rhizome of a fern greatly stirred the imagination of scholars in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, and were believed to have yielded the basis for the so-called "Scythian lamb." It is the uncontested and great merit of H. Lee<sup>2</sup> to have utterly destroyed these scientific fables, which, as usual, are more colossal and more baffling than the fables themselves, whose mystery they try to solve.

Entirely baseless is the opinion of G. Schlegel,<sup>3</sup> who, "after more than two years' study of the subject," as he avers, arrived at the result that "the Chinese have confounded two quite distinct things, — the cultivation of the cotton-plant<sup>4</sup> and the training of the camel, — from both of which fine stuffs can be fabricated." I am unable to see the justification of either point. There is in the Chinese records no trace that could lead to the one or the other supposition. On the one hand, according to Schlegel, "the Chinese accounts of that part of western Asia are peculiarly exact, though often seemingly shrouded in ambiguous and vague descriptions." On the other hand, he asserts,<sup>5</sup> "That the Chinese mistook the young dromedary or one-humped camel for a sheep, is not unnatural." The way in which Schlegel got at the camel from the sheep is a somewhat unusual one. There is no necessity of criticising it in detail, as no apprehension of an imitation of such methods need be entertained in our day.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Cathay, vol. ii, p. 241.

<sup>2</sup> *L.c.*, pp. 24-44.

<sup>3</sup> "The Shui-yang," *l.c.*, p. 20.

<sup>4</sup> This result he adopted from the work of Lee.

<sup>5</sup> *L.c.*, p. 32.

<sup>6</sup> The sinological reader, however, should be aware of the fact that the germ of Schlegel's erroneous argumentation rests on a misunderstanding of a passage in Ma Tuan-lin (p. 30 of his paper), though he had the correct translation of Hirth (China and the Roman Orient, p. 80; but see p. 255; it is certainly impossible to make rugs from pinna fibres) before his



The case presented in the preceding investigation may offer several points of general interest to the scientific student of folk-lore. We are allowed to pursue the history of the legend of the pinna-lamb through the interval of a millennium and a half from the dormant, embryonic beginning of a seemingly unimportant natural fact to a full-fledged, complex wonder-story, making all Europe talk for many centuries, and keeping scientists and learned societies on the trot in search of the secret of the marvellous lamb. The theatre of action on which the development of the story was staged is western Asia, chiefly Syria. The irony of fate, however, has ruled that the principal documentary evidence in the case enabling us to trace the real history of the story is preserved in the records of the Chinese, whose masterly historical sense permits us to establish the accurate chronology in the various phases which the story has adopted within the course of a long run. Without this solid staff we should presumably, like blind men, grope in the dark. We clearly recognize three principal stages of development, — first, the nature-philosophical stage inaugurated by the submarine life of the pinna and the conception of its byssus as marine wool, which idea reacted on the mollusk and resulted in the construction of a water-sheep; second, the mystic and allegoric stage, introduced by the Aristotelian doctrine of floristic and faunistic intermediate forms, and shaped and consecrated by the symbolism of Christian philosophy; and, third, the degenerate, materialized, in the true sense of the word animalized, form of the story, turning up in China and Europe simultaneously in the thirteenth century. Greek sources were enlisted to corroborate and to substantiate the basis of the first stage; and they were found equally effectual in accounting for the primeval foundation of stage second. In other words, the accounts of the Chinese, which simply reproduce Western folk-lore

eyes. Schlegel understood that rugs, mats, carpets, and curtains were made of the wool of the water-sheep; and by assuming that the latter refers to cotton, and by wrongly arguing that rugs may be made of hair or wool but can hardly be made of cotton, he finally hits upon Persian stuffs of camel-hair, and lands from this airship ascent upon the camel itself. Ma Tuan-lin, of course, does not say that rugs are made of the wool of the water-sheep; but the matter relative to the rugs is a new paragraph and entirely distinct from the former. Very strange, also, is the objection of Schlegel (p. 29) raised to Lee's theory that "the cotton-plant was not cultivated in the country where the vegetable lamb grew, on the west side of the Volga, neither was it grown in Persia." If this be true, it would not speak against Lee's view, but, on the contrary, in favor of it; for if such a legend, as erroneously assumed by Lee, should ever have originated around the cotton-plant, it could most certainly have started only in a region where the cotton product was but dimly known and the plant itself was not cultivated. Contrary to the opinion of Schlegel, carpets and rugs can certainly be made of cotton, and in fact are so made, for instance, in India: the so-called *Suttringee* are manufactured entirely of cotton; in another kind the warp is of cotton, the woof is of wool (J. F. Watson, *Textile Manufactures and Costumes of India*, p. 143).

and bear no relation whatever to genuine or indigenous Chinese thought, are perfectly matched and elucidated by the analogous traditions cropping out in the West. In one important respect, however, the preceding investigation remains deficient: I have not been able to point out an exact Western parallel of the Christian parable, as which I endeavored, on strong internal evidence, to prove the Syrian version of the vegetal lamb. At this point I have to ask the friendly co-operation of scholars versed in Syriac or Arabic Christian literature, a field foreign to me, and I trust that the prototype of our legend will some day be discovered there. Any search in this direction was heretofore precluded at the outset, since the history of the legend had not yet adequately or correctly been represented. Indeed, the subject had been dealt with only within the narrow boundaries of sinology, and had never been brought to the attention of Semitists. If these students will become aware of the fact that it very properly belongs to their domain, the day will not be distant when we may hope for the ultimate solution of that single point which still remains to be settled.

FIELD MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY,  
CHICAGO.

## SONGS AND RHYMES FROM THE SOUTH.

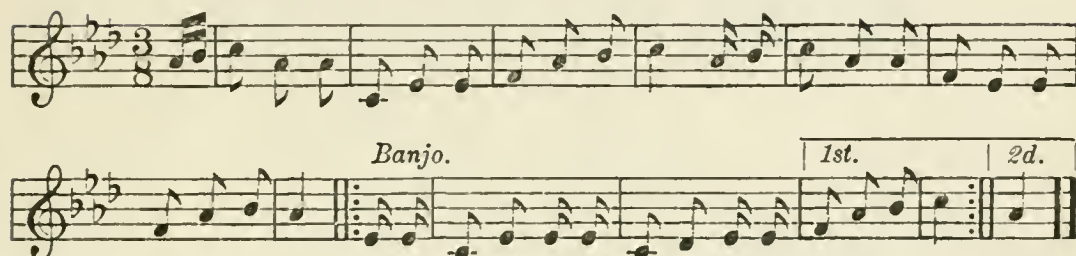
BY E. C. PERROW.

VI. SONGS CONNECTED WITH DRINKING AND GAMBLING.<sup>1</sup>

## I. THE DRUNKARD'S SONG.

A.

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1905.)



Way up on Clinch Mountain,  
 I wander alone;  
 I'm es drunk es the devil;  
 Oh, let me alone!

Tink-a-link-tink, tink-a-link-tink,  
 Tink-a-link-tink-a-link!  
 Tink-a-link-tink, tink-a-link-tink,  
 Tink-a-link-tink-a-link!

I'll play cards and drink whiskey  
 Wherever I'm gone;  
 En if people don' like me,  
 They ken let me alone.

I'll eat when I'm hungry  
 En drink when I'm dry;  
 En ef whiskey don't kill me,  
 I'll live till I die.<sup>2</sup>

O Lulu, O Lulu, O Lulu, my dear!  
 O Lulu, my dear!  
 I'd give this whole world  
 Ef my Lulu wuz hyeur.

Way up on Clinch Mountain  
 Where the wild geese fly high,  
 I'll think uv little Allie  
 En lay down en die.

<sup>1</sup> Continued from vol. xxvi of this Journal (1913), p. 173.

<sup>2</sup> Compare Berea Quarterly, October, 1910, p. 26.



Jack u' diamonds, Jack u' diamonds,  
 I know you uv ole;  
 You rob my pore pockets  
 Uv silver en gol'.

You may boast uv yore knowledge  
 En brag uv yore sense;  
 But 'twill all be furgotten  
 One hundred years hence.

B.

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of Dr. Herrington; 1909.)

Oh brandy and whiskey I wish you no harm,  
 But I wish I had a jug full as long as my arm.

## 2. WHEN I DIE.

A.

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from recitation of F. Le Tellier; 1907.)

When I die,<sup>1</sup> don' bury me a tall,  
 But soak my body in alcohol.

When I die, bury me deep,  
 En put a quart u' lickor at my head en feet.

When I die, don' bury me a tall,  
 But take me down to Bowery Hall;  
 Take off my coat en open my vest,  
 En tell all the girls I'm gone to rest.

B.

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Mr. Harrison; 1909.)

When I die don't bury me at all;  
 Preserve my bones in alcohol;  
 Fold my arms across my breast,  
 Natural born . . . gone to rest.

Natural born . . . don't have to work;  
 Carry a recommendation on the tail of my shirt.

C.

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of W. G. Pitts; 1909.)

When I die, bury me deep;  
 Tell all the gamblers that I've gone to sleep.  
 Put a pair of bones in my right hand,  
 And I'll throw seven in the promised land.

<sup>1</sup> Illustrative of the popular tendency to make a "last will and testament." See Transactions of the Wisconsin Academy, December, 1913.

3. SLEEPIN' IN MY CABIN.<sup>1</sup>

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1905.)

I was drunk las' night, my darlin';  
I was drunk the night before;  
But if you'll fergive me, darlin',  
I'll never get drunk any more.

Sleepin' in my cabin  
In the merry month of June,  
Wrapped in the arms of my own true love  
When the wind blows chilly en cool.

4. I'LL NEVER GET DRUNK ANY MORE.

(From East Tennessee; negroes; from memory; 1905.)

My father give me a fortune,  
I locked it in my trunk;  
I spent it one night in gamblin',  
The night that I got drunk.

Oh, I'll never get drunk any more;  
I'll lay my head in the bar-room door,  
But I'll never get drunk any more.

5. ONE MORE DRINK.

(From Mississippi; country whites; recitation of Mr. George; 1908.)

There wus an ole hen with a wooden foot;  
She made her nest by a mulberry-root;  
She ruffled her feathers an' kept her warm;  
One more drink won't do no harm.

6. IS THAT YOU, SAMBO?

(From Mississippi; negroes; 1909.)

"Is that you, Sambo?" "No, it's Jim."  
"You're pretty good-looking, but you can't come in!"

7. OLD DAN TUCKER.<sup>2</sup>

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1912.)

Ole Dan Tucker, in the time uv the war,  
Wuz the biggest fool I ever saw.  
He had no pants, he had no coat,  
En he rammed his shirt-tail daown his throat.

<sup>1</sup> Composed by a workman on the K. & B. Railroad.

<sup>2</sup> I believe the stanzas quoted here from this well-known song are of popular origin. This song figures as a dance-song in Kentucky:

Ole Dan Tucker come to town,  
Swing the ladies all around!  
Swing to the east and swing to the west,  
And swing to the one that you love best.  
Get out the way, etc.

Ole Dan Tucker wuz a nice ole man,  
 He washed his face in a fryin'-pan,  
 He combed his head with a wagon-wheel,  
 En died with a gum-bile on his heel.

### 8. WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN GONE?

A.

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from recitation of F. Le Tellier; 1907.)



Where have you been gone so long, so long?  
 Where have you been gone so long?  
 "Well, I've been in the bed with my head kivered up,  
 En I'm goin back there 'fore long."

B.

(From Western Virginia; mountain whites; MS. of D. H. Bishop; 1909.)

Where have you been so long?  
 Oh, where have you been so long?  
 I've been in the bend with the rough and ready men,  
 I've been in the bend so long.

### 9. WHY DON'T YOU COME HOME?

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; recitation of F. Le Tellier; 1905.)

I went daown to the depot to get my baby's trunk;  
 I stuck my head in the bar-room door, en I lef' that city drunk.  
 My darling baby, why don't yer come home?

I went daown on the Bowery<sup>1</sup> with a forty-four in my han';  
 I said, "Look out, you roustabout! I'm looking fer my man."  
 My darlin' baby, why don't yer come home?

I come back up the Bowery with a slug u' meat in my han';  
 I flung it thoo a winder en I hit a country man.  
 My darlin' baby, why don't yer come home?

### 10. YOU MAY RARE.

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; recitation of Edgar Perrow; 1912.)

Oh, you may rare en you may pitch  
 But Black Mariah's<sup>2</sup> got yer in the ditch.

<sup>1</sup> Showing an origin in the city. Even the most unpretentious town has its "Bowery," its "New York Store," etc.

<sup>2</sup> The patrol wagon.



II. I WAS A TEXAS RANGER.

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from the singing of F. Le Tellier; 1910.)

I wuz a Texas ranger sixteen long years ago;  
I ranged through all of Texas en a part uv Mexico.

Ef I wuz a gambler, westward I would go;  
I'd gamble with the Englishmen en there I'd win my dough.

My children they'll go naked; my wife will have to plough;  
Along come an officer en drove off my last old caow.

12. THERE WAS AN OLD MAN.

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of Mr. Cassedy; 1909.)

There was an old man from over the Rhine,  
Snappoo! Snappoo!  
There was an old man from over the Rhine,  
Who came for some beer and who came for some wine.  
Snap-peter, snap-pider, fi-nan-ago-neda-snappoo!

"Dear old lady, have you some wine  
Fit for a soldier from over the Rhine?"

"No, dear soldier; I have no wine  
Fit for a soldier from over the Rhine."

13. TAKE ONE ON ME.

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Dr. Herrington; 1909.)

Oh, de men for de women,  
An de women for de men;  
Oh, de doctor say it'll kill you,  
But he didn't say when.

Oh, ho! my honey! take one on me!

14. OLE CORN LICKER.

(From Virginia; country whites; from memory; 1909.)

I got drunk en got a fall,  
En ole co'n licker wus the cause uv it all.

15. DIAMOND JOE.

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Mr. Turner; 1909.)

If I come out on two,  
Then I'll hand em back to you.

*Chorus.*

Diamond Joe, Diamond Joe,  
Run get me Diamond Joe.

If I come out on three,  
Then you'll hand em back to me.

If I come out on fo',  
Then I'll beat you a dolla mo'.

If I come out on six,  
Then you knows yo money's fixed.

If I come out on seben,  
Then I'll roll you fer eleben.

If I come out on nine,  
Then yo money will be mine.

Then I'll buy me a bar'l o' flour,  
Cook and eat it every hour.

Yes; an buy me a middlin' o' meat,  
Cook and eat it twict a week.

#### 16. CAMP TOWN LADIES.

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Dr. Herrington; 1909.)

Camp town ladies, sing this song:  
Do da, do da.  
Camp town ladies sing this song:  
Do da, do da dey.

I'm boun' to run all night;  
I'm boun' to run all day;  
I'll bet my money on the bob-tailed nag,<sup>1</sup>  
Ef somebody'll bet on the bay.

#### 17. O LORD, HONEY!

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1909.)

O Lord, honey! I can't see  
How my money gets away frum me.

#### 18. OH, WASN'T I LUCKY!

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Dr. Herrington; 1909.)

Ole Marster, an' ole Mistis, I'm er reskin my life,  
Tryin' to win er this great fortune, for you an' your wife.

Oh, wasn't I lucky not to lose! (*thrice*)

Ole Skew-ball was a gray hoss, ole Molly was brown;  
Ole Skew-ball out-run Molly on the very fust go-round.

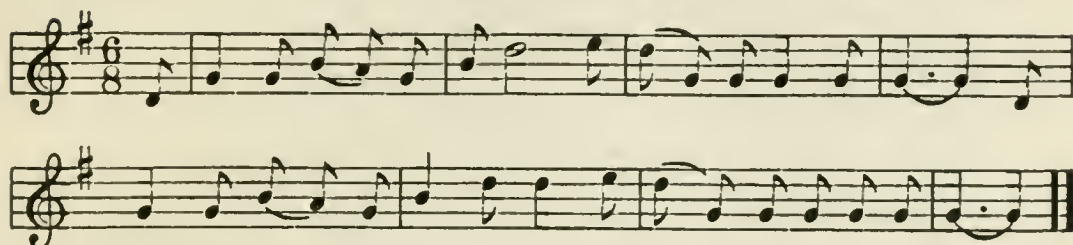
My hosses is hongry, an' they will not eat hay;  
So I'll drive on a piece further, an I'll feed on the way.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Compare Harvard College Library, 25254.10.5.

<sup>2</sup> Compare "Old Smoky" in this collection.

## 19. OLD ALEXANDER.

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; singing of F. Le Tellier; 1912.)



God damn old Alexander! I wish he wuz in hell!  
 He made me wear the ball en chain en caused my ankles ter swell.<sup>1</sup>

## VII. SONGS OF THE PLANTATION.

I. OH, MOURNER!<sup>2</sup>

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of F. R. Rubel; 1909.)

Some folks say that a nigro (*sic*) won't steal;  
 I caught two in my corn feild (*sic*).  
 One had a shovel and the other had a hoe;  
 If that ain't stealing, I don't know.

Oh, Moana, you shall be free, (*twice*)  
 When the good Lord sets you free.

Some folks say that a nigro won't rouse;  
 I caught two in my smoke house.  
 One had a middling, and the other had a ham;  
 If that ain't stealing, I'll don't know.

I went to a chicken coop on my knees;  
 I thought I heard a chicken sneeze.<sup>3</sup>

Way down yonder on Punkin Creek  
 Where those nigros grow leben feet,  
 Heels stick out so far behind  
 Chickens roost there most all the time.

I had a wife and I fed her on grease;  
 Every time I knocked her down she hollowed "police!"

Ain't no use in me workin' so hard;  
 I got a gal in the white folks yard.  
 She fetch me meat and she fetch me lard.  
 Ain't a bit of use in me workin' so hard.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> This is the only stanza my cousin could remember of a song in which a member of the chain gang curses the Judge, or state's attorney, who was responsible for the sentence.

<sup>2</sup> This song shows the tendency of a large number of distinct songs to drift together into one.

<sup>3</sup> This stanza is in the college song "Polly-Wolly-Doodle."

<sup>4</sup> Compare another version from Mississippi:

I got a gal in de white folk's ya'd.  
 She brings me chicgn en she brings me la'd  
 She steals me ham an' she steals me meat  
 She thinks I'm wukkin', but I'm walkin' de street.



Yonder come Melinda. How do I know?  
Know her by her walk; I seen her walk before.

Kill the chicken; save me the wing;  
Think I'm workin'; ain't doing a thing.

Kill the turkey; save me the bones;  
Drink the beer; save me the foam.

Kill the chickens; save me the breast;  
Think I'm workin', but I'm taking my rest.

I like my coffee, I likes it strong;  
When I git to eatin', bring the corn-dodger along.

I likes my lasses good and strong;  
When I git to eatin', bring the butter along.

I likes my wife, I likes my baby;  
I likes my flap-jacks floating in gravy.

Gimme chicken; gimme pie;  
Gimme some of everything the white folks buy.

Some folks say that a nigro won't steal;  
I caught two in my water-melon feild,  
Preaching and praying all the time,  
And pulling the melons off the vine.

I wouldn't marry a yaller gal;  
I'll tell you the reason why:  
She's all the time sitting in another man's lap  
And telling her husband lies.

I wouldn't marry a black gal;  
I'll tell you the reason why:  
Her nose is always snotty,  
And her lips is never dry.

Nigro was a sitting on the log;  
One eye on the trigger, the other on the hog.

The gun said, "Boom!" the hog fell bip!  
The nigro jumped on him with all his grip.  
[Spoken] Gitting the chiddlings!

I will dive in that pige pen a-fighting;  
I ough [to] been that hog-jaw bighting.  
With a hog head in my hand.

Yonder come my uncle; axe heavy with lead,  
Throwed across my shoulder to kill that barrow dead.

Spare ribs is rotnening; back-bones ain't but a few;  
Run and git the carvin' knife, and we'll have a barber cewe.

I wouldn't marry a widow,  
For all the money in the land;  
It takes six men to feed her,  
Workin' with both hands.

When you come home from work at night,  
It's "Hello! my pretty old gal!"  
And then she whispers softly,  
"There ain't no meal in the barrel."

I went down to Malinda's house;  
Malinda she was gone;  
I sat down in Malinda's chair  
And rocked till she come home.

She sat me in the parlor;  
She cooled me with her fan;  
She whispered in her mother's ear,  
"I'm fooling with a gambling man."

## 2. DIS MORNIN'.

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Dr. Herrington; 1909.)

See dem ole farmers goin' on to town, this mornin', (*twice*)  
See dem ole farmers goin' on to town  
Wid er one horse waggin an' er it broke down,  
Dis mornin', er dis evenin', so soon.<sup>1</sup>

See dem ole farmers come along back, dis mornin', (*twice*)  
See dem ole farmers come along back  
Wid er piece o' meat in er crocus sack.  
Dis mornin', etc.

Mommer kilt er chicken, an' she give me de wing, dis mornin', (*twice*)  
Mommer kilt er chicken, an' she give me de wing;  
She thought I was a workin', and I warn't doin' a thing,  
Dis mornin', etc.

Mommer kilt er chicken, an' she give me de head, dis mornin', (*twice*)  
Mommer kilt er chicken, and she give me de head;  
She thought I was workin', an' I's lyin' in the bed,  
Dis mornin', etc.

## 3. I'M ER LIVIN' EASY.

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Dr. Herrington; 1909.)

I'm er livin' easy; I'm er livin' high;  
Goin' to keep my pork chops greasy.  
I'm er livin' easy, oh baby; I'm er livin' high.

Got er bar'l o' flou'er; cook an eat it every hou'er;  
I'm er livin' easy, oh baby; I'm er livin' high.

<sup>1</sup> For the refrain compare this *Journal*, vol. xxiv, p. 353.

## 4. JOHN BOOKER.

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Mr. Turner; 1909.)

My ole mistis promised me,  
 'Fo' she died she'd sot me free.<sup>1</sup>

*Chorus.*

Walk, John! walk, John! Oh, walk!  
 John Booker, with yo new boots on!

Ole mistis lived 'till her head got bald;  
 She got outen de noshun o' dyin' a tall.

My ole mistis lyin' in de leaves,  
 Head full of lice, and her stockin' full of fleas.

But now ole mistis is dead an' gone.  
 And she's lef' John Booker a-hoeing out corn.

5. RUN, NIGGER, RUN!<sup>2</sup>

(From Virginia; negroes; from memory; 1909.)

Es I was runnin' through de fiel',  
 A black snake caught me by de heel.  
 Run, nigger, run, de paterrol ketch yuh!  
 Run, nigger, run! It's almos' day!

Run, nigger, run! I run my bes'  
 Run my head in a hornet's nes'.  
 Run, nigger, run! etc.

## 6. COME ON, MR. TREE!

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Mr. Harrison; 1909.)

When I was young and in my prime,  
 Sunk my axe deep most every time;  
 But now I'm old, and my heart's growin' cold,  
 And I can't swing a lick to save my soul.

Come on, Mr. Tree; yer are almost down;  
 Come on, Mr. Tree; wants to see yer hit de groun'.

## 7. DEM TATERS.

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Mr. Harrison; 1909.)

A die, a die, a die O!  
 Pa don't raise no cotton in his corn,  
 And a very few permatoes;  
 A die, a die, a die, O!  
 Pa don't raise no cotton in his corn,  
 But um! um! dem taters!

<sup>1</sup> Compare Harris, *Uncle Remus and his Friends*, p. 200; also Harvard College Library 25254.10.5.

<sup>2</sup> Compare Harris, *Uncle Remus and his Friends*, p. 200. For music see "Shortened Bread" (No. 22).



8. HOW OLD ARE YOU?<sup>1</sup>

(From Mississippi; negroes; recitation of Mrs. Brown; 1909.)

[First part] How old are you?

[Second part] Twenty-one or twenty-two!

9. GOIN' DOWN TO TOWN.<sup>2</sup>

(From Virginia; negroes; from memory; 1909.)

Goin' down tuh town,  
Goin' down tuh town,  
Goin' down tuh Lynchburg town tuh take my baccer down;  
Buy me a load uh pos',  
Fence my grave aroun',  
Keep Bob Ridley's ole gray sow fum rootin' me out de groun'.

Baccer sellin' high,<sup>3</sup>  
Baccer sellin' high,  
Baccer sellin' at fifteen cents,  
Nobody there to buy.

Baccer sellin' low,  
Baccer sellin' low,  
Baccer won't bring seven cents,  
Damn if I think I'll go.

10. MO' RAIN.

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Mr. Hudson; 1909.)

Mo' rain, mo' rest; mo' rain, mo' grass;  
Makes the marster's colt grow fast.

11. SHUCK CORN.

(From Eastern North Carolina; negroes; MS. of Mr. Scroggs; 1908.)

Shuck corn, shell corn,  
Carry corn to mill.  
Grind de meal, gimme de husk;  
Bake de bread, gimme de crus';  
Fry de meat, gimme de skin;  
And dat's de way to bring 'em in.

Won't you git up, ole horse?  
I'm on de road to Brighton.  
Won't you git up, ole horse?  
I'm on de road to Brighton.

12. COLD FROSTY MORNING.<sup>4</sup>

(From West Tennessee; negroes; recitation of Mr. Brown; 1909.)

Col' frosty mo'nin',  
Nigger mighty good,

<sup>1</sup> Sung antiphonally by groups of negro farm-hands.

<sup>2</sup> Compare this Journal, vol. xxii, p. 249.

<sup>3</sup> Last two stanzas from Kentucky.

<sup>4</sup> Current also in Kentucky.

Axe on his shoulder,  
Choppin' up de wood.

Little piece u' ash-cake,  
An' a little piece u' fat;  
White folks grumble,  
Ef yuh eat all u' dat.

### 13. WHITE MAN GOES TO COLLEGE.<sup>1</sup>

A.

(From Mississippi; negroes; recitation of Mrs. Brown; 1909.)

White man goes tuh college,  
Nigger goes tuh fiel',  
White man learn tuh read an' write,  
Nigger learn tuh steal.

Times is gittin' mighty ha'd,  
Money gittin' mighty scace;  
Soon's I sell my cot'n 'n co'n,  
I'se gwine tuh leave dis place.

White man go tuh meetin',  
Can't get up a smile;  
Nigger go tuh meetin',  
Boys, yuh hyeuh him shout a mile.

B.

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Mr. Harrison; 1909.)

White folks go to college;  
Nigger go to field;  
White folks learn to read and write,  
And de niggers learn to steal.

O Lord, it's hard to be a nigger! (*twice*)  
'Cause a nigger don't have no show!

### 14. AUGHT FOR AUGHT.

(From Virginia; negroes; from memory; 1909.)

Aught<sup>2</sup> fer aught, an figger fuh figger;  
All fuh de white man, an none fuh de nigger!

### 15. BOATMAN, BOATMAN!

(From Virginia; negroes; from memory; 1905.)

Boatman, boatman, blow yuh ho'n,  
An' den I'll steal yuh a bag a co'n;  
An' when de white folks all asleep,  
Den I'll steal yuh a bag u' wheat.

<sup>1</sup> See Hobson, In Old Alabama, pp. 171, 177.

<sup>2</sup> The initial *n* of this word has quite disappeared in the speech of both negroes and whites in the Southern States.

16. OLD JUDGE WATSON.

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Mr. Aldrich; 1909.)

Old Judge Watson a mighty fine man,  
An' you all know him well,  
If he ketch you in his watermelon patch,  
He'll give you particular Hallelujah.

17. OL' MASSA IN DE PARLOR.

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Mr. Rankin; 1909.)

Ol' Massa in de parlor;  
Ol' Missus in de hall;  
Nigger in de dinin' room,  
Farin' de best of all.<sup>1</sup>

18. DAT NEGRO COME TO MY HOUSE.

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Mr. Rankin; 1909.)

Dat negro come to my house;  
He thought I wuz treatin' 'em well;  
But I took dat negro roun' de house,  
And I gived dat negro hell.

19. SOMETIMES I LIB IN DE COUNTRY.

(From East Tennessee; negroes; from memory; 1909.)

Sometimes I lib in de country,  
En sometimes I lib in town;  
En sometimes I hab uh notion  
Tuh jump in de ribber en drown.

20. BIG BAYOU.

(From Lower Mississippi River; negroes; MS. of Mr. Scroggs; 1908.)

Oh, Big Bayou wuz a good ole town  
Forty years ago;  
But now she's done a-fallin' down,<sup>2</sup>  
A-oh-o-o-oh!

21. DAN-U-WE-HOU.

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Mr. Harrison; 1909.)

Ef you want yo buckwheat cakes,  
An' er want 'em good an' done;

<sup>1</sup> The Virginia rhyme:

White folks eat de mutt'n,  
Eat it fuh a sham,  
Nigger in de kitchen  
Jes' rarin' on de best uv de ham.

<sup>2</sup> Near Oxford, Miss., is a once populous town, now entirely deserted. Only the ruins of houses and weed-choked streets are now left of what was once an important cotton market.



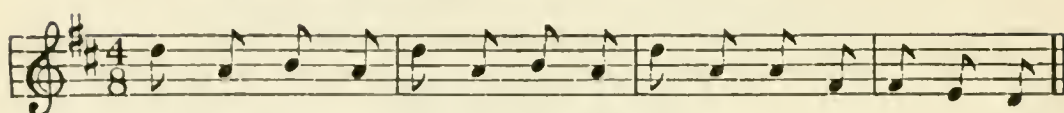
Slap 'em on a nigger man's heel,  
And turn him to the sun.

*Chorus.*

Dan-u-we-ou, Dan-u-we-hou,  
I'm gwine back to Dan-u-we-hou.

22. SHORTENED BREAD.<sup>1</sup>

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1912.)



CHORUS.



Run hyeur, mammy, run hyeur quick!  
Shord'n bread made baby sick!  
My! don't 'e love shord'n shord'n shord'n  
Don't 'e love shord'n shord'n bread!

Oh, give me sump'n, I don't kyeur what,  
Tuh cyore this awful pain I got!  
My! don't 'e love, etc.

Two little niggers layin' in bed;  
One turned over, en the tother one said,  
"My! don't yer love," etc.

Two little niggers layin' in bed;  
They sent fer the doctor, en the doctor said,  
"Feed them niggers on shord'n," etc.

Two little niggers black ez tar  
Tried ter go ter heaven on a 'lectric car.

Two little niggers dressed in black  
Tried to go to heaven on a railroad-track.

Two little niggers dressed in white  
Tried to go to heaven on the tail of a kite.

Two little niggers black ez hell  
Tried ter go ter heaven in a peanut-shell.

Two little niggers in a peanut-shell  
Tried to go to heaven, but they went to hell.

23. OL' BLACK BAR.

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Mr. Upshur; 1909.)

Ol' black bar live down on Quibber;<sup>2</sup>  
Ol' black bar he love to eat nigger;

<sup>1</sup> Music an adaptation of that of "Run, Nigger, Run!"

<sup>2</sup> A river in Mississippi.

Ol' black bar live down on Quibber;  
He gwine to git yo if yo go dar.

Ol' wil' panter live down on Quibber;  
Ol' wil' panter he love to eat nigger;  
Ol' wil' panter live down on Quibber;  
He gwine to git yo if yo go dar.

Dem white ghostes live down on Quibber;  
Dem white ghostes dey love to cotch nigger;  
Dem white ghostes live down on Quibber.  
Dey gwine to git yo if yo go dar.

Ol' Parson Wash went down on Quibber;  
Ol' Parson Wash was a good nigger;  
Ol' Parson Wash went down on Quibber;  
Ol' Parson Wash ain't come back never;  
Sompin' done got him when he went dar.

Ol' black bar whut down down on Quibber,  
Ol' wil' panter whut down on Quibber,  
Dem white ghostes whut down on Quibber,  
All dem tings done cotch dat nigger;  
Dey gwine get yo if yo go dar.

24. FREEDOM.<sup>1</sup>

(From Virginia; negroes; from memory; 1912.)

Oh, freedom, freedom, freedom!  
Freedom, freedom over me!  
En befo' I'd be a slave,  
I'd be buried in muh grave,  
En go home tuh muh Savior en be free.

25. "GLENDY BURKE."

(From Virginia; negroes; singing of Fremont Le Tellier; 1912.)

"Glendy Burke" is a mighty fas' boat  
En a mighty fas' captain too;  
He sets up dar on de hurricane deck  
En 'e keeps his eye on de crew.

Ho fuh Louisiana!  
I'm boun' tuh leave dis taown;  
I'll trot my duds on Glendy Burke  
When "Glendy Burke" comes roun'.

26. ON THE OHIO.

(From Kentucky; negroes; recitation of R. E. Monroe; 1913.)

High, ho, the boatman row! (*twice*)  
Sailin' daown the river on the Ohio.  
Hay! yaller gal, when yuh gwine tuh go,  
Sailin' daown de ribber on de Ohio?

<sup>1</sup> Sung to the music of "Lilly Dale."

Dance, de boatman dance!<sup>1</sup>  
 Dance all de night, till de broad daylight;  
 Go home wid de gal in de mawnin'!

Oh, what make dis ole nigger laugh?  
 Fuh my boat I built a raf';  
 Stuck a pine-tree up fuh a sail  
 En steered right daown de ole coat-tail.

Oh, what make dis ole nigger shiver?  
 Saw a catfish in de river.  
 Jump right out dat boat, you bet;  
 I go daown taown wid muh close all wet.  
 De niggers dey all built up big fires.  
 Ef dat ain't so, den I'm a liar!

### 27. BUTTERMILK AN' CLABBER.

(From East Tennessee; negroes; from memory; 1909.)

Buttermilk an' clabber tuh eat on a Sunday,  
 Make a nigger's heart ache tuh go tuh wuk a Monday.

## VIII. SONGS OF LOVE.

### I. BARBARA ALLEN.<sup>2</sup>

#### A.

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of Miss Kent; 1909.)

There was a young man who lived in our town,  
 His given name was William;  
 He was taken sick, and very sick,  
 And death was in his dwelling.

It was the merry month of May,  
 When the green buds were swelling,  
 Sweet William on his death bed lay  
 For the love of Barbara Allen.

He sent his servant down in town;  
 He went into her dwelling:  
 "My master's sick, and sent for you,  
 If your name be Barbara Allen."

And slowly, slowly she did rise,  
 And slowly she went to him,  
 And all she said when she got there,  
 "Young man, I think you are dying."

<sup>1</sup> Compare Harvard College Library 25254.10.5 and 25254.10.7.

<sup>2</sup> Perhaps the most widely current of all the traditional ballads. Still sung by school-children in Kentucky. The B version shows a queer trick of the popular mind,—Barbry Allen is changed to a man!



"Oh, yes, I'm sick, I'm very sick,  
And death is with me, darling,  
I'll die, I'll die, I'll surely die,  
If I don't get Barbara Allen."

"Oh, yes, you are sick, and very sick,  
And death is in your dwelling;  
You'll die, you'll die, you'll surely die,  
For you will never get Barbara Allen.

"Remember on last Wednesday night  
When we were at a wedding,  
You passed your wine to the girls all around  
And slighted Barbara Allen."

He turned his pale face to the wall,  
He turned his back upon her:  
"Adieu, adieu to the friends all around,  
And adieu to Barbara Allen!"

She had not got tin (*sic*) miles from town,  
When she heard a swamp bird singing;  
And every time the swamp bird sung  
Was woe to Barbara Allen.

She had not got three miles from town,  
When she heard a death bell ringing,  
And in her ear it seemed to say,  
"Hard-hearted Barbara Allen!"

She looked to the east, and she looked to the west,  
And she saw his corpse a-coming;  
"I could have saved that young man's life  
By giving him Barbara Allen!"

"O mother, O mother, go make my bed,  
Make it of tears and sorrow;  
Sweet William died for me to-day,  
And I will die for him to-morrow.

"O father, O father, go dig my grave,  
Dig it deep and narrow;  
Sweet William died of true love's sake,  
And I shall die of sorrow."

Sweet William died on Saturday night,  
And Barbara died on Sunday;  
Her mother died for the love of both  
And was buried alone on Monday.

Sweet William was buried in the new churchyard,  
And Barbara beside him;  
And out of his grave sprang a lily-white rose,  
And out of hers a briar.

They ran to the churchyard tower,  
And could not grow any higher.  
They tied themselves in a true love knot,  
And the rose ran around the briar.

B.

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of Mr. Holliman; 1909.)

It was in the month of May  
When all the sweet was dwelling;  
A young girl on her death bed lay,  
For the love of Barbry Allen.

She sent her servant into town  
Where Barbry was dwelling:  
"Your truelove said for you to go there,  
If your name be Barbry Allen."

Slowly, slowly, he got up,  
So slowly, slowly he did go;  
And when he got there he said, "Dear girl,  
I'm sure you must be dying."

"Oh, yes, I'm sick, and very sick,  
And all the doctors can't cure me;  
I am not any better, nor never will be,  
If I can't get Barbry Allen."

"Oh, yes, you're sick, and very sick,  
And all the doctors can't cure you;  
You are not any better, nor never will be,  
For you can't get Barbry Allen."

She turned her pale face to the wall;  
He turned his back upon her;  
And before he got away from town  
He heard her death bell ringing.

And every knock it seemed to say,  
"Cruel, cruel, is your name,  
And wicked is your nature,  
For you could have saved this poor girl's life,  
If you had done your duty."

"Yes; cruel, cruel, is my name,  
And wicked is my nature,  
For I could have saved this poor girl's life  
If I had done my duty."

His true lover died on Saturday night,  
And Barbry died on Sunday;  
His mother died for the love of both:  
They were buried on Easter Monday.

2. ONCE I COURTED A FAIR BEAUTY BRIGHT.<sup>1</sup>

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of Mr. Holliman; 1909.)

Once I corted a fair beauty bright,  
In my sight she did take great delight.  
She granted me her love; I returned her back the same;  
And that's the reason why she never could complain.

Her old father, he came for to know  
What makes these people love each other so.  
He locked her up in the chamber; he kept the key shore;<sup>2</sup>  
And I never got to see my truelove any more.

Once every day to the chamber I did go  
To see if I could get my truelove or no;  
And when she would ring her hand and cry and sing,  
"I love a man that loves me; I love him till I die."

Then to some foreign country I did go  
To see if I could forget my love or no;  
And when I got there, the armor shone so bright  
It give me second thought of my heart's delight.

Six long years I spent in the war.  
The seventh long year I returned home again.  
Her old mother she met me and rung her hands and cried,  
"Sing, my daughter loved a man that loved her; she loved him till she died."

Then I was struck like a man that was slain;  
The tears from my eyes fell like showers of rain.  
Come all ye young people who never felt the pain,  
Come give me paper, ink, and pin (*sic*); I'll write you down the same.

3. CARELESS LOVE.

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of R. J. Slay; 1909.)

I'm going to leave you now;  
I'm going ten thousand miles.  
If I go ten million more,  
I'll come back to my sweetheart again.

Love, oh, love! 'tis careless love (*twice*)  
You have broken the heart of many a poor boy,  
But you will never break this heart of mine.<sup>3</sup>

I cried last night when I come home (*twice*)  
I cried last night and night before;  
I'll cry to-night; then I'll cry no more.

Who will shoe your pretty feet?  
And who will glove your hand?

<sup>1</sup> Evidently from a broadside (cf. this Journal, vol. xxvi, p. 176).

<sup>2</sup> Long *u* before *r*, in Southern speech, is changed to long *o*. So "secyore," "endore."

<sup>3</sup> For the same sentiment cf. this Journal, vol. xxii, p. 249.



Who will kiss your red rosy cheeks?  
When I am in that far-off land? <sup>1</sup>

"Pa will shoe my pretty little feet;  
Ma will glove my hand;  
You may kiss my red rosy cheeks,  
When you come from that far-off land."

#### 4. LADY ISABEL (Child, 4).<sup>2</sup>

(From North Carolina; mountain whites; MS. lent to E. N. Caldwell; 1913.)

"Go and take of your father's gold  
And likewise of your mother's fee,  
And two steeds out of your father's stable  
Wherein lays thirty and three."

She went and took of her father's gold  
And likewise of her mother's fee  
And two steeds out of her father's stable  
Wherein lay thirty and three.

She jumped on the bony, bony black,  
And him <sup>3</sup> on the dapple gray  
And rid off from her father's bowers  
Two long hours before it was day.

When they got near to their journey's end  
It was near to the bank of the sea.  
He turned round to his pretty Colin  
Saying "I've something to say unto thee.

"It's six king's daughters I have drowned here  
And you the seventh shall be."

"Hush up, hush up! you false-hearted knight,  
Did you not promise me  
You'd take me to the land of old Scotland  
And there you would marry me?"

"Pull off, pull off your Holland gown  
And lay it upon the rocks  
For it's too fine and costlie  
To rot in the sea salt sand.

"Pull off, pull off your Holland gown  
And lay it upon the ground  
For it's too fine and costlie  
For to rot in the watery tomb."

<sup>1</sup> With this stanza compare Child, No. 76. It occurs also popularly in Kentucky. Compare also this *Journal*, vol. xxii, p. 240.

<sup>2</sup> Compare this *Journal*, vol. xix, p. 232; vol. xxii, p. 65; vol. xxiii, pp. 132, 374.

<sup>3</sup> The mountain folk use an accusative of the absolute instead of the nominative,—  
"him done gone" (he being gone).

"Turn yourself all round and about  
And your face to the leaves of the tree,  
For it's not fit such a villain as you  
A naked woman should see."

Then he turned himself all round and about  
And his face to the leaves of the tree;  
Then she picked him [up] so manfullie  
And she hoved him into the sea.

"Lie there, lie there, you false-hearted knight,  
Lie there instead of me;  
You stripped me as naked as ever I was born  
And I'll take nothing from thee."

Then she jumped on her bony, bony black  
And she led the dapple gray  
When she got back to her father's bowers  
Three long hours before it was day.

Then up bespoke the pretty parrot  
From the cage wherein it lay  
"What ails you, my pretty Colin,  
That you travel so long before day?"

"Hush up, hush up, you pretty parrot,  
And tell no tales on me,  
And your cage shall be made of the best of beaten gold  
And hang on a willow tree."

Then up spoke this good old man  
From the chamber where he lies [lay?]  
"What ails you, my pretty parrot,  
That you pray so long before day?"

"There was a cat came to my cage door  
A-threatening to worry me,  
And I had to call my pretty Colin  
To drive that cat away."

##### 5. THE TURKISH LADY (Child, 52).<sup>1</sup>

(From North Carolina; mountain whites; MS. lent E. N. Caldwell; 1913.)

Lord Bacon was a nobleman,  
As fair one as you should see,  
He gathered all his silks and rubies;  
The Turkish land he'd go and see.

He first blowed east and then blowed west  
And he blowed down to the Turkish land  
The Turks they got him and so sadly used him  
To love his life he was quite wearied.

<sup>1</sup> Compare this Journal, vol. xviii, p. 209; vol. xx, p. 251; vol. xxii, p. 68; vol. xxiii, p. 450; see also Harvard College Library 25254.12.10.

They bored a hole in his left shoulder  
And nailed him down unto a tree  
They gave him nothing but bread and water  
And bread and water but once a day.

The Turks they had but one fair daughter,  
As fair a one as you should see;  
She stole the keys of the prison strong  
And vowed Lord Bacon she would set free.

She said, "Have you got any land or living,  
Or have you any dwelling free?  
Would you give it all to a Prince's daughter  
If she would set you at liberty?"

Then he says, "I've got a land and living,  
And I have got a dwelling free;  
And I'll give it all to you, pretty creature,  
If you will do that thing for me."

She went on to her Master's cellar,  
And from her father stole a jail key.  
She opened the dungeon both deep and wide,  
And vowed Lord Bacon she would set free.

Then she took him to her master's cellar  
And drew some of the best port wine,  
And, "Drink a health to you, pretty creature!"  
"I wish, Lord Bacon, that you were mine!"

And then they drew each other's notes of love,  
And seven years they were to stand;  
He vowed he'd marry no other woman  
Unless she married some other man.

Then she took him on to the sea-side  
And left him sailing over the main.  
"Fare ye well! Fare ye well! you pretty creature!  
Oh, when shall I see you again!"

When seven years were past and gone  
And seven months and almost three,  
She gathered all her silks and rubies  
And vowed Lord Bacon she'd go and see.

When she got to Lord Bacon's hall  
She knocked so far below the ring,  
"Oh, yes! oh, yes!" said the bold proud porter,  
"She knocks so hard, fain would she come in."

"Is this Lord Bacon's hall?" she said;  
"Or is there any man within?"  
"Oh, yes! oh, yes!" said the bold proud porter,  
This day has fetched him a young bride in."



[Stanza missing here.]

She says, "Now you've married some other woman  
And I have married no other man;  
I wish I had my notes of love,  
Straight back to the Turkish land I'd go."

Then up spoke the young bride's mother,  
An angry spoken old thing was she,  
Saying, "Would you quit my own fair daughter  
And take up with a Turkish ladye?"

He said, "You may take your daughter home with you,  
For I'm sure she's none the worse for me,  
For the prettiest thing stands here awaiting  
That ever my two eyes did see.

She's got a ring on every finger,  
And on her middle one she's got three,  
And gold around her neck a-plenty  
To buy all Cumberland of thee."

He took her by the lily-white hand  
And took her to his master's cellar  
And drew some of the best port wine  
Saying, "Drink a health, pretty creature,  
Who freed me from such a prison strong."

He took her by the lyly-white hand  
And gently led her to his hall  
And changed her name from Pretty Nancy  
And called her name, it was noble Jane.

6. GEORGE COLLINS (Child, 85).

(From North Carolina; mountain whites; MS. given E. N. Caldwell; 1913.)

George Collins rode home one cold winter night,  
George Collins rode home so fine,  
George Collins rode home one cold winter night,  
He taken <sup>1</sup> sick and died.

A fair young lady in her father's house  
A-sewing her silk so fine  
And when she heard that George was dead  
She threw it down and cried.

"O daughter, don't weep! O daughter, don't mourn!  
There are more boys than one."  
"O mother dear! he has my heart,  
And now he's dead and gone."

"The happiest hours I ever spent  
Were when I was by his side;

<sup>1</sup> The regular past tense of "take" in the Appalachian Mountains.

The saddest news I ever heard  
Was when George Collins died."

She followed him up, she followed him down;  
She followed him to his grave,  
And there she fell on her bended knees;  
She wept; she mourned; she prayed.

"Unscrew the coffin; lay back the lid;  
Roll down the linen so fine;  
And let me kiss his cold pale lips,  
For I know he will never kiss mine.

"Whenever you hear some lonesome dove  
Go flying from pine to pine  
A-mourning for its own true-love  
As I have mourned for mine."

#### 7. FAIR ELLENDER (Child, 73).<sup>1</sup>

(From North Carolina; mountain whites; MS. lent E. N. Caldwell; 1913.)

"Come riddle to me my own true mother,  
Come riddle us all as one,  
Whether I must marry fair Ellender or not,  
Or bring the brown girl home" (*twice*).

"The brown girl she has house and lands;  
Fair Ellender she has none;  
And I advise you, my own heart's blessing,  
Go bring the brown girl home."

. . . . .

"Go saddle up my milk white steed,  
Yourself you must dress in green."  
And every town that she rode through  
They took her to be a queen.

. . . . .

"Go dig my grave both wide and deep,  
And paint my coffin black,  
And bury fair Ellender in my arms,  
And the brown girl at my back.

"Oh, dig my grave, dear mother," he said;  
"Dig it both wide and deep;  
And bury fair Ellender in my arms,  
And the brown girl at my feet."

#### 8. EARL BRAND (Child, 7).

(From North Carolina; mountain whites; MS. lent E. N. Caldwell; 1913.)

"Rise up, you seven bretherens,  
And bring your sister down;

<sup>1</sup> Compare this *Journal*, vol. xix, p. 235; vol. xx, p. 254; vol. xxiv, p. 332.

It shall never be said that a steward's son  
Had taken her out of town."

"I thank you kindly, sir," he says;  
"I am no steward's son,  
My father is of a regis king,  
My mother's a quaker's queen."

He mound her on a milk-white steed,  
He rode the dapple gray,  
He swung a bugle horn all round about his neck,  
And so went blowing away.

He had not got three mile of town  
Till he looked back again,  
And saw her father and seven bretherens  
Come tripling over the plain.

"Sit you down, fair Ellender," he said;  
"And hold this steed by the rein,  
Till I play awhile with your father  
And your seven bretherens."

Fair Ellender she sat still;  
It wasn't long till she saw  
Her own dear seven bretherens  
All wallowing in their blood.

Fair Ellender she sat still;  
She never changed a note,  
Till she saw her own dear father's head  
Come tumbling by her foot.

Saying, "Love runs free in every vein  
But father you have no more;  
If you're not satisfied with this,  
I wish you were in your mother's chamber  
And me <sup>1</sup> in some house or room."

"If I was in my mother's chamber,  
You'd be welcome there;  
I'll wind you east, I'll wind you west,  
I'll wind along with you."

He mound her on a milk-white steed,  
He rode the dapple gray,  
He swung a bugle all round about his neck,  
And so went bleeding away.

As he rode up to his father's gate,  
He tinkled at the ring,  
Saying, "O dear father, asleep or awake,  
Arise and let me in."

<sup>1</sup> Another accusative absolute.



"O sister, sister! make my bed;  
 My wounds are very sore."  
 Saying, "O dear mother! oh, bind up my head,  
 For me you'll bind no more."

It was about three hours till day  
 The cocks began to crow;  
 From every wound that he received  
 His heart blood began to flow.

Sweet William he died like it might be to-day;  
 Fair Ellender to-morrow;  
 Sweet William died for the wounds he received;  
 Fair Ellen died for sorrow.

Fair Ellender was buried by the church door;  
 Sweet William was buried by her;  
 And out of her breast sprung a blood red rose,  
 And out of his a briar.

They grewed, they grewed to the top of the church,  
 Till they could grow no higher,  
 And there they tied a true lover's knot,  
 And the rose ran round the briar.

#### 9. LADY MARGET (Child, 74).<sup>1</sup>

(From North Carolina; mountain whites; MS. lent E. N. Caldwell; 1913.)

Sweet William arose one morning in May  
 And dressed himself in blue,  
 "Pray, tell me all about that long, long love  
 Betwixt Lady Marget and you."

"It's I know nothing of Lady Marget,  
 And she knew nothing of me.  
 To-morrow morning at eight o'clock  
 Lady Marget my bride shall see."

As she was a-standing in her bower room,  
 A-combing back her hair,  
 She saw sweet William and his brown broughten bride  
 As they drew near to her.

Back she threw her ivory comb,  
 And back she threw her hair;  
 Then she ran to her bed-chamber  
 Nevermore to appear.

That very same night when they were all in the bed,  
 When they were all in the bed asleep,  
 Lady Marget rose, stood all alone  
 At sweet William's bed feet.

<sup>1</sup> Compare this *Journal*, vol. xix, p. 281; vol. xxiii, p. 381.

“And how do you like your bed, sweet William,  
And how do you like your sheet?  
Or how do you like your brown broughten bride  
That lies in your arms asleep?”

Very well, very well, I like my bed;  
Very well I like my sheet;  
Ten thousand times better I like the lady gay  
That stands at my bed feet.

Sweet William arose; stood all alone,  
And tingled at the ring;  
There's none so ready but her seven brothers all  
To rise and let him in.

“Oh, where is Lady Marget?” he says;  
“Oh, where is Lady Marget?” he cries.  
“Lady Marget is the girl I always did adore,  
And she stole my heart away.

“Is she in her bower room  
Or is she in her hall?  
Or is she in her bed-chamber  
Amongst her merry maids all?”

“She is not in her bower room,  
Nor neither in her hall;  
But she is in her cold, cold coffin,  
Her pale face towards the wall.

And down he pulled the milk-white sheets  
That were made of satin so fine:  
“Ten thousand times you have kissed my lips,  
And now, love, I'll kiss thine.”

Three times he kissed her snowy white breast;  
Three times he kissed her cheeks;  
But when he kissed her cold clay lips,  
His heart was broke within.

“What will you have at Lady Marget's burying?  
Will you have bread and wine?  
To-morrow morning at eight o'clock  
The same will be had at mine.”

They buried Lady Marget at the church door  
And buried sweet William by her;  
Out of Lady Marget's grave sprung a green, green rose,  
Out of sweet William's a briar.

They grew and grew to the top of the church  
And they could grow no higher.  
And they tied a true love's knot  
And lived and died together.

IO. WILEY BOLIN.<sup>1</sup>

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; recitation of F. Le Tellier; 1907.)

Wiley Bolin had a good ole mare,

Hurrah!

Wiley Bolin had a good ole mare,

Hurrah!

Eyes knocked out en sides caved in,

Hurrah!

"A durn good mare!" said Wiley Bolin,

Hurrah!

He rode her up to Miss Malvern's house,

Hurrah!

He rode her up to Miss Malvern's house,

Hurrah!

En they bowed en scraped, en welcomed him in,

Hurrah!

"I've come to marry!" said Wiley Bolin,

Hurrah!

"Which one uv my daughters do you love best?"

Hurrah!

"Take your selection among the rest,"

Hurrah!

"I'll marry one fer love, en I'll marry one fer kin;"

Hurrah!

"So I'll marry 'em both," said Wiley Bolin,

Hurrah!

After the ball the floor's swept clean,

Hurrah!

After the ball the floor's swept clean,

Hurrah!

The bed wus spread en the kiver wus thin,

Hurrah!

"I'll sleep in the middle," said Wiley Bolin,

Hurrah!

II. THE SEA-CAPTAIN (cf. Child, 267).<sup>2</sup>

(From North Carolina; mountain whites; MS. given E. N. Caldwell; 1913.)

There was a sea captain lately come to shore,

His ragged apparel like one that was poor.

"What news, what news, dear Johnny, what news have you brought to me?"

"It's bad news, madam, I have brought to thee.

"Our ship had a broken voyage and all was lost," said he;

"And all the rest of our merry men got drowned at sea.

<sup>1</sup> Compare Child, No. 39; Eckenstein, p. 52; and Chambers, p. 33; see also Harvard College Library, 25254.10.5.<sup>2</sup> Compare this Journal, vol. xxv, p. 7.



"Call down your daughter Polly, and set her down by me;  
We'll drink and drown all sorrow, and married we will be."

"My daughter Polly's busy and cannot come to thee,  
And neither can I trust you for one bowl or three."

Then poor Johnny smiled and hung down his head.  
"Go light the candle and show me the bed."

"My green beds are all full and have been this week,  
And therefore poor Johnny his lodging may seek."

"Pray, tell me what I owe you, and that I will pay;  
Pray, tell me what I owe you, and without delay."

"Here's fifty of the new score and something of the old."  
Then poor Johnny pulled out both hands full of gold.

When the old hag saw the money, then she began to rue;  
Said, "Come back, dear Johnny, I have not done with you.

"If you were in earnest, I was only in a jest;  
Upon my reputation I love you the best.

"For my green beds are all empty and have been for a week,  
For you and my daughter Polly to take a pleasant sleep."

"No, I won't lie in your green beds, I'd rather lie in the street;  
For when I had no money, out of doors I was kicked.

"Now I've got money plenty, I'll make the tavern roar;  
With ale and beer and brandy I'll drink about galore."

## 12. SANDY.<sup>1</sup>

(From Kentucky; recitation of Miss Mary Kahn; 1913.)

The moon had climbed the highest hill that rises o'er the source of Dee,  
And from the eastern summit shed its silvery light o'er land and sea.

And Mary laid her down to sleep, her thoughts of Sandy far at sea,  
When soft and low a voice she heard, saying, "Mary, weep no more for me."

She from her pillow gently raised her head to ask who there might be,  
And saw young Sandy shivering stand, with pallid cheek and hollow eye.

"O Mary, dear! cold is my clay, that sleeps beneath the raging sea;"  
And soft and low a voice she heard, saying, "Mary, weep no more for me.

"Three days and nights we strove to save our little bark upon the sea,  
But all our striving was in vain; so, Mary, weep no more for me."

Loud struck the clock, the shadow fled; no more of Sandy could she see;  
But soft and low a voice she heard, saying, "Mary, weep no more for me."

<sup>1</sup> A well-preserved version of an old Scottish song. Contrast the flavor of this with material of non-literary origin, — say, with "Franky" of this collection.

## 13. THERE WAS AN OLD MAN.

(From Kentucky; MS. of Miss Kahn; 1913.)

There was an old man came over the Dee;  
 Ha! ha! ha! but I won't have him!  
 Came over the Dee, a-courting me,  
 With his old beard so newly shaven.

My mother she told me to open the door;  
 I opened the door and he bowed to the floor.

My mother she told me to hang up his hat;  
 I hung up his hat and he grinned like a cat.

My mother she told me to give him a stool;  
 I gave him a stool and he looked like a fool.

My mother she told me to give him some fish;  
 I gave him some fish and he ate up the dish.

My mother she told me to give him some pie;  
 I gave him some pie and he cried "Oh, my!"

My mother she told me to lead him to church;  
 I led him to church but I left him in the lurch.

## 14. SOLDIER, WON'T YOU MARRY ME?

(From Virginia; country whites; singing of Miss N. B. Graham; 1913.)

CHORUS.

The musical notation consists of four staves of music in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The first staff begins with the word 'CHORUS.' and contains the first line of the melody. The second staff ends with the word 'Fine.' and contains the second line of the melody. The third staff contains the third line of the melody. The fourth staff begins with the word 'D.C. Chorus.' and contains the fourth line of the melody, which repeats the first line.

Fine.

D.C. Chorus.

"Soldier, won't you marry me with your fife and drum?"  
 "Oh, no! my pretty little miss; I have no coat to put on."  
 Then away she ran to the tailor's shop as fast as she could run,  
 And bought the finest coat in town for the soldier-boy to put on.

"Now, soldier, won't you," etc. (*with each article of clothing*)

"Now, soldier, won't you marry me with your fife and drum?"  
 "Oh, no! my pretty little miss! I have a wife at home."

15. OLD SMOKY.

(From North Carolina; mountain whites; MS. written for E. N. Caldwell; 1913.)

On the top of old Smoky all covered in snow  
I lost my true lover by sparking too slow.<sup>1</sup>

Sparking is a pleasure, parting is a grief,  
And a false hearted is worse than a thief.

A thief will only rob you, will take what you have,  
And a false-hearted lover will take you to the grave.

The grave will only decay you, turn you to dust;  
There's not one boy in a hundred a poor girl can trust.

They will tell you they love you to give your heart ease,  
And as soon as your back's upon them they'll court who they please.

"It's a raining, it's a hailing; that moon gives no light;  
Your horses can't travel this dark lonesome night.

"Go put up your horses, feed them some hay;  
Come and set down here by me, love, as long as you stay."

"My horses are not hungry, they won't eat your hay:  
So farewell, my little darling! I'll feed on my way.

"I will drive on to Georgia, write you my mind;  
My mind is to marry, love, and leave you behind.

"Your parents is against me; mine is the same;  
If I'm down on your book, love, please rub off my name."

"I go upon old Smoky on the mountain so high,  
Where the wild birds and the turtle-dove can hear my sad cry."

"As sure as the dew drops grows on the green corn,  
Last night I were with her, but to-night she is gone."

16. I'M GOING TO GEORGIA.

(From North Carolina; mountain whites; MS. lent E. N. Caldwell; 1913.)

Once I loved a young man as dear as my life,  
And he oftentimes would promise to make me his wife.

*Refrain.*

I'm going to Georgia, I'm going to roam,  
I'm going to Georgia to make it my home.

His promises fulfilled and he made me his wife,<sup>2</sup>  
So you see what I have come to by believing his lies.

<sup>1</sup> Compare this Journal, vol. xx, p. 273.

<sup>2</sup> The vowel in this word is pronounced like that in "lies," so that there is perfect  
assonance.



Come, all ye fair ladies, take warning by me:  
Never cast your affections on a green growing tree;

For the leaves may wither and the flowers may die;  
Some young man may fool you as one has fooled I.

For they'll hug you and kiss you and tell you more lies  
Than cross-ties on the railroad or stars in the skies.

### 17. THE SILK MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER.<sup>1</sup>

(From North Carolina; mountain whites; MS. given E. N. Caldwell; 1913.)

There was a rich gentleman in London did right,  
Had one lovely daughter her beauty shined bright.  
She loved a porter, and to prevent the day  
Of marriage they sent this poor young man away.

Oh, now he has gone for to serve his king  
It grieves this lady to think of the thing.  
She dressed herself up in rich merchant's shape;  
She wandered away her true-love for to seek.  
As she was travelling one day almost night  
A couple of Indians appeared in her sight.<sup>2</sup>

And as they drew nigh her, oh, this they did say:  
"Now we're resolved to take your life away."  
She had nothing by her but a sword to defend;  
These barbarous Indians murder intend.

But in the contest one of them she did kill,  
Which caused the other for to leave the hill.  
As she was a-sailing over the tide  
She spied a city down by the seaside.

She saw her dear porter a-walking the street;  
She made it her business her true love to meet.  
"How do, you do, sir? where do you belong?"  
"I'm a-hunting a diamond, and I must be gone."

He says, "I'm no sailor; but if you want a man,  
For my passage over I'll do all I can."  
Then straightway they both went on board.  
Says the captain to the young man, "What did you do with your sword?"  
On account of long travel on him she did gaze.  
"Once by my sword my sweet life I did save."

Then straightway to London their ship it did steer;  
Such utter destruction to us did appear;  
It was all out on main sea to our discontent,  
Our ship sprung a leak and to the bottom she went.

<sup>1</sup> A version of the broadside "Jackass" (cf. this *Journal*, vol. xx, p. 269).

<sup>2</sup> Does this represent an American accretion?

There was four and twenty of us all contained in one boat;  
Our provision gave out and our allowance grew short;  
Our provisions gave out, and, death drawing nigh,  
Says the captain, "Let's cast lots for to see who shall die."

Then down on a paper each man's name was wrote;  
Each man ran his venture, each man had his note.  
Amongst this whole ship's crew this maid's was the least;  
It was her lot to die for to feed all the rest.

Now, says the captain, "Let's cast lots and see  
Amongst the ship's crew who the butcher will be."  
It's the hardest of fortune you ever did hear:  
This maid to be killed by the young man, her dear.

He called for a basin for to catch the blood  
While this fair lady a-trembling stood,  
Saying, "Lord have mercy on me how my poor heart do bleed  
To think I must die hungry men for to feed."

Then he called for a knife his business to do;  
She says, "Hold your hand for a minute or two.  
A silk merchant's daughter in London I be.  
Pray, see what I've come to by loving of thee."

Then she shewed a ring betwixt them was broke.  
Knowing the ring, with a sigh then he spoke:  
"For the thoughts of your dying my poor heart will burst;  
For the hopes of your long life, love, I will die first."

Says the captain, "If you love her, you'll make her amend,  
But the fewest of number will die for a friend.  
So quicken the business and let it be done."  
But while they were speaking, they all heard a gun.

Says the captain, "You may now all hold your hand;  
We all hear a gun; we are near ship or land."  
In about half an hour to us did appear  
A ship bound for London which did our hearts cheer.

It carried us safe over and us safe conveyed;  
And then they got married this young man and maid.

#### 18. WHEN I BECAME A ROVER.

(From North Carolina; mountain whites; MS. given E. N. Caldwell; 1913.)

When I became a rover, it grieved my heart most sore  
To leave my aged parents to never see them more.

My parents did treat me tenderly, they had no child but me;  
But my mind was bent on roving; with them I couldn't agree.

There was a noble gentleman in yonder town drew nigh;  
He had one only daughter; on her I cast my eye.

She was young and tall and handsome, most beautiful and fair;  
There wasn't a girl in that whole town with her I could compare.

I told her my intention, it was to cross the main.  
It's, "Love, will you prove faithful till I return again?"

She said she would prove faithful till death did prove unkind;  
We kissed, shook hands, and parted; I left my girl behind.

It's when I left old Ireland to Scotland I was bound;  
I'll march from Zion to me to view the country round.

The girls were fair and plenty there, and all to me proved kind;  
But the dearest object of my heart was the girl I left behind.

I walked out one evening all down the George's square;  
The mail-coach ship had just arose when the post-boy met me there.

He handed me a letter that gave me to understand  
That the girl I left behind me had wedded to another man.

I advanced a little further; I found the news quite true;  
I turned myself all round and about; I knew not what to do.

I'll serve my trade; I'll give my woe;<sup>1</sup> bad company I'll resign;  
I'll rove around from town to town for the girl I left behind.

#### 19. WILLIAM TAYLOR.<sup>2</sup>

(From North Carolina; mountain whites; MS. lent E. N. Caldwell; 1913.)

Oh, William was a youthful lover,  
Full of youth and wealth and heir;  
And first his love he could discover  
Was on a charming lady fair.

Samuel knowing nothing of Billy's doings  
Till Billy gained in great success;  
And Samuel swore he'd be Billy's ruin;  
He'd deprive him of all happiness.

The day was set for to get married,  
And dressed he was and all ready.  
Instead of Billy's getting married,  
Pressed he was and sent to sea.

Oh, must I live on bread and water  
Till his fair face I see again?  
She dressed herself in the sailor's jacket,  
And then on sea she did go.

Her little fingers both slim and slender  
With kitchen fare must all be stained.

. . . . .  
. . . . .

<sup>1</sup> Another version of this apparent broadside, also furnished by Mr. Caldwell, reads here, "I'll bear my woes."

<sup>2</sup> Compare this *Journal*, vol. xxii, p. 380.



Out on sea there rose a dreadful screaming,  
And her<sup>1</sup> being among the rest,  
A silver button flew off her jacket,  
And a sailor spied her snowy white breast.

It's, "O pretty miss! what is the matter?  
Oh, what misfortune's brought you here?"  
"I'm on pursuit of my own true lovyer  
Sailed away the other year."

"If you're on pursuit of your own true lovyer,  
Pray, tell to me what is his name."

"His name it be one William Taylor,  
Pressed he was from the Isle of Graham."

"If his name be William Taylor,  
Very like I know the man;  
If you'll rise up early in the morning,  
You'll see him a-walking down the strand."

She arose early the next morning,  
Just about the break of day,  
And there she spied her own love William Taylor  
Come walking with his lady gay.

"If that be my William Taylor,"  
She cried, "alas! what shall I do?"  
She wrung her lily white hands  
And over bow her body threw.

This lady died for William Taylor;  
The watery main it was her grave.  
The whole ship's crew they tried to save her,  
But all they strived it was in vain.

## 20. THE DAMSEL DISGUISED.<sup>2</sup>

(From North Carolina; mountain whites; MS. lent E. N. Caldwell; 1913.)

Come, all you fair ladies that's linked in Cupid's chain;  
I'll tell you of a damsel a-sporting on the plain.  
It was her and her dear Billy that used to sport and play,  
And the press-gang followed after and pressed her love away.

With bitter screams and crying she ran and tore her hair.  
She said, "I'll go distracted for losing of my dear."  
She wished the wars might kill them that pressed her love away,  
And would leave their bodies sinking forever in the sea.

Then straightway she went home and dressed like any duke with a star  
upon her breast.

She swore she'd kill the Captain if he her miss list.<sup>3</sup>  
The officers stood a-gazing this noble duke to see,  
To think he was a-coming there commander for to be.

<sup>1</sup> Accusative absolute.

<sup>2</sup> Compare this Journal, vol. xxiv, p. 338, for a broadside something like this.

<sup>3</sup> MS. reads thus, evidently for "mislest," given as a dialectic form of "molest."

Now, straightway she walked up, took this young man by the hand,  
 Saying, "You are my prisoner, and you I'll command;  
 You robbed me of my treasure; I'll try you for your life."  
 "I never robbed a man," says he, "a man in all my life."

Hand in hand they walked on till they came to a shade;  
 Then she began to ask him if he knew such<sup>1</sup> a maid.  
 His eyes they overflowed with tears a-hearing of her name.  
 "Hold your tongue, my dear!" she said, "for I'm the very same."

Then into his love's arms like lightning he did fly:  
 "Oh, my dearest jewel, how could you all this do?  
 How could you venture your sweet life to cross the raging sea?"  
 "I ventured life for fortune this young man's wife to be."

## 21. THE PRENTICE BOY.<sup>2</sup>

(From North Carolina; mountain whites; MS. given E. N. Caldwell; 1913.)

When I was brought up in Ireland to a note of high degree,  
 My parents they adored me; no other child but me.  
 I raked and rambled over, just as my fancies led;  
 At length I came a prentice boy; my joys they soon all fled.

My mistress and my master they didn't use me well;  
 I formed a resolution not long with them to dwell.  
 Unbeknown to friends and parents, from them I stole away;  
 I steered my course to Dublin, so bitter be that day!

I hadn't been in Dublin more than weeks two or three,  
 Before my worthy mistress grew very fond of me.  
 And "Here's my gold and silver, my horses and free land;  
 If you'll consent to marry me, it's all at your command."

It's, "Oh, my worthy mistress, I cannot wed you now,  
 For I'm promised to pretty Polly, besides a solemn vow;  
 I'm promised to pretty Polly and bounded in an oath;  
 I'm promised to pretty Polly and I cannot wed you both."

I stepped out one morning to take the pleasant air;  
 My mistress in the garden a-viewing sweet flowers there;  
 The rings that's on her fingers as she came passing by  
 She dropped into my pocket and for them I must die.

My mistress swore against me, and she had me brought  
 Before the cruel justice to answer for that fault.  
 My mistress swore I robbed her, which lodged me into jail.  
 That's been the provocation of my sad overthrow.

Come, all you bystanders, don't laugh nor frown on me,  
 For I have plead not guilty, you all may plainly see.  
 Here's adieu to pretty Polly! I died a-loving thee.

<sup>1</sup> That is, a certain maid.

<sup>2</sup> Evidently a broadside reworking of the Potiphar's wife theme. See "The Sheffield Apprentice," in Harvard College Library 25254.12.10.

22. POLLY.<sup>1</sup>

(From North Carolina; mountain whites; MS. lent E. N. Caldwell; 1913.)

I am a man of honour and from Virginia came;  
I courted a fair damsel, and Polly was her name.

I gained her affection so plainly did show,  
And her self-conceited brother, he proved her overthrow.

Her brother being absent, as we do understand,  
"O sister! don't you have him; he's neither house nor land.

"Sister, don't you have him; here's one handsome gown;  
Two more I will give to you, the best in Campbell<sup>2</sup> town."

It filled her heart with sorrow; she stepped aside to cry,  
"If I had all the silks and satins that ever crossed the sea,  
Freely would I give it all if my friends could all agree."

Then to meet with lovely Polly I travelled day and night,  
Hoping when I met with her it was to take delight.

When I met with her it was my sad surprise  
How the tears were falling from her most charming eyes.

"What's the matter, Polly, what makes you look so sad?  
Have I give you any reasons to cause you to be mad?

"If I gave you any reason, love, it ne'er was my intent.  
Pray, tell to me, dear Polly, what makes you so lament.

"You've altered your mind, love, as I do understand,  
For a three gown pattern<sup>3</sup> and but one of them in hand.

"You've altered your mind, love, and has [have?] a mind to rue;<sup>4</sup>  
I hope I'll find some other girl I love as well as you.

"Love is a thing, my dear, that can't be bought nor sold.  
Love's been more dear to me than ten thousand pounds of gold."

23. YOUNG EDWARDS.

(From North Carolina; mountain whites; MS. lent E. N. Caldwell; 1913.)

I am a dying soldier lying near the battle field,  
My comrades gathering round me down by my side to kneel.

To gaze upon young Edwards, who raised a drooping head,  
Saying, "Who will care for mother when her soldier boy is dead?"

Go tell my old father in death I prayed for him  
That we might meet in a world that's freed from [death and] sin.

<sup>1</sup> A ballad of the broadside type, apparently of American manufacture.

<sup>2</sup> A town in Albemarle County.

<sup>3</sup> That is, "for the makings of three gowns." A "boat pattern" is lumber enough to make a boat.

<sup>4</sup> That is, to swap back again, as in a trading of knives.



I am my father's only son, my mother's only joy;  
She weeps the tears of angels for her dying soldier boy.

Go tell my little sister for me she must not weep,  
Here no more by her fireside take her on my [knee?]

Nor sing them little songs to her she used to hear me sing,  
For her brother's lying bleeding at the battle of Mill Springs.

I am my father's only son to comfort his old age,  
My heart is like a captured bird a-fluttering in its cage.

But when I heard my name was called for a soldier to be,  
I voted for the Union and for its liberty.

Now, listen, comrades, listen, of the girl I speak of now!  
[Line missing.]

But little does she care for me: she walks along and sings,  
And her true-love lying bleeding at the battle of Mill Springs.

Many a thousand soldier who raised a drooping head  
To gaze upon young Edwards, who prayed before he died.<sup>1</sup>

The stars and stripes he kissed them and layed them by his side:  
"Here's three cheers for the Union!" and he dropped his head and died.

#### 24. COLONEL SHARP.<sup>2</sup>

(From North Carolina; mountain whites; MS. given E. N. Caldwell; 1913.)

Gentlemen and Ladies, I pray you lend an ear;  
A very sad story you now shall quickly hear;  
It was of a bold young lawyer lived in Kentucky state  
Who on his own true lover with patience he did wait.

<sup>1</sup> "Ere the soldier boy was dead"?

<sup>2</sup> The killing on which this ballad is based occurred in Frankfort in 1824. It became the basis of widely spread ballads. To students of American literature the affair is of interest, in that it was the basis of Poe's fragmentary tragedy *Politian*, Hoffman's *Greyslaer*, and of some four or five other pieces of American literature. Jereboam O. Beauchamp, a young student of law living in Glasgow, Ky., learned from a fellow-student that Col. Sol. P. Sharp, under whom Beauchamp expected to study law, had been guilty of seducing Miss Ann Cook. He conceived at once a contempt for Sharp, and through sympathy for the girl sought her acquaintance. He soon fell in love with Miss Cook, and asked her to marry him. She made one condition, that he kill Sharp. He agreed to the condition, and tried to make Sharp fight. Sharp refused and kept out of Beauchamp's way. Beauchamp made all his neighbors believe that he and his wife (the two had married in the mean time) were going to move to Missouri. He arranged that just before his proposed departure urgent business should take him to Frankfort, where Sharp held the position of attorney-general. Beauchamp, having disguised himself as a negro, called Sharp out of his home at night and killed him. He then sunk his disguise in the river, and, having put on his own clothes again, slipped back into his hotel. On the next day he returned to his home; but he was suspected, arrested, and convicted. He and his wife both tried to commit suicide by drinking poison. The wife died of the poison one hour after the husband was executed for his deed. While in prison, Beauchamp wrote at length a Confession, which is occasionally seen even now for sale.

She told him she would marry him if he would avenge her heart  
Of injury had been done her by one said Colonel Sharpe,  
She said he had reduced her and brought her spirits low  
"And without some satisfaction no pleasures can I know."

It's "Oh, my dearest Jewel, that's pleasant talk to me.  
To kill the man who injured you I really do feel free;  
For I never could expect you for to become my wife  
Until I did attack him and surely take his life."

He had made some preparations and on to Frankfort went;  
To kill this noble Colonel it was his whole intent.  
He took him out to one side and gave to him a knife.  
He said, "I cannot fight you if this lady be your wife."

He went down to Frankfort all on the very next day.  
He hunted Frankfort over, and Sharpe had gone away.  
He turned to his lover and told her what he'd done,  
And both agreed within themselves they'd let him longer run.

She made a mask of black silk and put it on his head;  
So they might think he was some negro as he ran from the bed.  
He slipped along most secretly till he came to Colonel Sharpe;  
Called him from his bed chamber and stabbed him to his heart.

And then this Colonel's friends they all came flocking round.  
. . . . .

And wasn't it most sorrowful to see him bleed and die,  
And leave his little children and his poor wife to cry?

And then his dearest lover turned to his loving wife,  
Says, "Oh, my dearest Jewel, I've took that Colonel's life.  
And now we will prepare ourselves and to Missouri run,<sup>1</sup>  
And I hope we'll be more happier than when we first begun."

She said, "Oh, my dearest Jewel, just do as you please;  
You've took me out of trouble and set me at my ease."  
This couple was followed after and back was fetched again.  
He was tried by judge and jury, and guilty he was found.  
They carried him to the jail house and in it he was bound.

Then he called for pen and ink to write all around,  
"I want this whole world to know what I have done:  
I've killed this noble Colonel that injured my poor wife  
And always will protect her as long as I have life.

"My dear old father, don't you trouble me;  
And my dear old mother, don't grieve nor cry for me;  
For the laws of old Kentucky say I must shortly die  
And leave my little brothers and sisters here to cry."

<sup>1</sup> The trip to Missouri was planned before the murder.

Then he says, "Oh, my dearest Jewel, come stay awhile with me,  
For I shortly must leave you to go to eternity.  
May the heavens bless you while here on earth you stay,  
And all my friends protect you and help you on your way."

She says, "My dearest Jewel, I'll stay awhile with you;  
The reasons of your troubles were all becaused by me."  
She says, "I will stay with you while here on earth you stay,  
And when you're persecuted lie with you in the clay."

She ground her penknife, she ground it keen and sharp;  
While he was talking to her she stabbed it to her heart;  
She gave it to her own true-love, he undertook the same;  
The very second blow he made she stopped it with her hand.

Perhaps there's some one here who'd wish to know their names.  
It was Andy Bowens Beecher and Andy Cooker's dame.  
And wasn't it surprising that they behaved so brave,  
And in each other's bosom lay mouldering in the grave?  
Was ever a transaction that caused so much blood  
Was ever a true-hearted man more constant to his love?

## 25. PEARL BRYN.<sup>1</sup>

(From North Carolina; mountain whites; MS. lent E. N. Caldwell; 1913.)

Down, down in yonder valley where the flowers fade and bloom,  
Our own Pearl Bryn is sleeping in her cold and silent tomb.  
She did not die broken hearted nor from lingering illness fell,  
But in one instant parted from a home she loved so well.

One night when the moon shone brightly and the stars were shining too,  
When up to her cottage window her jealous lover drew.  
"Come, Pearl, and let us wander in the valley deep and gay;  
Come, love, and let us ponder upon our wedding day."

Deep, deep into the valley he led his love so dear;  
Says she, "'Tis for you only that I have wandered here;  
The way seems dark and dreary, and I'm afraid to stay;  
Besides, I'm worn and weary and would retrace my way."

"Retrace your way? No, never! These woods you'll roam no more;  
No one on earth can save you; Pearl Bryn, you now must die."  
Down on her knees before him she pleaded for her life;  
Deep, deep into her bosom he plunged the fatal knife.

"What have I done, Scot Jackson, that you should take my life?  
I always loved you dearly and would have been your wife.  
Farewell, my loving parents, you'll see my face no more;  
Long, long you'll wait my coming at the little cottage door.

"Farewell, my darling sisters, my peaceful happy home!  
Farewell, my dear old schoolmates, with you no more I'll roam!"

<sup>1</sup> Compare this *Journal*, vol. xx, p. 264.



When birds were sweetly singing their bright and joyous songs  
They found Pearl Bryn's body on the cold and silent ground.<sup>1</sup>

26. SPRINGFIELD MOUNTAIN.<sup>2</sup>

(From Kentucky; mountain whites; MS. of Miss Sanders; 1912.)

Johnny Ray went out one day  
Into the meadow for to mow some hay.

Mowed round and round and at last did feel  
A pizen serpent bite his heel.

"Oh, Johnny dear, why did you go  
Into the meadow that hay for to mow?"

"Oh, Mary dear, I thought you knowed  
Daddy's hay had to be mowed."

At last he died; gave up the ghost;  
And on to Abraham's bosom did coast,

Crying, crying, as he went,  
"Cruel, cruel sar-pi-ent!"

27. JOHNNY'S SO LONG AT THE FAIR.<sup>3</sup>

(From Mississippi; country whites; recitation of Mrs. Brown; 1909.)

Oh, dear! what can the matter be? (*twice*)  
Johnny's so long at the fair.  
He promised to bring me a basket of roses,  
A basket of pinks, and a basket of posies,  
A little straw hat, and a bunch of blue ribbon  
To tie up my bonny brown hair.

Oh, dear! what can the matter be? (*twice*)  
Johnny's so long at the fair.  
He promised to bring me a ring and a locket,  
A few little things to put in my pocket,  
A little fur cap, and a bunch of blue ribbon  
To tie up my bonny brown hair.

28. FORSAKEN.

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of Miss Kent; 1909.)

My Willie is a good boy, a good boy is he;  
How often he's told me how constant he'd be!  
He's out on the water; he'll sink or he'll swim;  
If he can live without me, I can live without him.  
I'll pull off my grey dress, I'll put on my green;  
If I am forsaken, I'm only sixteen!

<sup>1</sup> Another version of this wide-spread song from Rush Run, W. Va., gives to the girl the name Loretta, and to the boy Willie.

<sup>2</sup> Compare this Journal, vol. xii, p. 242; vol. xiii, pp. 107, 295.

<sup>3</sup> Compare Mother Goose's Book (London, 1910), p. 30.

Forsaken, forsaken, forsaken by one!  
 Poor fool, he's mistaken, if he thinks I will mourn.  
 I'll tell him I love him, to give his heart ease;  
 And then when his back's turned, I'll love who I please.

Green leaves they will wither, and branches decay,  
 And the promise of a young man will soon fade away.  
 Oh, I can live likely! oh, I can live long!  
 I can love an old sweetheart till a new one comes along.<sup>1</sup>

### 29. THE ORPHAN GIRL.<sup>2</sup>

(From North Carolina; mountain whites; MS. lent E. N. Caldwell; 1913.)

"No home, no home!" pretty <sup>3</sup> little girl at the door of a princely hall,  
 As she trembling stood on the polished steps and leaned on the marble wall.  
 It was dark and cold and the snow fell fast and the rich man shut his door,  
 As his proud face frowned and he scornfully said, "No room, no room for  
 the poor."

"I must freeze," she said, as she sunk on the porch and strove to wrap her  
 feet

With her tattered dress all covered with snow, all covered with snow and  
 sleet.

Her clothing was thin, and her feet were bare, but the snow had covered  
 her head.

"Give me a home," she mournfully cried, "a home and a piece of bread.

"My father, alas! I never knew," as the tears bedim her eyes;<sup>4</sup>

"My mother sleeps in a new-made grave; I'm an orphan, a beggar to-night."

The rich man slept on his velvet couch and dreamed of his silver and gold.

And the poor little girl in her bed of snow murmured, "So cold, so cold!"

The night it passed like a midnight charm, tolled out like a funeral knell.

This earth was wrapped in a winding sheet; the drifting snow still fell.

The night it passed and morning drew, still laid at the rich man's door,<sup>5</sup>

But her soul had fled to a home above where there's room and bread for  
 the poor.

### 30. THE BLIND CHILD'S PRAYER.<sup>6</sup>

A.

(From North Carolina; mountain whites; MS. written for E. N. Caldwell; 1913.)

"They tell me, father, that to-night you wed another bride;

That you will clasp her in your arms, where my dear mother died.

<sup>1</sup> With this sentiment compare this *Journal*, vol. xx, p. 269.

<sup>2</sup> Evidently the work of the minstrel. Most probably a song from the world of print that, by reason of its obvious pathos, found a place in the repertoire of the folk. I have another version from Clay County, Kentucky.

<sup>3</sup> Kentucky MS, "Plead a little girl."

<sup>4</sup> Kentucky MS, "With the tears so bright in her eyes." Read "in her eyes so bright."

<sup>5</sup> Kentucky MS., "Morning dawns on the little girl as she lay at the rich man's door."

<sup>6</sup> This is evidently the work of a literary hand. Such songs are often taken over into the possession of folk.

"Her picture's hanging on the wall; her books are lying near;  
And there's the harp her fingers touched, and there's her vacant chair.

"The chair where by her side I've knelt to say her evening prayer;  
Please, father, do not bid me come, for I could not meet her there.

"But when I've cried myself to sleep, as now I often do,  
Then softly to my chamber creep<sup>1</sup> my new mamma and you.

"Then bid her gently press a kiss upon my throbbing brow,  
Just as my own dear mother would. Why, papa, you're weeping now!

"Now let me kneel down by your side and to the Savior pray  
That God's right hand may guide you both through life's long weary way."

The prayer was murmured, and she said, "I'm growing weary now."  
He gently raised her in his arms and laid her on the bed.

Then as he turned to leave the room, one joyful cry was given.  
He turned and caught the last sweet smile; his blind child was in heaven.

They lay her by her mother's side and raised a marble fair,  
And on it engraved these simple words, "There'll be no blind ones there."

B.<sup>2</sup>

(From Kentucky; mountain whites; MS. taken by E. N. Caldwell from a mountain  
banjo-picker's singing; 1913.)

They say her name is Mary too, the name my mother wore,  
Nor will she prove so kind and true as the one you loved before.

Is her step so soft and low, her voice so sweet and mild?  
And do you think she loves me too, your blind and helpless child?

And, father, do not bid me come [to greet your new-made bride];  
I could not meet her in the room [where] my dear mother died.

Her picture's hanging on the walls, her robes are lying there;  
There is the harp her fingers touched, there sits the vacant chair.

Close by her side when [= where?] I have [knelt] to say my evening prayer.  
O father! it would break my heart. I could not meet her there.

31. THE SHIP THAT NEVER RETURNED.<sup>3</sup>

(From North Carolina; mountain whites; MS. written for E. N. Caldwell; 1913.)

On a summer day when the waves were rippled  
By the softest gentlest breeze  
Did a ship set sail with a cargo laden  
For a port beyond the seas.

<sup>1</sup> Apparently a volitive subjunctive.

<sup>2</sup> The verses here, taken from a badly mangled form of this song, may be added to those of the North Carolina version.

<sup>3</sup> A song well known among the mountain folk of East Tennessee. See Harvard College Library 25241.29.



There were sweet farewells, there were loving signals,  
 While a form was yet discerned;  
 For they knew it not, 'twas a solemn parting,  
 For the ship she never returned.

*Refrain.*

Did she ever return? No, she never returned;  
 For her fate is yet unlearned,  
 Though for years and years there's been kind hearts watching  
 For the ship that never returned.

Said a feeble lad to his anxious mother,  
 "I must cross the wide, wide sea;  
 For they say perchance in a foreign climate  
 There is strength for me."

'Twas a gleam of hope in a maze of danger  
 Her poor heart for her youngest earned<sup>1</sup>  
 Yet she sent him forth with a smile and blessing  
 On the ship that never returned.

"Only one more trip," said a gallant seaman,  
 As he kissed his weeping wife  
 "Only one more bag of this golden treasure,  
 And it will last us all through life.

"Then I spend my days in my cosey cottage  
 And enjoy the rest I have earned;"  
 But alas, poor man! for he sailed commander  
 Of the ship that never returned.

### 32. A PACKAGE OF OLD LETTERS.<sup>2</sup>

(From North Carolina; mountain whites; MS. written for E. N. Caldwell; 1913.)

In a little rosewood casket that is resting on the stand  
 There's a package of old letters written by a cherished hand.

Will you go and bring them, sister, and read them all to-night;  
 I have often tried, but could not, for the tears would blind my sight.

Come up closer to me, sister, let me lean upon your breast;  
 For the tide of life is ebbing, and I fain would be at rest.

Bring the letters he has written, he whose voice I've often heard,  
 Read them over, love, distinctly, for I've cherished every word.

Tell him, sister, when you see him, that I never cease to love;  
 That I dying prayed to him in a better world above.

Tell him that I was supported, never word of censure spoke,  
 But his silence and his absence this poor heart have well-nigh broke.

<sup>1</sup> So spelled in the MS. Possibly Pistol's word.

<sup>2</sup> See Harvard College Library 25241.29.

Tell him that I watched his coming when the noontide sun was high,  
And when at eve the angels set their starlights in the sky.

But when I saw he came not, tell him that I did not chide,  
But I spoke in love about him and I blessed him when I died.

And when in death's white garment you have wrapped my form around,  
And have laid me down to slumber in the quiet churchyard ground,

Place these letters and the picture close beside my pulseless heart.  
We for years have been together, and in death we will not part.

I am ready now, my sister, you may read the letters o'er;  
I will listen to the words of him whom I shall see no more.

And ere you shall have finished should I calmly fall asleep, —  
Fall asleep in death and wake not, — dearest sister, do not weep.

### 33. BILLY GRIMES.

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of Miss Kent; 1909.)

To-morrow morn I'm sweet sixteen, and Billy Grimes, the drover,  
Has popped the question to me, Ma, and wants to be my lover.  
To-morrow [morn] he says, my Ma, he's coming here quite early,  
To take a pleasant walk with me across the field of barley.

"You must not go, my daughter dear, there is no use in talking.  
You shall not cross the field with Billy Grimes a-walking.  
To think of his presumption! the dirty, ugly drover!  
I wonder where your pride has gone to think of such a rover.

"Old Grimes is dead you know, my Ma, and Billy is so lonely;  
Besides they say of Grimes' estate that Billy is the only  
Surviving heir to all that's left, and that they say is nearly  
A good ten thousand dollars, Ma, about six hundred yearly.

I did not hear, my daughter dear, your last remark quite clearly,  
But Billy is a clever lad and no doubt loves you dearly;  
Remember, then, to-morrow morn, to be up bright and early,  
To take a pleasant walk with him across the field of barley.

### 34. BILL.

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of W. P. Bean; 1909.)

I'll tell you of a fellow, a fellow you have seen;  
He's neither blue nor yellow, but altogether green,  
He's altogether green, he's altogether green,  
He's neither blue nor yellow, but altogether green.

His name is not so charming; it's only common Bill;  
He wishes me to marry him, but I hardly think I will.  
I hardly think, etc.

He wrote me a letter, such a letter you have read;  
He said if I didn't marry him he thought 'twould kill him dead.  
He thought, etc.

And the Holy Bible says it is a sin to kill;  
 And since I've thought it over, I think I'll marry Bill.  
 I think, etc.

### 35. JOHNNY SANDS.<sup>1</sup>

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of Miss Kent; 1909.)

A man whose name was Johnny Sands  
 Had married Betsy Hage;  
 And though she brought him gold and lands,  
 She proved a mighty plague.

For oh! she was a scolding wife,  
 Full of caprice and whim;  
 She said that she was tired of life,  
 And that she was tired of him.

Said he, "I will drown myself;  
 The river runs below."  
 Said she, "Pray do, you silly elf;  
 I've wished it long ago."

"For fear that I might courage lack  
 And try to save my life,  
 Pray, tie my hands behind my back."  
 "I will," replied his wife.

She tied them fast as you may think,  
 And when securely done,  
 Says she, "Now stand upon the brink,  
 And I'll prepare to run."

Then down the hill his loving bride  
 Did run with all her force  
 To push him in: he stepped aside,  
 And she fell in, of course.

Then splashing, dashing like a fish,  
 "Oh, save me, Johnny Sands!"  
 "I can't, my dear, though much I wish,  
 For you have tied my hands."

### 36. THE BEAUTIFUL BOY.

(From Mississippi; country whites; recitation of Mrs. Brown; 1909.)

'Twas a cold winter's day about six in the mo'n,  
 That I, little innocent baby, was bo'n.  
 There wus doctor an' nurse an' a gret many more,  
 But none of them had seen such a baby before.

Some said I wus like my Mama-a;  
 "Yes; an' there is the nose uv Papa-a.  
 With a few alterations, oh, La-a,  
 We'll make him a beautiful boy.

<sup>1</sup> Compare this Journal, vol. xxv, p. 12; see also Harvard College Library 25254.10.5.



"To make him a beauty," spoke out Mrs. Speer,  
"We'll be troubled unless the child has a sweet leer."

Then, to give me this leer, Mrs. Glazier arose  
And a lump of red putty stuck bang on my nose  
To make me a beautiful boy.

Oh, it made me to wink and to blink, O!  
And the ladies knew not what to think, O!  
And at last it turned into this squint, O!  
To make me a beautiful boy.

37. O MY LAURA LEE!

A.

(From North Carolina; country whites; MS. of W. Lockhart; 1905.)

There's money in my pocket;  
Don't you hear it jingle?  
I'll never marry  
As long as you stay single.

O my Laura Lee!  
O my Laura Lee!  
O my Laura Lee, girl,  
Oh, do remember me!

I've been travellin' roun' this worl';  
I've travelled with the sun;  
If I can't marry the girl I love,  
I'll never marry nône.

I wish I had a ban' box  
To put my true-love in;  
I'd take her out an kiss twice  
An lay her back agin.

My rifle's on my shoulder;  
I'm bettin' on the yan;<sup>1</sup>  
I'm going to California  
To see my love agan.<sup>2</sup>

Rabbit in the lowlan',  
Playin' in the san'  
If he don't min' 'fore the sun goes down,  
I'll have him in my han'.

Hop rabbit! jump rabbit!  
Rabbit gone to mill.  
Rabbit spilt his co'n,  
Singing mountain hill.

<sup>1</sup> Dialectic form of "yon;" i.e., the things yonder.

<sup>2</sup> The next two stanzas are omitted as unprintable.

Never marry a widow,<sup>1</sup>  
 I'll tell you the reason why:  
 Her neck's so long an stringy  
 I'm afraid she'll never die.

## B.

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1908.)

I wouldn't marry a pore gal,  
 I'll tell you the reason why:  
 She'd blow her nose on a cornbread crust  
 En call it punkin pie.

## C.

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of Miss Reedy; 1909.)

I wouldn't marry a preacher,  
 I'll tell you the reason why:  
 He goes all over the country,  
 And eats all the chicken pie.

I wouldn't marry a widow,  
 I'll tell you the reason why:  
 She's got so many children,  
 They'd make the biscuits fly.

## D.

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Mr. Stokes; 1909.)

I wouldn't marry a yellow gal,  
 I'll tell you the reason why:  
 She's always sittin' on another man's lap  
 And telling her husband a lie.

## E.

(From Kentucky; country whites; recitation of R. E. Monroe; 1913.)

I wouldn't marry a school-teacher,  
 No, not a tall.  
 Sits on a stool, and acts like a fool;  
 I won't marry her a tall.

Apples in the summer-time,  
 Peaches in the fall,  
 I wouldn't marry a school-teacher,  
 No, not a tall.

I wouldn't marry a country girl,  
 No, not a tall.  
 Sits by the road and hops like a toad;  
 I won't marry her a tall.

## F.

(From Kentucky; country whites; recitation of G. Ragland; 1913.)

I wouldn't marry a country girl;  
 I'll tell you the reason why:

<sup>1</sup> A well-known sentiment (cf. this *Journal*, vol. xx, p. 247).

She combs her hair with a curry-comb,  
And that don't suit my eye.

I wouldn't marry a city girl;  
I'll tell you the reason why:  
Wants to spend every dollar that you get,  
And that don't suit my eye.

38. SWEET LILY.<sup>1</sup>

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; recitation of F. Le Tellier; 1913.)

My foot's in my stirrup; my bridle's in my han';  
I'm courtin' sweet Lily to marry her if I can.

The old folks don't like me; they say I'm too poor;  
They say I'm not worthy to knock at their door.

They say I drink liquor, but the money is my own,  
And those that don't like me can let me alone.

39. IDA RED.

A.

(From Kentucky; mountain whites; MS. of Mr. House; 1905.)

Ida Red, Ida Red,  
Everybody loves old Ida Red.

Went down to Ida's about half past ten;  
Took old Ida a glass of gin.

"Now, here, old Ida, drink this gin;  
And we won't be long making it up again."

I went down to Ida's about half past four;  
"Get up, old Ida, and open the door.

"Get up, old Ida, and don't be so slow;  
Give them rambling men time to go."

I went down to Ida's about half past two.  
I said to Ida, "Who's in the bed with you?

"Open the door and let me see."  
"There ain't nobody in the bed with me."

Got up and lit the lamp;  
There stood that stinking scamp.

Buy me a horse and make me a sled,  
And I'll go home with Ida Red.

Ain't but one thing I do hate:  
Went down to Ida's and stayed too late.

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Lomax gives a version of this in *Cowboy Songs*. This is sung to music modified from that of "The Pretty Mohee."



## B.

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from singing of a mountain boy; 1908.)

See me stan'in' there shakin' my head;  
See me study 'bout Ida Red.

Make me a sled en buy me a mule;  
Take little Ida to Sunday school.

Ida Red she ain't no fool;  
She's got a head like a Texas mule.

Shanghai rooster got no comb;  
Pore little Ida got no home.

40. FRANKY.<sup>1</sup>

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of F. R. Rubel; 1909.)

Franky went down the bayou;  
Franky heard a bull-dog bark;  
Franky said, "That's Albert  
Hiding in the dark,  
For he's my man; but he's done me wrong."

Franky went down a dark alley;  
Heard a bull-dog bark:  
And there lay her Albert,  
Shot right through the heart.  
"Oh, he's my man; but he's done me wrong."

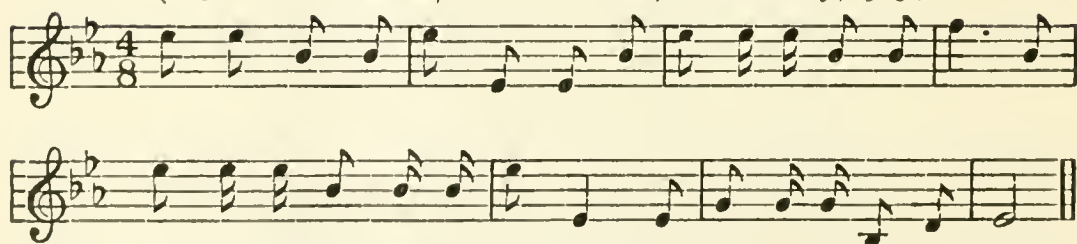
Franky went on the witness stand;  
The judge says, "Don't tell me no lie;  
When you shot poor Albert,  
Did you intend for him to die?  
Oh, he's your man; but he's done you wrong."

Oh, rubber tire buggy,<sup>2</sup>  
Rubber tire hack,  
Took poor Albert to the cemetery,  
But it never is brought him back.  
"Oh, he's my man; but he's dead and gone."

41. LIZA JANE.<sup>3</sup>

## A.

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1905.)

<sup>1</sup> An indigenous ballad that has many of the finer qualities of the older compositions.<sup>2</sup> Compare this *Journal*, vol. xxiv, pp. 289, 354, 367.<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*, vol. iii, p. 290; vol. vi, pp. 131, 134.

## CHORUS.

*Chorus.*

Pore little Liza, pore little gal!  
 Pore little Liza Jane!  
 Pore little Liza, pore little gal!  
 She died on the train.

## B.

(From Kentucky; mountain whites; MS. of Mr. House; 1905.)

Go up on the mountain top  
 To plant me a patch of cane  
 To make me a barrel of molasses  
 To sweeten up Lizzie Jane.

Standing on the platform,  
 Waiting for the train;  
 "Get your old black bonnet,  
 And let's go, Lizzie Jane."

The hardest work that I ever done  
 Was breaking on the train;  
 The easiest work that I ever done  
 Was hugging Lizzie Jane.

Her nose just like an old coffee pot;  
 Mouth just like a spout;  
 Eyes just like an old fireplace  
 With the ashes all took out.

My girl's name is Lizzie;  
 Her hair is very brown;  
 Face just like a thundercloud,  
 And the rain come pouring down.

## C.

(From Indiana; country whites; MS. of Mr. Davidson; 1908.)

Hoop-pole, Liza Jane,  
 Hoop-pole, Liza Jane.  
 Hoop-pole Liza, poly gal,  
 And she rides on a train.

## D.

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of Dr. Herrington; 1909.)

You go down the new cut road,  
 And I'll go down the lane;

If you get there before I do,  
Oh, tell Miss Lizer Jane.

E.

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of Mr. Aldrich; 1909.)

You ride the old gray mare,  
And I'll ride the mulie;  
You go round by the new cut road,  
And I'll go home with Julie.

F.

(From Mississippi; country whites; recitation of Mrs. Brown; 1909.)

She went up the new cut road,  
An' I went down the lane;  
I turned my head to my ol' gray hoss,  
"So good-by, Liza Jane!"

I axed her wouldn't she marry me;  
She axed me wasn't I 'shamed;  
I turned my head to my old gray horse,  
"So good-by, Liza Jane!"

G.

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Mr. Harrison; 1909.)

Your face looks like the coffee pot;  
Your nose looks like the spout;  
Your mouth looks like the fireplace  
With the ashes done raked out.

H.

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Mr. Upshur; 1909.)

Whoa, mule! whoa, mule!  
Whoa, mule! I say!  
Keep yo seat Miss Liza Jane,  
And hole on to de sleigh.

Keep yo seat, Miss Liza Jane,  
An' quit dat actin' de fool;  
I ain't got time ter kiss you now;  
I'm busy wid dis mule.

#### 42. CRIPPLE CREEK.<sup>1</sup>

A.

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1909.)

Goin' ter Cripple Creek, goin' ter Rome [roam?]  
Goin' ter Cripple Creek, goin' back home.

See them women layin' in the shade,  
Waitin' fer the money them men have made.

<sup>1</sup> A well-known mining district in Virginia.



Roll my breeches ter my knees  
En wade ol' Cripple Creek when I please.

B.

(From South Carolina; country whites; MS. of Mr. Bryan; 1909.)

Goin' to Cripple Creek, going in a run;  
Goin' to Cripple Creek to have my fun.

43. HOW ARE YOU OFF FOR GREENBACK?

A.

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of Mr. Bell; 1909.)

I'm not as green as a greenback,  
Although you take me to be;  
That young man from New Orleans  
Can't get away with me.

Oh, how're you off for greenback?  
How're you off, I say?  
How're you off for greenback?  
And give it all away.

I went down to New Orleans  
The other afternoon;  
I saw that . . . that house  
Running after the moon.

B.

(From Mississippi; country whites; recitation of Mr. Longest; 1909.)

It's beefsteak whin I'm hungry,  
An' whiskey whin I'm dry;  
It's greenback whin I'm ha'd up,  
An' heaven whin I die.

Oh, hie you<sup>1</sup> off fuh greenback? etc.

C.

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of W. G. Pitts; 1909.)

Up and down the railroad,  
Cross the county line;  
Pretty girls are plentiful;  
A wife is hard to find.

Carried my girl in the parlor;  
Said she would be mine;  
Put my arm around her;  
Give her a Yankee dime.

Ask her would she marry me;  
What you reckon she said?  
Said she wouldn't have me  
If all the rest were dead.

<sup>1</sup> A frequent contraction for "How are you?"

Cornbread when I'm hungry;  
 Whiskey when I'm dry;  
 Pretty girl when I marry;  
 Heaven when I die.

D.

(From Missouri; cowboys; MS. of Frederick Braun; 1905.)

Oh, it's beefsteak when I'm hungry,  
 And it's whiskey when I'm dry;  
 If a tree don't fall on me,  
 I'll live till I die.

#### 44. SHADY GROVE.<sup>1</sup>

A.

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1905.)

Once I was a little boy<sup>2</sup>  
 Playin' in the san';  
 Now I am a great big boy  
 En think myself a man.

Shady, shady, my little love,  
 Shady I do know;  
 Shady, shady, my little love,  
 I'm boun' fer shady grove.

When I was a little boy,  
 All I wanted a knife;  
 Now I am a gret big boy  
 En now I want a wife.

Some come here to fiddle en dance;  
 Some come here to tarry;  
 Some come here to fiddle en dance;  
 I come here to marry.

Ev'ry night when I go home,  
 My wife I try to please her;  
 The more I try, the worse she gets;  
 Damned if I don't leave her!

B.

(From Kentucky; mountain whites; MS. of Mr. House; 1905.)

Shady grove, my little love,  
 Shady grove, my darling;

<sup>1</sup> This is sung to the same tune as "Old Joe Clark." Whether the tune belongs to the one or the other, or to neither, I am unable to say. I should like to remark here, what I have not seen stated anywhere else, that the small number of tunes as compared with the songs in circulation may often account for the mixing of ballads. I am sure that it has been only with the greatest difficulty that I have been able to separate some of the songs in this collection from others sung to the same tune, and I am not sure now that I have not put some stanzas in the wrong songs.

<sup>2</sup> A good starting-point for a song (cf. Chambers, p. 155).

Shady grove, my little love,  
Going back to Harlan.<sup>1</sup>

Fly around, my blue-eyed girl,  
Fly around, my daisy;  
Fly around, my blue-eyed girl;  
Nearly drive me crazy.<sup>2</sup>

The very next time I go that road,  
And it don't look so dark and grazy;<sup>3</sup>  
The very next time I come that road,  
Stop and see my daisy.

I once had a mulie cow,<sup>4</sup>  
Mulie when she was born;  
Took a jay-bird forty year  
To fly from horn to horn.

Apples in the summer,  
Peaches in the fall;  
If I can't marry the girl I want,  
I won't have none at all.

45. SALLY ANN.

(From Kentucky; country whites; recitation of R. E. Monroe; 1913.)

I went to see my Sally Ann; she met me at the door,—  
Shoes an' stockin's in her han', an' her feet all over the floor.

I ast her if she loved me;  
She said she felt above me;  
Out the door she shoved me —  
I won't go there any more.

46. SIXTEEN MILES AWAY FROM HOME.

(From Kentucky; country whites; recitation of Miss A. Howard; 1912.)

Sixteen miles away fum home, chickens crowin' fuh day,  
Somebody talkin' tuh my sweetheart, en they'd bettuh be gettin' away.

47. THAT BRAND NEW DRESS.

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; singing of F. Le Tellier; 1912.)

"Oh, where did yer get thet bran' new dress,  
En the shoes thet look so fine?"  
"I got my dress from a railroad-man,  
En my shoes from a driver in the mine."<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> A county in eastern Kentucky.

<sup>2</sup> With this stanza compare this *Journal*, vol. vi, p. 134.

<sup>3</sup> I have been unable to identify this word.

<sup>4</sup> One having no horns.

<sup>5</sup> The conversation is of course addressed to a woman who is obliged to depend for personal needs upon more than one source of supply.



## 48. PORE GAL!

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; singing of F. Le Tellier; 1912.)

Wear brass buttons on the old blue clothes,  
 En have ter go ter work when the whistle blows,  
 Pore gal, pore gal!<sup>1</sup>

## 49. HOP LIGHT, LADIES.

(A.—From Virginia; country whites; from memory; 1909.)

Hop light, ladies, on the ballroom floor;<sup>2</sup>  
 Never mind the weather, so the wind don't blow!

Hop light, ladies, on the ballroom floor;  
 Never mind the legs, so the garters don't show!

(B.—From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of Dr. Herrington; 1909.)

Hop light, ladies, yer cake's all dough;  
 Never mind the weather so the wind don't blow.

## 50. WHEN I WAS A LITTLE BOY.

(From Indiana; country whites; MS. of Mr. Davidson; 1908.)

When I was a little boy,  
 Mother kept me in;  
 Now I am a big boy  
 Fit to serve a king.  
 I can handle a musket;  
 I can smoke a pipe;  
 I can kiss a pretty girl  
 Ten o'clock at night.<sup>3</sup>

When I was a little girl,  
 Mother kept me in;  
 Now I am a big girl,  
 She can't do it agin.  
 I can wash the dishes;  
 I can sweep the floor;  
 I can court a pretty boy  
 Till ten o'clock or more.

51. IF YOU DON'T QUIT A-FOOLIN' WITH MY DONY.<sup>4</sup>

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1905.)

If yer don't quit a-foolin' with my dony,  
 I'll tell yer just whut I'll do;  
 I'll finger roun' yer heart with a razor,  
 En I'll cut yer goozle in two.

<sup>1</sup> One stanza of a song representing the shift to the manufacturing stage of life, — a shift rapidly taking place now in many Southern States.

<sup>2</sup> Pronounced "flo" by many Virginians.

<sup>3</sup> For this stanza compare Halliwell, Nos. ccxlv and ccli.

<sup>4</sup> Regular word for sweetheart (cf. *Dialect Notes*, vol. iii, p. 306).

52. I LOVE SOMEBODY.<sup>1</sup>

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1905.)



I love somebody; yes, I do;  
 'Tween sixteen en twenty-two,  
 Pretty little girl, en I wont tell who.

53. THE MOON SHINES BRIGHT.<sup>2</sup>

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1905.)

"The moon shines bright;  
 Ken I see you home to-night?"

"The stars do too;  
 I don't keer if yer do."

54. NEW MOON, TRUE MOON.<sup>3</sup>

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1905.)

New moon, true moon,  
 The first I've seen to-night,  
 I wish I may, I wish I might,  
 See my true love in my dream to-night.

## 55. IF YOU LOVE ME.

A.

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1905.)

Ef you love me like I love you,  
 There'll be a little weddin' in a day er two.<sup>4</sup>

B.

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of Mr. Harrison; 1909.)

If you love me like I love you,  
 No knife can cut our love in two.

<sup>1</sup> Sung to the music of a favorite dance-tune.<sup>2</sup> A formula used by the boy in asking permission to go home with a girl from "meetin'."<sup>3</sup> An incantation used when one sees the new moon (cf. Chambers, p. 343; and this Journal, vol. ii, p. 148).<sup>4</sup> A fair sample of the love verses exchanged by the older "scholars" of the day-school.

## C.

(From Virginia; negroes; from memory; 1914.)

Ef you love me like I love you,  
No axe ken cut our love in two.

## 56. BLUE IS THE VIOLET.

## A.

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1910.)

Blue is the violet,  
En red is the rose,  
En how I love the pretty girls  
God-a'-mighty knows.

57. OVER THE HILL.<sup>1</sup>

(From Virginia; country whites; from memory; 1910.)

Ovuh the hill an daown the holluh  
S'lute yuh bride an' gimme a dolluh.

58. I LOVE COFFEE.<sup>2</sup>

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of Miss Reedy; 1909.)

I love coffee; I love tea;  
I love the girls and the girls love me.

## 59. SWEETHEART, LIGHT OF MY LIFE.

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of W. G. Pitts; 1909.)

Sweetheart, light of my life,  
If only you could be my wife!  
And for thee I pine  
And think of thee all the time.

<sup>1</sup> A formula used by the "marryin' squire." This official sometimes makes a business of marrying run-away couples. These promoters of the public weal not only keep on the lookout for couples contemplating marriage, but even sometimes employ agents in public places to suggest the important step to any who may appear eligible. Couples with no other objective than that of a holiday trip are said frequently to find it embarrassing to alight from a train or boat in such towns as Jeffersonville, Ind. So much of a nuisance has magisterial solicitation become in some places, that legislation has been directed against it. Such magistrates, sometimes, also keep a waiting-list of eligibles for the inspection of those in search of a mate. The ceremony used by the "marryin' squire" is often of the briefest, — the two essential questions, and the declaration that the two are man and wife. An example of a minister of the gospel who has entered the same field of activity may be seen in Parson Burroughs of Bristol, Va.-Tenn., to whom couples come from both sides of the State line. He is said to meet every train, at the same time providing everything necessary, — from umbrellas to shelter the party from inclement weather, to the witnesses for the ceremony. In the mountains the run-away marriage is considered the proper form, the home or church wedding being practically unknown.

<sup>2</sup> Compare Halliwell, No. cxxii.



60. I LIKE NOBODY.

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of Bell; 1909.)

I like nobody, nobody likes me,  
But I'm as happy as I can be;  
I'm going to live single, always be free,  
Because I like nobody, and nobody likes me.

61. WHEN I WAS SINGLE.

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of Mr. Aldrich; 1909.)

When I was single, my pocket would jingle;  
But now I am double, and I have a lot of trouble.

62. LUCY NEAL.

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of Dr. Herrington; 1909.)

Way down in Alabama,  
'Twas just above Mobile,  
'Twas there I spied that creole girl;  
Her name was Lucy Neal.

O Lucy Neal! O Lucy Neal!  
If I had you by my side, how happy I would feel!

63. WHOLE HEAP U' NICKELS.<sup>1</sup>

(From East Tennessee; country whites; from memory; 1909.)

Whole heap u' nick'ls en a whole heap u' dimes;  
Go to see my Loo-loo gal a whole heap u' times.

64. THE ROAD IS WIDE.

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1908.)

The road is wide en I can't step it;  
I love you en I can't he'p it.

65. COFFEE GROWS ON WHITE-OAK TREES.<sup>2</sup>

(From Virginia; country whites; singing of Miss N. B. Graham; 1912.)

Coffee grows on white-oak trees;  
Rivers all flow with brandy;  
Rocks all shine with a glittering gold,  
And the girls as sweet as candy.

66. WHO'S BEEN A-FOOLIN'?

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Dr. Herrington; 1909.)

Honey, when I had you, you wouldn't do;  
Got another woman an' I don't want you.  
Ain't no use uv raisin' san';  
I kin git another woman 'fore you can a man.

<sup>1</sup> Compare this Journal, vol. xxii, p. 248.

<sup>2</sup> For another version from North Carolina compare this Journal, vol. vi, p. 134.

Who's been a-foolin', who's been a-tryin',  
Who's been a-foolin' that gal o' mine?

I wouldn't mind it, I wouldn't care,  
But you've been a-pullin' back all the year.  
Every time I come it's a nickel an' er dime;  
Would give you some, but I ain't got time.

#### 67. PURTY YALLER GAL.

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Dr. Herrington; 1909.)

Purty yaller gal had er hole in her stockin',  
Er hole in her stockin', er hole in her stockin',  
Purty yaller gal had er hole in her stockin',  
An' her heel stuck out behind.

#### 68. WAY DOWN YANDER.

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Dr. Herrington; 1909.)

Way down yander whar I come fum,  
De gals all call me sugar plum.

#### 69. OLE SUKEY.

(From Virginia; negroes; recitation of Mrs. Longest;<sup>1</sup> 1909.)

Ole Sukey she fell in love wid me;  
She axed me home to take tea.  
An' whut do yuh think she had fuh supper!  
Chicgn-foot, spa-uh-grass, hominy, an' butter.

Clare out de kitchen, ole folks, young folks! (*twice*)  
Ole Ferginia nebber tire.

#### 70. A SCOLDIN' WIFE.<sup>2</sup>

(From Mississippi; negroes; recitation of C. Brown; 1909.)

If I should marry a scoldin' wife,  
I'd beat huh, sho's yuh bo'n;  
I'd take huh down tuh New Orleans,  
An' trade huh off fuh co'n.

#### 71. ALLIE BELL.

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of F. R. Rubel; 1909.)

Allie Bell, don't you weep,  
Allie Bell, don't you moan,  
Allie Bell, don't you leave your home.

You understand my gal  
Standing in the door;  
Her shoes and stockings in her hand  
And her feet all over the floor.

<sup>1</sup> Reported also from Kentucky by Miss Mary Kahn, 1913.

<sup>2</sup> See "Lucy Long," in Harvard College Library 25242.10.5.

72. SOME OF THESE DAYS.

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of F. R. Rubel; 1909.)

Some of these days I'm going to go crazy,  
Take my gun and shoot my baby.  
Nobody's business but my own.  
Hush, my little baby! just listen to my song.  
Who's going to be your baby when I'm dead and gone?  
  
Just put your arms around me,  
Lay your head upon my breast,  
And when I'm gone just sing this song,  
"There's a bullet gone to rest."

73. JIMMY WHIPPED POOR MARY.

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of F. R. Rubel; 1909.)

Jimmy whipped poor Mary  
With a singletree,  
And she cried, "Lord have mercy!  
Don't murder me!"

74. MY HEART AM SO SAD.

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Mr. Harrison; 1909.)

I'm going in de house and close my door,  
For my heart am so sad;  
'Cause my Roberta won't write no more;  
Oh, my heart am so sad!

75. OH, WHERE WAS YOU?

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Dr. Herrington; 1909.)

Oh, where was you when de steamer went down, Captain? (*thrice*)  
I was wid my honey in de heart o' town, O Captain!

76. DONE ALL I CAN DO.

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of W. G. Pitts; 1909.)

Done all I can do  
Trying to get along wid you;  
Gwine to carry you to your mammy pay day.

77. TREAT ME RIGHT.

(From Mississippi; negroes; 1909.)

The time is coming and it won't be long,  
You'll get up some morning, and you'll find me gone.  
So treat me right and jolly me along  
If you want this nigger to sing the old home song.

78. RARE BACK SAM.

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Mr. Anderson; 1909.)

Rare back, Sam! stand back, Davis!  
As soon kiss a monkey as a poor white man.



## 79. RAIN, COME WET ME.

(From Virginia; negroes; from memory; 1909.)

Rain, come wet me! Sun, come dry me!  
Gal got honey, an' she won't come nigh me.

## 80. BROWN SKIN GAL.

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Mr. Aldrich; 1909.)

I laid in jail, back to the wall;  
Brown skin gal cause of it all.

I've got the blues; I'm too damn mean to talk.  
A brown skin woman make a bull-dog break his chain.

## 81. COTTONEYE JOE.

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Dr. Herrington; 1909.)

Ef it hadn't been fer dat Cottoneye Joe,  
Mought er been married six er seven year ago.

## 82. EVERY TIME THE SUN GOES DOWN.

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Dr. Herrington; 1909.)

Every time the sun goes down  
I hangs my head in grief.

Dat day I lef my father's house,  
Dat day I lef my frien'.

I fare you well, my own true love,  
Dey's plenty mo' girls den you.

## 83. YOU GO OUT.

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of F. R. Rubel; 1909.)

You go out and you don't come back,  
Glory halleluger!

I'll take a stick and break your back,  
[Glory halleluger!]

You go out of here, you flopheaded hound;  
I'll take a stick and knock you down,  
Glory halleluger!

## 84. LOVE IT AM A KILLING THING.

(From Virginia; negroes; from memory; 1912.)

Love it am a killin' thing, beauty am a blossom;  
Ef yuh want tuh get yuh finger bit, poke it at a 'possum.

SIGNS AND OMENS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

COMMUNICATED BY G. L. KITTREDGE.

THE following poetical compendium of superstitions is reprinted from an undated broadside of about 1790, belonging to the Massachusetts Historical Society. The broadside mentions neither printer nor place of publication; but it was undoubtedly printed in America, and probably at Boston or elsewhere in New England. A few words or letters, lost on account of the somewhat tattered condition of the broadside, are conjecturally supplied within brackets.

FENNEL-SEED

*An Excellent New Song, composed over a bed of FENNEL, just sown.*

"He that soweth Fennel Seed, soweth sorrow,  
"For death will surely follow."

---

I.

WHAT scripture says, we must always  
Give good attention to;  
But they're unwise who credit lies,  
And count all fables true.  
This bed contains the last remains  
A thimble full or so,  
Of *Fennel-Seed*, which should indeed  
Have been sown long ago.

II.

But some receive and do believe  
Strange fancies which they hear;  
For some suppose whoever sows  
This seed, won't live a year.  
A thousand ways cut short our days,  
None are exempt from death;  
Yet we ne'er [r]ead that *Fennel-Seed*  
Ee'r stopt a person's breath.

III.

I can't devise where danger lies,  
In *Fennel-Seed* alone;  
The seed of Dill as well might kill,  
As any seed that's sown.

Should Heaven please to send disease  
 Or death approach with speed,  
 I don't think I shall sooner die  
 For sowing *Fennel-Seed*.

## IV.

*Adam* and *Eve* I [don't believe]  
 E'er heard [of] *Fennel-S[eed]*;  
 [And yet] they died, and more beside  
 [In] Genesis we read:  
 [Had it n]ot been for *Adam's* sin,  
 [Earth]<sup>1</sup> might have been enjoyed;  
 [Neither] [t]he weeds, nor *Fennel-Seeds*,  
 [Would] e'er have life destroyed.

## V.

If *Eve* had not these words forgot,  
 Of this tree do not feed,  
 Till head[s] were white we lived might  
 In spite of *Fennel-Seed*:  
 Tho' some man's wife departed life,  
 After she'd sown a bed,  
 Others I know have lived to sow  
 Ten beds and are not dead.

## VI.

With whims like these, the women tease,  
 In tea cups they'll see danger;  
 Cocks crow in door, forks stick in floor,  
 These both denote a stranger.  
 Dreams they'll relate, each morning wait  
 Expecting some event,  
 If a good dream they cheerful seem,  
 If bad, then discontent.

## VII.

Deluded souls who trust in moles,  
 And dreams to guide their lives.  
 Women like these some men may please,  
 But seldom make good wives:  
 A humble bee in house they see,  
 Some friends are nigh at hand;  
 And itching feet foretell you'll eat  
 Your bread in foreign land.

## VIII.

If spiders brown or white spinn down  
 Before the women's eyes,  
 If white they're sad, if black they're glad,  
 This good luck signifies:

<sup>1</sup> Perhaps [Health].



An itching eye doth signify  
The same's a humble bee;  
It plainly shows, as they suppose,  
Friends quickly they shall see.

## IX.

If cards from [lap] by some mishap,  
Unto the fl[oo]r descend,  
Day's work is o'er, they'll do no mor[e,]  
So that day's work must end:  
Petticoats unpin: then they begin  
Directly to conclude,  
Some roguish man is nigh at hand,  
Whose thoughts are very rude.

## X.

Tricks they will try, thinking thereby,  
The sooner to get wed;  
I've known them bake a salted cake,  
To eat when going to bed;  
This cake it seems produces dreams,  
As saltness causes thirst;  
And it is said him they're to wed,  
Will bring them water first.

## XI.

If I should mix their signs with tricks,  
It might increase my lines  
To that degree, that's best for me  
To mention only signs:  
Now I shall speak of burning cheek,  
And what it signifies;  
By this they know some secret foe  
Behind their backs tells lies.

## XII.

If ears do ring then the next thing,  
They hear of some decease,  
With whims like these the women tease  
And give themselves no peace:  
The moon when new, they chance to vi[ew]  
O'er the right shoulder first,  
Tho this seems strange, till the next chan[ge]  
Good luck attends them most.

## XIII.

Fortunes they'll see in dregs of tea,  
By looking in a dish;  
They will relate your future fate,  
Or tell you what you wish:

This sign ne'er fails cut not your nails  
Upon a Sunday morn,  
Ashamed that day you'll be they say,  
As sure as you are born.

## XIV.

Garters by chance untie, from thence  
Their marriage is presaged:  
By this they find that some man's mind  
Upon them is engaged;  
I could mention o'er a thous[an]d more,  
But since I have no need,  
I'll cease straightway, and o[nly say]  
*They're all like FENNEL [SE]ED.*

## THE MAGIC BOAT.

BY PHILLIPS BARRY.

A LEGEND of a magical self-moving boat appears in literary documents from the time of the Pyramid kings of Egypt, and is yet current in popular tradition. With certain considerations bearing upon the origin and diffusion of the legend, the following article will deal.

In the hagiographic tradition of the Latin Church is an important though neglected storehouse of information relative to themes and motifs in mediæval literature and modern folk-lore which have their parallels in the non-Christian literature and mythology of antiquity. This tradition is one of the by-products of the Egyptian-Christian institution of monasticism, and reaches back to a time when Christianity was yet in a fluid state.<sup>1</sup> The interest of the writers, who as early as the fourth century had developed a stereotyped literary form,<sup>2</sup> was only incidentally that of the historian:<sup>3</sup> they wrote to entertain. Inspired by *die Lust am Fabulieren*, they were not averse to the appropriation of properties from the lore of the old gods, as is shown by the presence of Egyptian elements in the legend-lore of the Church:<sup>4</sup> for instance, the bridge of sunbeams,<sup>5</sup> the ladder to heaven, the resuscitation of the dismembered dead by re-assembling their scattered members,<sup>6</sup> the healing properties of water in which a holy person had bathed.<sup>7</sup> In dealing with the origin of a given legend, the hagiography will not infrequently decide the question whether it is indigenous to the literature or lore of a certain people, or is part of a tradition which has spread with the expansion of Christianity.

The magic boat is a common property of the mythology of the Arthurian cycle,<sup>8</sup> and has been referred to Celtic sources. It is first found in secular literature in the *Echtra Condla* ("Adventures of Connla"), an Old Irish text of the *Lebor na h-Uidre* ("Book of the Dun Cow"), the compiler of which died in 1106.<sup>9</sup> In the hagiography,

<sup>1</sup> See my article "Martyrs' Milk" (The Open Court, September, 1914, pp. 561-564).

<sup>2</sup> Seen in the Coptic Tales of the Martyrs, of monotonous sameness in content, the saints being for the most part quite devoid of individuality.

<sup>3</sup> Notable exceptions, of course, are such documents as Willibald's life of St. Boniface, or Ruodger's biography of Bruno of Cologne.

<sup>4</sup> Louise Dudley, *The Egyptian Elements in the Legend of the Body and the Soul*, pp. 6-7, 11-14.

<sup>5</sup> See my article "The Bridge of Sunbeams" (this Journal, vol. xxvii, pp. 79-89).

<sup>6</sup> See my article "Martyrs' Milk" (The Open Court, September, 1914, pp. 564-565).

<sup>7</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 571.

<sup>8</sup> L. A. Paton, *Studies in the Fairy Mythology of Arthurian Romance*, p. 16.

<sup>9</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 3.



however, are a number of references to miracles of self-moving ships which antedate the end of the tenth century, in witness whereof the following documents may be put in evidence.

1. The saint, by his presence on board, causes the ship to travel of itself.

(692-696.) Valerius. *Vita S. Fructuosi*, 13:

Quibus statim . . . remos naviculae auferentibus, vel etiam obdormientibus, ilico sanctissimus vir orans . . . nullo homine navem contingente, sed Dei sola manu gubernante, ad ulteriorem amnis ripam celeriter transmeavit.<sup>1</sup>

(806-808.) Book of Armagh:

Deinde, secundum imperium sui magistri, (Lommanus) in sua navi contrario flumine . . . Domino gubernante pervenit.<sup>2</sup>

2. The presence of a saint's body or relics on shipboard causes the ship to travel of itself.

(755-768.) Willibald. *Vita S. Bonifatii*, 8:

Sicque statim redditum est corpus . . . ac sine navigantium labore . . . perductum est ad . . . Magontiam.<sup>3</sup>

3. A ship in the service of a saint becomes animated with self-motion.

(847.) Rudolph of Fulda. *Vita S. Rabani Mauri*:

Subito e manibus eorum lapsa (navis) in amnem, vi quadam invisibili contra impetum fluminis acta ferebatur, donec ad locum quo sacrum onus susceptura erat, littori, applicita pervenit.<sup>4</sup>

(875.) Adrewald of Fleury. *Miracula S. Benedicti*:

Navis . . . subito absque humano remige a portu emota, medium Ligerim petit, . . . ibique contra adversum pelagus fortiter enatando, pervenit ad Posterulam. . . . Videte, o cives, contemplamini qualiter. . . . Benedictus mortali sine remige navem propriam . . . regit.<sup>5</sup>

(968.) Adso of Montier-en-Der. *Vita S. Waldeberti*, 14:

Mox navis divino impulsu a remige illuc absque humano iuvamine sponte perducitur qua sancti corpori [= corporis] gleba tenebatur.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> AA. SS. Boll., April, ii, 434.

<sup>2</sup> *Analecta Bollandiana*, ii, p. 213 (a note added by Ferdornach, compiler of the Book of Armagh, to Tirechan's memoir of St. Patrick). According to the *Bethu Patraicc* (eleventh century), St. Lomman rows his master up the Boyne.

<sup>3</sup> W. Levison, *Vitae S. Bonifatii*, p. 53.

<sup>4</sup> AA. SS. Boll., 4 Feb., i, 517. The occasion was the translation of the relics of St. Venantius from Rimini to Fulda.

<sup>5</sup> AA. SS. Boll., 21 March, iii, 306 (the flight of a ship from Orleans to save its cargo from dishonest customs officers).

<sup>6</sup> AA. SS. Boll., 2 May, i, 280.

4. A ship becomes animated with self-motion in answer to prayers to a saint.

(850.) Monk of Corvey. *Historia Translationis S. Viti*:

Dum . . . vulgus . . . ad portum fluminis cui Wesara est vocabulum, advenirent, accidit ut navis ex altera parte fluminis sine gubernatore fixa staret. . . . Repente navis mota est a loco in quo fixa erat, et paulatim natando sine remige et ventorum impulsu . . . sponte ad eos recto tramite pervenit.<sup>1</sup>

(948.) Flodoard of Rheims, *Historia Remensis Ecclesiae*, iv, 9:

Nauta defuit, nave ulteriori defixa fluminis orae. . . . Dolore perculsi, in terram proni devote precantes. . . . Moxque navis soluta divina virtute nexu quo tenebatur affixa, ripae qua expectabatur accidit appulsa.<sup>2</sup>

(1002.) Aimoin of Fleury, *Miracula S. Benedicti*:

Navis etenim . . . divinitus soluta, absque ullo mortali remige, ad eam in qua coenobita ille cum sociis residebat fluminis partem transit.<sup>3</sup>

The foregoing documents show that as early as the end of the seventh century, at least among the clerics of Braga, the legend of the magic boat was current; that by the tenth century it was known in Mainz, Fulda, Corvey, Fleury, Rheims, Montier-en-Der, and elsewhere. In the earlier strata of the hagiographic tradition, represented by the documents of the Egyptian Christians in the Coptic language, closely similar stories are to be found, in witness whereof the following texts are cited.

1. The saint, by his presence on board, causes the ship to travel of itself, while the crew sleep.

(c. 400-600.) Martyrdom of St. Sarapion:

Appulerunt ad pagum iuxta flumen situm, ut ibidem dormirent. Bonus vero Deus decepit sensus eorum, ita ut nescirent quo ambularent, donec pervenerunt Panephosi in nomo Nimessôt, et hac ipsa nocte ad pagum appulerunt. Mane autem consurgentes, huc et illuc respexerunt, putabant se esse in loco ad quem vespere appulerunt.<sup>4</sup>

(c. 400-600.) Martyrdom of St. Sarapamon:

Lorsqu' ils arrivèrent en face de la ville de Pchati, le vent les abandonna, et ils entrèrent dans une crique du côté de la rive occidentale. A

<sup>1</sup> AA. SS. Boll., June, ii, 1036.

<sup>2</sup> M. Lejeune, *Histoire de l'Eglise de Rheims par Flodoard*, ii, 495.

<sup>3</sup> AA. SS. Boll., 21 March, iii, 323 (of Oylbold, cut off by the river Indre, who prays to St. Benedict for means to cross). St. Rudesind was said to have performed a similar miracle on challenge, — AA. SS. Boll., March, i, 111, *Vita S. Rudesindi*: Si vera sunt, quae de te soliti sumus audire, nobis succurre. . . . Quod postquam dixerunt . . . lembum venientem viderunt, et cum portum Deo remige teneret, . . . intraverunt.

<sup>4</sup> I. Balestri and H. Hyvernât, *Acta Martyrum Aegypti*, p. 60.

l'heure de minuit, ils se reveillèrent, et ils se trouvèrent au station du côté de la rive orientale.<sup>1</sup>

2. The presence of a saint's relics on shipboard causes it to travel of itself.

(980.) Severus of Eshmun, *History of the Patriarchs*:

(A ship captain steals the head of St. Mark; his ship, however, will not put to sea.) And when they turned it around, as if to enter the city, it sped towards it like an arrow.<sup>2</sup>

Finally, in a Coptic Encomium on John the Baptist,<sup>3</sup> is a reference to the magic boat which gives a clew to the origin of the legend itself. The passage is as follows:

"The Saviour said, . . . 'Whosoever shall light a lamp in the shrine of St. John, or before his image, shall be ferried over the river of fire (by these oars) in the boat of gold which I have bestowed upon John my beloved.'"<sup>4</sup>

As Dr. Budge has pointed out, the figure of John the Baptist has replaced the old Egyptian Ferryman of Sekhet-Earu, frequently mentioned in the Pyramid Texts. A surly person, the Ferryman had to be bribed, cajoled, or browbeaten into giving the Pharaoh passage to Heaven across the Lily lake. If entreaties and threats failed, it was still possible to cast a spell on the oar, as by the following utterance:

(c. 2550 B.C.) "Thou which art in the fist of the Ferryman of Sekhet-Earu, bring to Meri-Re thy boat."<sup>5</sup>

Elsewhere in the Texts the king takes possession of the Sunbeam barque of Re,<sup>6</sup> which he steers across the sky by virtue of the sceptres of the deities who rule the Circumpolar Stars.<sup>7</sup> In one passage the boat itself speaks to him.<sup>8</sup>

As far, then, as the hagiographic tradition is concerned, the magic boat is another element in Christian legend, derived from the priestly lore of Egypt. Like the "Bridge of Sunbeams" and certain other legends, it must have passed thence into secular literature, reaching finally, as in the ballads, the level of popular tradition.<sup>9</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> H. Hyvernât, *Les Actes des Martyres de l'Égypte*, p. 328.

<sup>2</sup> R. Graffin and F. Nau, *Patrologia Orientalis*, i, 499. The story relates to an incident in the taking of Alexandria by the Arabs in the year 641.

<sup>3</sup> Written in the Sahidic dialect. The manuscript is dated in the year 985; but the apocryph itself must belong to the period of literary activity in Upper Egypt, which came to an end before the Arab conquest in 641.

<sup>4</sup> E. A. W. Budge, *Coptic Apocrypha in the Dialect of Upper Egypt*, 349.

<sup>5</sup> K. Sethe, *Die Alten Pyramidentexte*, 1743.

<sup>6</sup> *Ibid.*, 926-927.

<sup>7</sup> *Ibid.*, 1157, 1432.

<sup>8</sup> *Ibid.*, 950.

<sup>9</sup> See my article "Bells ringing without Hands" (*Modern Language Notes*, vol. xxx, pp. 28, 29).



## THE TRADITIONAL BALLAD IN THE SOUTH DURING 1914.

BY REED SMITH.

IN the writer's article, "The Traditional Ballad in the South" (this Journal, vol. xxvii, p. 63) the following suggestion was made: "A ballad syllabus or summary should be reported at least once a year, — at the annual meeting of the American Folk-Lore Society. This report might be published in the Journal in the first or second issue. So conducted, it would be of great interest and value to ballad-collectors throughout the United States. After its initial appearance, revision bringing it up to date would not be laborious." Personal experience in the work of the South Carolina Folk-Lore Society, and correspondence with other ballad-collectors during the past year, have proved the value of a syllabus of this kind. "Revision bringing it up to date" has been made both easy and pleasant by the kindness of the folk-lore workers referred to under the reports for the individual States given below. This article forms a sort of co-operative ballad clearing-house, a running "Who's Who in the American Ballad." It is offered in the hope that during the coming year it will prove useful and suggestive to workers in the ballad field.

### I. IN THE UNITED STATES.

During 1914 were discovered two traditional ballads hitherto unrecorded for the United States. These are Child, 118 ("Robin Hood and Guy of Gisborne"), reported by Professor F. C. Brown of Durham, N.C.; and two variants of Child, 293 ("John of Hazelgreen"), reported by Professor C. Alphonso Smith of the University of Virginia. A third ballad (Child, 283, "The Crafty Farmer"), which was discovered some time ago, was reported by Mrs. John C. Campbell of Asheville, N.C. Mrs. Campbell writes that this ballad was given her some years ago by a gentleman from Massachusetts. Her impression is that he said he learned it from a Tennessee mountain soldier during the Civil War. At any rate, this ballad was sung in America in the South at that time. The list of American survivals printed in this Journal last January<sup>1</sup> contained seventy-three ballads. These three additions bring the total up to seventy-six.<sup>2</sup> The complete list up to the present thus consists of the following numbers: —

<sup>1</sup> Vol. xxvii., p. 60.

<sup>2</sup> Including doubtful identifications of Nos. 27, 40, and 181. See this Journal, vol. xxvii., p. 60.

2	27	68	95	156	210	279
3	39	73	96	162	214	281
4	40	74	105	170	219	283
7	43	75	106	173	221	285
10	45	76	110	178	243	286
11	46	79	118	181	250	287
12	47	81	120	185	252	289
13	49	83	125	188	273	293
18	53	84	126	200	274	295
20	62	85	141	201	277	299
26	65	93	155	209	278	

## II. IN THE SOUTH.

Greater progress during 1914 was made in the South, particularly in Virginia, than in any other section of the United States. Mr. Phillips Barry of Cambridge reports no additions for New England.<sup>1</sup> Two Southern States, Georgia and Tennessee, make ballad returns for the first time this year. This brings the total of Southern States reporting up to eight, — Georgia, Kentucky, Missouri, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, and Virginia.<sup>2</sup> A summary of the ballad findings in these eight States follows.

GEORGIA. — Miss Isabel Rawn, of the Mount Berry School, Mount Berry, Ga., writes that she has collected nine ballads in Georgia,<sup>3</sup> largely from the girl students of her school. The ballads are Nos. 4, 7, 20, 68 (2), 73 (3), 84 (5), 85 (2), 95, 105 (5). The numbers in parentheses refer to the number of variants. In many cases the tunes also are preserved and sung in the school. Professor W. F. Melton, of Emory College, Oxford, Ga., is an interested folk-lore worker, and hopes to see a Georgia branch organized this spring.

KENTUCKY. — In 1914 one additional ballad has been discovered, No. 95. This brings Kentucky's total to twenty-four: Nos. 4, 7, 10, 12, 13, 20, 49, 53, 68, 73, 74, 75, 76, 79, 81, 84, 85, 95, 105, 155, 243, 277, 286, 299.

MISSOURI. — Professor H. M. Belden's report of No. 12 brings

<sup>1</sup> For a list of his fine ballad collection see this *Journal*, vol. xxvii., p. 59, note 2. In the Middle West, however, Miss Louise Pound writes that six ballads have been added to Nebraska's list. These are Nos. 2, 10, 46, 73, 79, 289. Nebraska's total is thus brought up to thirteen: Nos. 2, 10, 12, 45, 46, 53, 73, 75, 79, 84, 200, 243, 289. See Miss Pound's "Traditional Ballads in Nebraska" (this *Journal*, vol. xxvi., pp. 351-366); vol. xxvii., p. 59, note 1.

<sup>2</sup> Little information could be obtained concerning Alabama, Florida, Louisiana, Maryland, and Mississippi. No. 155 is reported in Child from Maryland. No. 95 was discovered by the writer in West Virginia, August, 1903, and reported by Professor Kittredge in this *Journal*, vol. xxi., p. 56. From Mississippi Professor Kittredge and Professor H. S. McGillivray, *The Citadel*, Charleston, S.C., report No. 84; and Professor Perrow reports Nos. 84 and 289. From Alabama Professor McGillivray reports No. 84.

<sup>3</sup> Miss Rawn also reports Nos. 4, 84, 95, and 200 from North Carolina.

Missouri's list of nineteen up to twenty: Nos. 2, 4, 10, 12, 18, 49, 73, 74, 75, 79, 84, 185, 200, 209, 243, 250, 277, 278, 286, 289.

NORTH CAROLINA. — Professor Frank C. Brown reports additional variants of Nos. 4 and 73, and five new ballads for North Carolina during 1914. These are Nos. 81, 85, 118, 274, 286. Mrs. John C. Campbell, of Asheville, N.C., also reports No. 85.<sup>1</sup> With the addition of these five, North Carolina's list reaches nineteen: Nos. 4, 7, 12, 53, 73, 74, 75, 76, 79, 81, 84, 85, 93, 95, 118, 200, 243, 274, 286. Professor Brown writes that he has the airs of ten or twelve of the ballads arranged for the piano, and that they have been sung at several public meetings. The discovery of No. 118, "Robin Hood and Guy of Gisborne," is especially interesting, for this is the first report of an American variant of this ballad.

SOUTH CAROLINA. — New for South Carolina are reports of Nos. 4, 76, 81, and 278. Additional variants were discovered for Nos. 75, 84, and 95. In all, we have thirteen ballads from South Carolina in thirty-four variants: Nos. 4, 12, 26, 73 (5), 75 (5), 76, 81, 84 (10), 95 (3), 243 (2), 250, 274 (2), 278.

Tunes to six are preserved. Last spring the Varsity Quartette of the University of South Carolina sang five of the ballads at the meeting of the State Teachers' Association in Spartanburg, S.C., and aroused marked interest. In the summer the quartette toured the State, and gave the ballads as a regular feature of the musical programme.

TENNESSEE. — Tennessee is a welcome addition to the ballad fold. Last summer at the Summer School of the South, Knoxville, Tenn., Professor C. Alphonso Smith offered a course in balladry. As a result, five Tennessee ballads were discovered.<sup>2</sup> These have been increased to eight through the efforts of Professor J. M. McBryde, Jr., Sewanee, Tenn., and others: Nos. 4, 13, 26, 53, 73 (2), 75 (2), 84 (4), 95 (2).

TEXAS. — No addition for 1914 is reported from Texas. The total still remains ten: Nos. 2, 7, 53, 73, 74, 75, 79, 84, 95, 278.

VIRGINIA. — During 1914 Virginia easily took first place among all the States in the Union in ballad-collecting. Owing to the vigorous and enthusiastic work of Professor C. Alphonso Smith and the Virginia Folk-Lore Society, eight new ballads were added to last year's list of twenty-three, making thirty-one in all. The new ballads are Nos. 18, 20, 49, 79, 81, 200, 286, 293. No. 293, "John of Hazelgreen," has been found nowhere else in the United States. Virginia's total

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Campbell has an interesting article on "Songs and Ballads of the Southern Mountains" in the *Survey* (105 E. 22d St., New York), Jan. 2, 1915, pp. 371-374.

<sup>2</sup> See Professor Smith's ballad list, reported to his class in July, 1914, and published in the *Summer School News*, Knoxville, Tenn., vol. 1, No. 12.



(number of variants given in parentheses) is as follows: 4 (7), 7, 10 (3), 12 (6), 13 (3), 18 (3), 20, 49, 53 (4), 73 (12), 74 (5), 75 (13), 76 (9), 79, 81 (2), 84 (23), 85 (5), 93 (2), 95 (8), 120, 125, 126, 141, 155 (9), 200, 201, 243 (15), 274 (5), 286 (2), 289 (6), 293 (2).

No. in Child.	Georgia.	Kentucky.	Missouri.	North Carolina.	South Carolina.	Tennessee.	Texas.	Virginia.
2	—	—	*	—	—	—	*	—
4	*	*	*	*	*	*	—	*
7	*	*	—	*	—	—	*	*
10	—	*	*	—	—	—	—	*
12	—	*	*	*	*	—	—	*
13	—	*	—	—	—	*	—	*
18	—	—	*	—	—	—	—	*
20	*	*	—	—	—	—	—	*
26	—	—	—	—	*	*	—	—
49	—	*	*	—	—	—	—	*
53	—	*	—	*	—	*	*	*
68	*	*	—	—	—	—	—	—
73	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*
74	—	*	*	*	—	—	*	*
75	—	*	*	*	*	*	*	*
76	—	*	—	*	*	—	—	*
79	—	*	*	*	—	—	*	*
81	—	*	—	*	*	—	—	*
84	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*
85	*	*	—	*	—	—	—	*
93	—	—	—	*	—	—	—	*
95	*	*	—	*	*	*	*	*
105	*	*	—	—	—	—	—	—
118	—	—	—	*	—	—	—	—
120	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	*
125	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	*
126	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	*
141	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	*
155	—	*	—	—	—	—	—	*
185	—	—	*	—	—	—	—	—
200	—	—	*	*	—	—	—	*
201	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	*
209	—	—	*	—	—	—	—	—
243	—	*	*	*	*	—	—	*
250	—	—	*	—	*	—	—	—
274	—	—	—	*	*	—	—	*
277	—	*	*	—	—	—	—	—
278	—	—	*	—	*	—	*	—
286	—	*	*	*	—	—	—	*
289	—	—	*	—	—	—	—	*
293	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	*
299	—	*	—	—	—	—	—	—

A rich variety of tunes has also been gathered, as follows: Nos. 4, 10, 13, 18, 49, 73, 74 (2), 75, 76, 81, 84 (2), 85, 93, 95 (2), 120, 126, 141, 155 (3), 200, 243 (2), 274, 289.

Thirty-one ballads, in 154 variants, with 28 tunes, make an enviable collection.

Combining the reports from these eight Southern States, we get the above statistical ballad table or syllabus.

From this syllabus it appears that the forty-two ballads rank as follows in numerical distribution: —

Found in —

One State . . . . . 10 (Nos. 118, 120, 125, 126, 141, 185, 201, 209, 293, 299).

Two States . . . . . 10 (Nos. 2, 18, 26, 68, 93, 105, 155, 250, 277, 289).

Three States . . . . . 7 (Nos. 10, 13, 20, 49, 200, 274, 278).

Four States . . . . . 4 (Nos. 76, 81, 85, 286).

Five States . . . . . 6 (Nos. 7, 12, 53, 74, 79, 243).

Seven States . . . . . 3 (Nos. 4, 75, 95).

All eight States . . . . 2 (Nos. 73, 84).<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> No. 84, "Barbara Allen," leads all American ballads, both in geographical distribution and in number of variants. From New England are reported 8 variants; from Georgia, 5; from South Carolina, 10; from Tennessee, 4; from Virginia, 23,— a total of 50. Ballad-collectors from other sections do not give the actual figures, but uniformly speak of it as existing in many variants. It was considered "popular" enough to be included in *Heart Songs* (Boston, 1909). This well-known collection of old favorites was put together in a contest gotten up by the *National Magazine*, and is described as "contributed by 25,000 people."

## NEW-MEXICAN SPANISH FOLK-LORE

BY AURELIO M. ESPINOSA.

## VI. ADDENDA.

AFTER my article, "New-Mexican Spanish Folk-lore (VI. Los Trovos del Viejo Vilmas)" was published,<sup>1</sup> I received from Don Juan Chaves y García, of Puerto de Luna, N. Mex. (the reciter of *Trovo I*, already published), the following additional *trovo* between Chicoria and Gracia, which belongs with those same metrical discussions. It gives additional information about some of the *puetas*, and adds a new one to the list,—Chicoria, a New-Mexican, as we are told in verse 4. Gracia, as we saw before, is a Mexican from Sonora.<sup>2</sup>

As to form it is noteworthy, that the new *trovo* is composed entirely of four-verse octosyllabic strophes (there is only one exception, verse 5, which has five verses), whereas in the former compositions the strophes are frequently of six, eight, and more verses.

## (V) TROVO DE CHICORIA Y GRACIA.

(Recited by Desiderio Aragón, aged 72 years.)

- |           |   |
|-----------|---|
| CHICORIA. | 1. En la sierra de sandía<br>está un árbol de mansana;<br>si no si hubiera secado<br>comiéramos chicharrones.                     |
| GRACIA.   | 2. Puetas y compositores<br>que cain (a) una tierr' amena,<br>ya de mi stán perdonados;<br>que les valga su tontera.              |
| CH.       | 3. En el pueblo di Oposura (sic)<br>repicaron las campanas.<br>Cuando yo bajé di ayá<br>ya era muerto 'l pilguanijo. <sup>3</sup> |
| G.        | 4. Nuevo Méjico insolente,<br>entre los síbolos criado,<br>dime quién ti (ha) hecho letrado,<br>pa cantar entre la gente.         |
| CH.       | 5. No me sias inconsecuente;<br>cantas con mucha eficasia.  |

<sup>1</sup> This Journal, vol. xxvii, pp. 105-118.<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 106.<sup>3</sup> *Tonto*.



Aquí ti ha caído Chicoria;  
ora caidrás de la grasia,  
y ti ha de faltar memoria.

- G. 6. En esta cresida boda,  
Chicoria, quieres versar.  
Testos di Filosofía  
son los qui has di argumentar.
- CH. 7. D' esto contra mi has de dar,  
si a todo le das remate.  
Testos de Filosofía  
son mi mero chocolate.
- G. 8. Si a todo le das remate,  
eso susede de contino.  
Ora quiero que me cantes  
asuntos por lo divino.
- CH. 9. Hoy te pondré nel camino,  
si tienes sabiduría.  
Antes de formar la gloria,  
¿ qué cosa mi Dios haría? <sup>1</sup>
- G. 10. Dise la sum' alegría,  
Chicoria, ai te corresponde,  
qui antes de formar la gloria,  
primero formaría 'l hombre.
- CH. 11. Grasia, ya no me respondes;  
dime si las traís urdidas.  
¿ Para qué me pides testos,  
si has de responder mentiras?
- G. 12. Palabras tan escogidas,  
suidá cresida di Adán;  
si no me creyes a mí,  
pregúntali a Fray Julián.
- CH. 13. Aunque me digas así,  
Grasia, sin haser alarde;  
si el padre dise qui al hombre,  
le digo que mienti al padre.
- G. 14. Mira, sin haser alarde,  
Chicoria, no sias camote.  
¿ Cómo quieres desmentir  
(a) un padre y un saserdote?
- CH. 15. Grasia, t' he di haser jilote,  
qui ha sido mi vanagloria.

<sup>1</sup> This same verse occurs in the other *trovos*.

Desdi orita te lo dije  
que ti habié<sup>1</sup> faltar memoria.

- G. 16. En esta cresida boda  
vide diferente 'l bulto.  
Por vida tuya, Chicoria,  
hasme saber el asunto.
- CH. 17. Vites diferente 'l bulto,  
Grasia, tan desengañado.  
¿ Qui asuntos quieres qu' enseñe  
yo, 'ntre los síbolos criado?
- G. 18. Versas bien y con cuidado;  
Chicoria, eres pueta diestro.  
Hasme saber el asunto  
si tratas de ser mi mestro.
- CH. 19. Grasia, tú eres pueta diestro;  
versas con mucho descoco (sic).  
¿ Cómo quieres que sia mestro,  
si antes me tratas de loco?
- G. 20. Versas bien y pocu a poco;  
much' es tu sabiduría.  
Antes de formar la gloria,  
¿ qué cosa mi Dios haría?<sup>2</sup>
- CH. 21. Dise la sum' alegría,  
y el verdadero Jesús,  
qui antes de formar la gloria,  
primero formó la lus.
- G. 22. (Verse missing?)
- CH. 23. En esta cresida boda,  
siudá cresida di Adán,  
Por haser cayar a Grasia,  
desmentíal padre Julián.
- G. 24. En l' esquina de la plasa  
está una piedra parada;  
el que tropesó con eya,  
prueba de que no la vido.

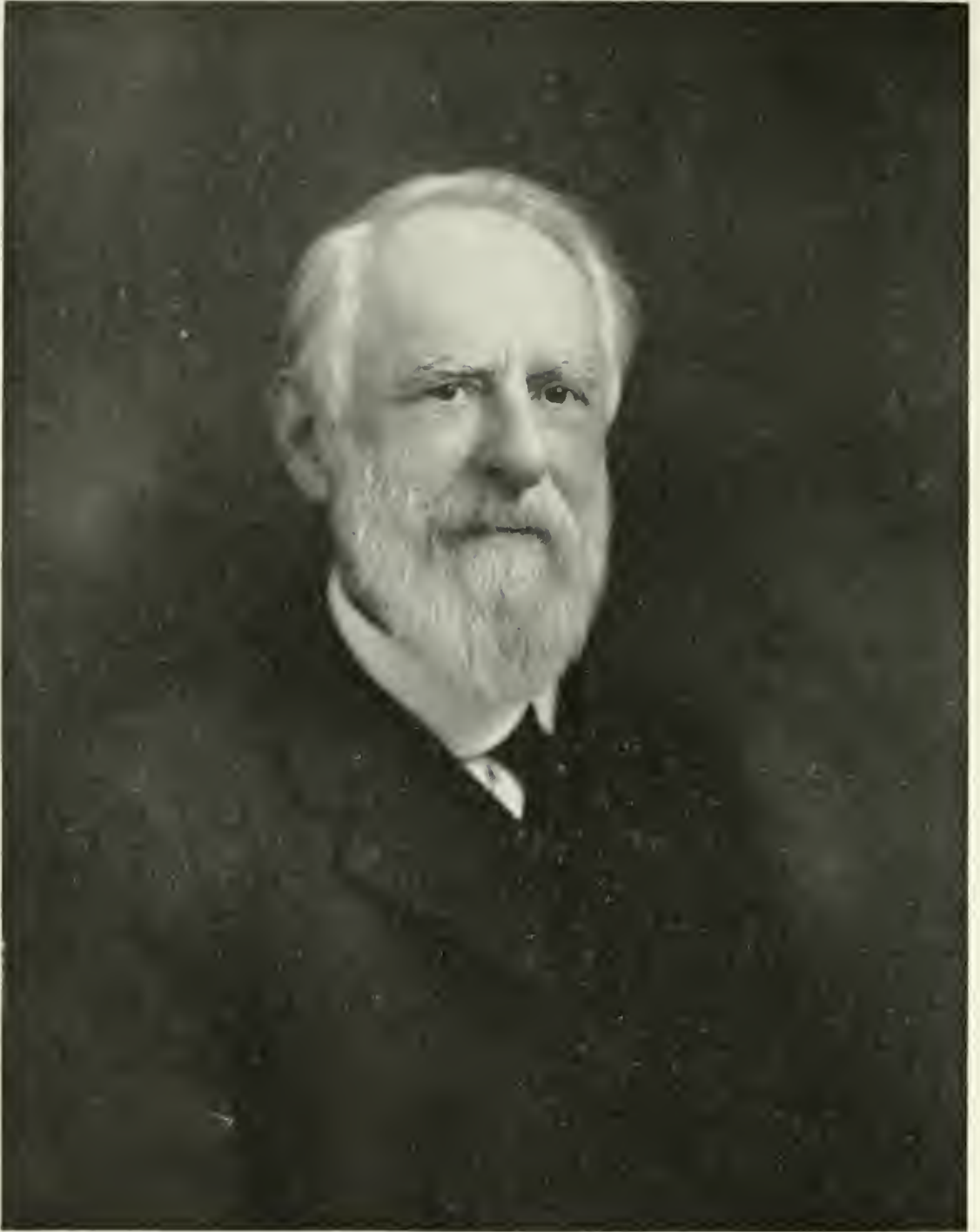
STANFORD UNIVERSITY, CALIFORNIA.

<sup>1</sup> *Había de.*

<sup>2</sup> Compare verse 9.







*By Courtesy of the Marshall Studio,  
Cambridge, Mass*

*J. W. Newman*

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## SHASTA AND ATHAPASCAN MYTHS FROM OREGON.

COLLECTED BY LIVINGSTON FARRAND;

EDITED BY LEO J. FRACHTENBERG.

THE following tales were collected by Dr. Livingston Farrand in 1900 on the Siletz Reservation, in northwestern Oregon, on a journey the means for which was provided through the generosity of the late Mr. Henry Villard. The collection consists of fifteen Shasta, five Joshua, and two Tūtu'tunī traditions. This material was turned over to me by Professor Boas with a request that I prepare it for publication.

Of the fifteen Shasta traditions recorded by Farrand, seven are almost identical with, and two others quite similar to, stories obtained and published by Roland B. Dixon in a previous number of this Journal. The combined material shows that there exists a close similarity between the mythology of the Shasta Indians and those of the surrounding tribes, such as the Yana, Maidu, Wintun, Klamath, Takelma, Coos, and other tribes of the Pacific coast. Shasta mythology has clearly all the characteristics of that part of the Pacific coast area which includes northern California, Oregon and Washington. It shows, however, a closer relationship to the mythology of the northern California Indians than to those of Oregon and Washington. The characteristic stories of the "Loon-Woman" and the "Tar-Baby" episode, for instance, are present.

The Athapascan narratives contained in this collection are few in number. They resemble the stories of other tribes of the coast of Oregon, and seem to have little, if anything, in common with the Athapascan folk-tales of the north or of New Mexico.

A correlation between the traditions recorded here and those obtained among other American Indian tribes is hardly within the scope of this paper. However, attention has been called by the editor whenever possible, to the occurrence of similar myths among the most important neighboring tribes. For this purpose reference has

been made to the following traditions collected by other students of American Indian folk-lore and previously published:

FRANZ BOAS, Chinook Texts (Bulletin 20, Bureau of American Ethnology).  
— Indianische Sagen von der Nord-pacifischen Küste Nord-Amerikas (Berlin, 1895).

— Kathlamet Texts (Bulletin 26, Bureau of American Ethnology).

— Traditions of the Tillamook Indians (Journal of American Folk-Lore, vol. xi).

JEREMIAH CURTIN, Creation Myths of Primitive America (Boston, 1898).

ROLAND B. DIXON, Maidu Myths (Bulletin of the American Museum of Natural History, vol. xvii).

— The Northern Maidu (*Ibid.*).

— Maidu Texts (Publications of the American Ethnological Society, vol. iv).

— Shasta Myths (Journal of American Folk-Lore, vol. xxiii).

LEO J. FRACHTENBERG, Coos Texts (Columbia University Contributions to Anthropology, vol. i).

— Lower Umpqua Texts (*Ibid.*, vol. iv).

PLINY EARLE GODDARD, Jicarilla Apache Texts (Anthropological Papers of the American Museum of Natural History, vol. viii).

ROBERT H. LOWIE, The Test-Theme in North American Mythology (Journal of American Folk-Lore, vol. xxi).

— The Northern Shoshone (Anthropological Papers of the American Museum of Natural History, vol. ii).

EDWARD SAPIR, Takelma Texts (Anthropological Publications of the Museum of the University of Pennsylvania, vol. ii).

— Yana Texts (University of California Publications in American Archaeology and Ethnology, vol. ix).

— Wishram Texts (Publications of the American Ethnological Society, vol. ii).

JAMES TEIT, Mythology of the Thompson Indians (Publications of the Jesup North Pacific Expedition, vol. viii).

— The Shuswap (*Ibid.*, vol. ii).

T. T. WATERMAN, The Explanatory Element in the Folk-Tales of North-American Indians (Journal of American Folk-Lore, vol. xxvii).

All references to the traditions of the Alsea, Molala, and Kalapuya Indians were taken from manuscript material collected by me during the last five summers. The first of these collections is now in course of publication as a Bulletin of the Bureau of American Ethnology.

I have endeavored to keep as close as possible to the narrative as recorded by the collector. Stylistic changes have been made only when absolutely necessary. Thus misunderstandings are most likely to be avoided. I have arranged the tales so as to begin with creation myths. These are followed by transformation and other tales. During a recent visit to the Siletz Reservation I availed myself of the opportunity offered of verifying Dr. Farrand's spelling of certain native names and geographic terms. All footnotes are mine with the exception of a few, for which the collector has been given due credit.

LEO J. FRACHTENBERG.



SHASTA MYTHS.<sup>1</sup>I. THE ORIGIN OF DEATH.<sup>2</sup>

Long, long ago Coyote was considered the wisest being to whom all people were wont to go for advice and help in times of distress. Coyote was living with Spider. Each of them had a boy. One day Spider's child died. So he went to Coyote, saying, "My child died. I should like to have my child come back to life. What do you think of it?" But Coyote replied, "I don't think it will be right; for, if all dead people should come back, there would be too many spirits in the world, and then there would hardly be room for us living people." Spider went home saying nothing.

After a while Coyote's child died; and he went at once to Spider, addressing him thus: "Friend, you were right a little while ago. My child is dead now, and I am willing to agree that both our boys should come back to life." But Spider answered, "No, this cannot be done. My child is all spoiled now. It is too late." Coyote tried to induce Spider to change his mind, but Spider remained inexorable.

2. THE THEFT OF FIRE.<sup>3</sup>

"We shall have to change this rock so that we can have regular fire," said Coyote one day. He was tired of having to pile rocks in order to obtain heat. He was not satisfied. "There is a shaman," he continued, "who has regular fire, and I shall try to obtain some from him." The other people tried to dissuade him from this dangerous undertaking, but he paid no heed to them. He started out, and soon came to the place where the fire was kept. All the fire-keepers had gone on a man-hunt, and only the children were left in charge.

Coyote approached the fire with a stick in his hand. "Who are you? Where have you been?" one of the children asked him suspiciously. "Oh, visiting relatives around here," Coyote answered. One child said, "My father warned us that no one but Coyote would come here, and he told us to beware of him." — "Nonsense," said Coyote as he sat down by the fire. His blanket reached to the very fire into which he had pushed his stick, unobserved by the children.

<sup>1</sup> Obtained from Klamath Billie. The various Indian tribes that live on the Siletz Reservation refer to the Shasta as Klamath Indians: hence the name "Klamath" Billie.

<sup>2</sup> This story agrees with the version obtained by Dixon, with the exception that Spider is substituted here for Cricket (see Dixon, *Shasta Myths*, pp. 14-15). A close resemblance has been found between this story and a similar Takelma myth (see Sapir, *Takelma Texts*, pp. 99-101; compare also Dixon, *Maidu Myths*, pp. 42-44; *id.*, *Maidu Texts*, pp. 51-55; Sapir, *Yana Texts*, pp. 91-93; Frachtenberg, *Coos Texts*, pp. 43-45; *id.*, *Lower Umpqua Texts*, pp. 40-43; James Teit, *Mythology of the Thompson Indians*, p. 329). A similar myth was obtained among the Kalapuya Indians.

<sup>3</sup> Identical with the version obtained by Dixon (see Dixon, *Shasta Myths*, pp. 8-9). The fire-myth has been found practically among all tribes of this region.

"Don't be afraid of me, children! I am your cousin," he said. His stick began to burn. "Look over there, look!" he exclaimed suddenly; but the children insisted that they had been warned against Coyote, and refused to look. He laughed at their fears, and reassured them. "Look, children, at Coyote's house!" said he again. This time the children looked, and Coyote dashed out of the house with the burning fire-stick in his hand.

Before entering the fire-house, Coyote had stationed some of his people at different points. Just as he dashed out from the house, the shaman returned, and, suspecting what had happened, he set out in pursuit of the thief. Coyote ran with the fire-stick until he reached Eagle. Eagle ran with it next, and tossed it to Buzzard. The last man to receive the fire was Turtle. He was a slow runner, and was soon in danger of being overtaken, so he hid the fire in his armpit and jumped into the river. The shaman shot him in the back; and Turtle exclaimed, "Ouch! this (arrow) will make a tail afterwards."

When Coyote came home, he inquired after the fire. Buzzard said, "We gave it to the wrong man." — "Why did you give it to Turtle?" Coyote scolded him. He was very angry. Soon Turtle appeared on the opposite bank of the river, and Coyote began to abuse him. Turtle said, "Keep still, Coyote! I have the fire," whereupon he threw it on the ground, and a great fire started in the mountains. All people came to obtain fire, and there has been fire ever since.

Afterwards<sup>1</sup> Coyote made fire-sticks and instructed his people in the making and use of the fire-drill. He also it was who laid down the law, "Only men shall carry fire-sticks, not women. Let the women pack the wood, and we will carry the fire-sticks!"

### 3. THE FLOOD.<sup>2</sup>

One day Coyote said, "This world will pretty soon become full of water, and we shall all die." The people, however, thinking that he was joking, did not believe him, although he repeatedly admonished them to prepare canoes in which they could save themselves. Coyote kept on saying, "The flood will come in about ten years."

In due time, after the expiration of ten years, the flood came. Coyote sought refuge upon a high mountain, whither he was followed by only two people. Soon the water began to rise until the whole world was flooded. All the people were drowned except Coyote and his two companions. The water kept on rising, and threatened to reach the mountain where Coyote was. He became desperate, and

<sup>1</sup> This episode is missing in Dixon's version.

<sup>2</sup> Probably another form of the story of "Coyote and the Flood" obtained by Dixon (see Dixon, *Shasta Myths*, p. 31). A similar myth was obtained in fragmentary form among the Alsea Indians (see also Frachtenberg, *Coos Texts*, pp. 45-49).

asked himself, "Am I going to die now?" Presently the water rose higher, and he addressed the same question to his tail. The tail replied, "No!" Later on he asked the same question of his penis, to which the penis answered, "No, this is the last stage of the flood."

Soon the flood subsided, and the people came to life again.<sup>1</sup> Coyote assembled them all at one place, and told them, "Now I will give you names." He then named them Deer, Grizzly Bear, Black Bear, Panther, Spider, Rattlesnake, Bumblebee, Fly, Chicken-Hawk, Crane, Crow, Humming-Bird, Kingfisher, Raven, Elk, Wild-Cat, and Garter Snake. The people thereupon dispersed all over the country.

#### 4. THUNDER AND HIS SON-IN-LAW.<sup>2</sup>

Ikiyeme', the Thunder, had two daughters who were courted by many men. But Ikiyeme' was mean, and tried to kill the suitors of his daughters. In vain the girls remonstrated with their father, telling him that they wanted a husband.

One day a good-looking man arrived to court the girls. The girls told their father, and he asked to see the young man. The suitor was smart, and, as he went to see Thunder, he said to himself, "I wish the old man would like me!" Thunder looked at the young man, and said to his daughters, "I like him. He is the kind of man I have been looking for. Do you two take him for your husband!" So the girls married the young man.

The next day Thunder said to his son-in-law, "I want to eat salmon. Go and spear some! You will find a big red salmon in the river. This is the one I want you to spear." The young man took his spear and went to the river. He had a small brother whom he was in the habit of taking along everywhere. Pretty soon he saw a red salmon, and he said to his little brother, "You sit here and watch me spear this salmon." He hit the salmon; but the salmon started downstream, and the young man followed him. His brother waited for him all day, and at last gave him up as lost. The salmon took him all the way to the ocean, where the young man succeeded in hooking him. On the third day he returned and gave his father-in-law the salmon. Thunder was surprised, and said, "I'll cook it outside." He said this because he was mean and did not want to share the meat with any one else.

<sup>1</sup> It is interesting to note that in the Molala version of the Flood the people also come to life without being resurrected by Coyote.

<sup>2</sup> A Shasta version of the "Test of the Son-in-law" story, so frequently met with in the mythologies of the Pacific and Western area (compare particularly Boas, *Sagen*, pp. 39, 67, 70, 118, 136, 198; *id.*, *Chinook Texts*, pp. 33-35; *id.*, *Kathlamet Texts*, pp. 113-117; Curtin, *Creation Myths*, p. 145; Dixon, *Maidu Myths*, pp. 67-71; Frachtenberg, *Coos Texts*, pp. 27-29). Similar stories were also obtained among the Alsea and Kalapuya Indians.



Soon afterwards Thunder asked his son-in-law to go with him to the sweat-house. The young man consented, and Thunder said, "You go in first!" He did so, taking along a small stick. Pretty soon rattlesnakes came at him, but he killed them with his stick. He tied up the rattlesnakes and took them to his father-in-law. "Here," he said to him, "I found these in the sweat-house." Thunder said nothing.

The next morning Thunder pointed out a cliff to his son-in-law, and asked him to fetch some bird-eggs from there. The cliff could be ascended by means of steps which Thunder had made. The young man climbed up; but when he came to the top and looked down, the steps had disappeared, and there was nothing but a steep precipice. He thought, "Verily, I shall die now." He staid there five nights, and the girls gave him up as dead. Thunder was glad, because he was sure he had at last rid himself of his son-in-law. But the young man did not give up. He threw his stick down, and noticed that it fell down fast. Then he threw some lichens, and, behold! they were falling down slowly. So he picked all the lichens he could reach, (wove them into a mat,) sat down on it, and descended slowly with the eggs in his hands. He gave the eggs to his father-in-law, who said, "I'll make a fire and boil them over there."

The next day Thunder invited his son-in-law to play spring-board with him. The young man consented, and they went in quest of a suitable log. Having found one, Thunder sat down near the butt-end, while the young man took a position near the spring-end. After a while he persuaded his father-in-law to sit at the very end, whereupon he jumped off suddenly, and the tree swung Thunder clear into the sky, where he has been staying ever since. The young man taunted his father-in-law.

##### 5. THE GIRL WHO MARRIED HER BROTHER.<sup>1</sup>

A mother and her ten children were living together. The oldest was a girl, called Anē'diwī'dōwīt.<sup>2</sup> She was mean; and her mother had to hide from her the youngest child, a boy, called O'mānūts.<sup>3</sup> Anēdiwī'dōwīt was wont to ask her mother, "Where is that child

<sup>1</sup> This story differs in a few minor details only from the version obtained by Dixon (see Dixon, *Shasta Myths*, pp. 9-10). In Dixon's version, Omanuts and his family ascend the sky by means of a rope, which breaks as soon as one of his brothers looks back. Omanuts is rescued by two Duck-Girls, and his children (and not Omanuts himself) kill his former wife. This myth is another form of the "Loon-Woman" story, typical of northern California (cf. Dixon, *Maidu Myths*, pp. 71 *et seq.*; Curtin, *Creation Myths*, pp. 407 *et seq.*; Sapir, *Yana Texts*, pp. 229 *et seq.*).

<sup>2</sup> "Aniduidui" in Dixon's story.

<sup>3</sup> Dixon, "Ommanutc." According to a footnote made by Farrand, the word "apparently means 'floating up in the air,' referring to the fact that Omanuts floated up after having fallen into the fire."

you bore some time ago?" to which her mother would reply, "Oh, I lost him long ago." Every morning Anēdiwī'dōwīt saw her mother go down to the spring. She followed her, and noticed that the water was disturbed, as if some one had been swimming there.

One day Anēdiwī'dōwīt found a long hair in the water. She measured it with the hair of her other brothers, and found it to be too long. So she decided to learn whose hair it was. Every night she camped at the spring, until one morning she saw a strange man come down to bathe. Then she knew who had been disturbing the water, and to whom the hair belonged. It was O'mānūts. She fell in love with him, and decided to marry him. She went home and asked her mother to prepare some food for her, as she was going away. Her mother gave her food, and Anēdiwī'dōwīt asked, "Who wants to accompany me?" The oldest brother said, "I." — "No," replied the girl, "not you." In a similar manner she refused to go with any of her other brothers. Finally she ran to the side of the house, put her hand there, and said, "This is the one I want to take along." Then O'mānūts came out from where he had been hidden all these years, and said, "All right! I'll go with you."

They travelled all day. When night came, Anēdiwī'dōwīt said, "Let us stop here!" So they stopped there, and the girl began to prepare the bed. O'mānūts suspected what she wanted of him, but he said nothing. He only wished she might fall sound asleep, so as to be able to run away from her. When she was sound asleep, he put a log in his place and left her, returning to the house. He ran home, and shouted, "Let all get ready to come with me!" They did so, and before departing cautioned everything in the house not to tell Anēdiwī'dōwīt where they had gone. But they omitted to tell Ashes.

Early in the morning Anēdiwī'dōwīt woke up and began to speak to the log, thinking it to be her husband; but soon she found out the deception, jumped up in anger, and cried, "I'll kill you!"

In the mean time O'mānūts and his family had entered a basket and were drawn up to the sky. Anēdiwī'dōwīt came home, and inquired of everything in the house as to the whereabouts of her mother and brothers. No one would tell. Finally she asked Ashes, and was told that they had gone up to the sky. She looked up, and saw her family halfway up the sky. She began to weep, and called for them repeatedly to come down. But O'mānūts had told them not to look back, no matter how often she might call. Soon, however, the mother looked back, and the basket began to fall. Anēdiwī'dōwīt was glad when she saw the basket coming down. She made a big fire, intending to kill her family as soon as the basket should fall into it. The basket came down; but, when O'mānūts hit the ground, he flew right

up and floated away. Anēdiwī'dōwīt thought she had killed them all, and was very glad.

After a while O'mānūts came down on the ocean beach, where two Sea-Gull girls found him. At first the girls were afraid of him; but he assured them, saying, "Don't be afraid of me! Touch me, wash me, and you will find that I am all right!" The girls did as directed, and O'mānūts married them. After a while his wives became pregnant and gave birth to a boy and girl. As soon as the children grew up, O'mānūts gave them a bow and arrow, and taught them how to shoot, saying, "When you grow up, I want you to go to my sister over yonder, and watch her secretly." The children grew up and went to their aunt's house, who scared them so, that they ran back in a hurry. Then O'mānūts said to his children, "Let us all go and kill my sister! She is mean. She killed my family." The children promised to help him.

So they all went, and O'mānūts began to fight with his sister; but he could not kill her, because the only vulnerable spot, her heart, was in the sole of her foot. In vain O'mānūts shot arrow after arrow at her. He could not kill her. His arrows were all gone, and he was almost exhausted, when Meadow-Lark came to his help. She told him to look at Anēdiwī'dōwīt's heel. He did so, and saw something bright and shining. On Meadow-Lark's advice he directed an arrow at that spot, and thus succeeded in killing the terrible Anēdiwī'dōwīt.

#### 6. THE DEATH OF THE GRIZZLY BEARS.<sup>1</sup>

One winter Coyote, his wife, and ten Grizzly Brothers were living together. Louse was Coyote's wife. Not far from their lodge there lived a poor orphan<sup>2</sup> and his grandmother. The boy was in the habit of visiting Coyote's house and its inmates. One day the boy came to the house and looked in. The oldest Grizzly saw him, and said, "Halloo, boy! I knew your father and mother well. Your father was a good hunter. He knew how to obtain food. Your mother knew how to dig camas. But now you are alone and poor." The boy began to cry,<sup>3</sup> and went home. When his grandmother saw his tears, she said, "I told you not to go to that house. The Grizzlies are mean, and always scoff at you. It was they who killed your people."

<sup>1</sup> A similar story was obtained by Dixon (see Dixon, *Shasta Myths*, pp. 18-19). This story contains two distinct motifs. One is the episode of "Swallowed by a Monster," which has a wide distribution (see Lowie, *The Test-Theme in North American Mythology*, p. 140; and Waterman, *The Explanatory Element in the Folk-Tales of the North-American Indians*, p. 49). The other is the story of "Grizzly Bears," typical of northern California and Oregon (cf. Sapir, *Takelma Texts*, pp. 123 *et seq.*; *id.*, *Yana Texts*, pp. 203, 216; Frachtenberg, *Coos Texts*, pp. 91 *et seq.*; *id.*, *Lower Umpqua Texts*, pp. 14 *et seq.*). Similar traditions were also recorded among the Alsea, Molala, and Kalapuya Indians.

<sup>2</sup> Dixon, "Lizard."

<sup>3</sup> He was mortally offended, because the names of his dead parents had been mentioned to him.



In the evening the boy sharpened his flint knife and went to the house of his enemies, hiding himself behind a bush. He knew where the chief was sleeping. As soon as they were all asleep, he took out his knife, cut off the chief's foot, and ran home. In the middle of the night Grizzly woke up, and began to groan, "Oh, some one has cut off my foot!" Coyote was the first to wake up, and he shouted at the other Grizzlies, "Wake up! What is the matter with you people? Don't you hear what the chief says?" He had seen the boy cut off the chief's foot. He had followed him outside, where he picked up the bones which the boy had thrown away, and threw them into the fire. He had also put the moccasin of the cut-off leg into the fire, so that it became burnt and black. He did all this because he wanted to befriend the boy, and shield him from the anger of the ten brothers. As soon as the Grizzlies were awake, Coyote said to the chief, "I warned you that your foot would slip off that rest some day and burn, and now it has happened." The chief thought it might have been so, but his brothers were doubtful. In the morning Louse said to Coyote, "I thought I saw some one go out last night." Coyote said, "No one went out. I was awake all night." His wife was certain of it, but he kept on telling her that she was mistaken.

After a while one of the Grizzly Brothers recollected that on the previous day they had mocked the orphan boy, and expressed his belief that it was the boy who cut off the chief's foot. Thereupon Coyote said, "I'll go to the boy and ask him." The others agreed, and Coyote started out. He found the boy eating bear-meat. He warned him to keep quiet, and not to say anything when questioned about the happenings of last night. The boy promised to obey; and Coyote returned home, telling the chief, "The poor boy is crying. He is not feeling well. I am sure he did not cut off your leg." But the youngest Grizzly kept on saying, "No, I think he did it." Finally Coyote was sent again to bring the boy before the chief. Upon arriving at the orphan's house, Coyote said to him, "I have come after you. Be careful, now! If the chief asks you, 'Shall I crush you with my hands?' say, 'No;' if he says, 'Shall I swallow you?' answer, 'Yes.'"

When the boy was brought into the house, the chief asked him, "Did you cut off my foot?" The boy answered, "Yes." — "Why did you do it?" the chief asked again. "Was it because I mocked you?" — "Yes," replied the boy. Then Grizzly said, "What shall I do with you? Shall I pulverize you in my hands?" — "No!" said the boy. "Shall I swallow you?" — "Yes," answered the boy. Thereupon Grizzly opened his mouth, and the boy jumped into it. Once inside, he took out his knife and cut his enemy's heart. The Grizzly chief died. His other brothers wanted to dig a grave in which

to bury him; but Coyote intervened, saying, "Don't do that! Some one will open the grave, thinking it a cache of food. Better make a corral fence, put him there, and cover him with brush. The people will recognize it easily as a grave." So the Grizzlies made a fence and buried their brother. As soon as they disappeared, the boy came out from the chief's body and went home.

In the evening Coyote said to the Grizzly Bears, "I am going to see the old woman and find out how she is getting on." He came to the house, and found the boy and told him all he had done for him. At night he went back to his own house, and told the Grizzly Brothers that he was going to stay with the old woman. That was merely a pretence, for in reality he wanted to help the boy carry the bear-meat. During the night the youngest Grizzly had a dream, in which he saw Coyote help the boy carry the meat of his dead brother. He woke up, and said to his brothers, "Let one of you go and see whether the dream is true!" One Grizzly went there, and saw Coyote in the act of carrying away the last piece. He gave chase; but Coyote and the boy reached in safety the house, the door of which, upon the boy's wish, turned into stone, thus defying all attempts of Grizzly to break in. The enraged Grizzly walked all around the house, saying, "Boy, how can I get inside?" The boy, in the mean time, was heating rocks; and when they were red-hot, he said to Grizzly, "I'll tell you how to enter, but you must come in hind-feet first." Grizzly consented, and the boy opened the door a little bit. As soon as the Bear's body was halfway in, the boy wished the door to close tight. The door closed, and Grizzly was caught fast, whereupon the boy killed him by means of heated rocks. In the same manner all the other Grizzlies were killed with the exception of the youngest one, who became the progenitor of all Grizzly Bears that are alive now.

#### 7. COYOTE AND THE STUMP-MAN.<sup>1</sup>

Coyote was travelling all over the country. He came to a house in which there lived an old woman, and asked her, "Where have all the people gone?" The woman replied, "They went long ago over yonder hill, and have never returned. I am anxious about them." Coyote decided to follow them and find out what kept them there. The old woman warned him that he might be killed, but he disregarded her warning and started out. He soon found a trail, which he followed until he reached its end. While looking around for another trail, he

<sup>1</sup> As in a previous story (see No. 2), Coyote appears here as the typical culture-hero of the Columbia Valley. He travels over the country, instructing people in useful things, and freeing the land from monsters (see Boas, *Sagen*, pp. 24, 30, 66; *id.*, *Chinook Texts*, pp. 101 *et seq.*; *id.*, *Kathlamet Texts*, pp. 46 *et seq.*; Lowie, *Northern Shoshone*, pp. 237, 239; Dixon, *Maidu Texts*, pp. 27 *et seq.*; Frachtenberg, *Coos Texts*, pp. 29 *et seq.*). Similar stories were also obtained among the Alsea, Molala, and Kalapuya Indians.



saw a stump. He seized his bow and shot at it. To his surprise, the stump kept on dodging the arrows, so that he missed it repeatedly. This convinced him that the stump was a person, and responsible for the disappearance of the people. He kept on shooting until all his arrows were gone, whereupon the stump assumed the form of a person, and began to pursue him. Coyote ran until he came to a big lake. In danger of being seized, he asked himself, "Do I die now?" An answer was given him, "No! Just jump into the water!" Coyote did so, but in turning around he stuck his nose out. The Stump-Man saw it, and said, "He is mine now! He cannot get away from me. I will rest a while." Coyote heard everything, and kept still. After a while Stump-Man got ready to pull him out; but, upon Coyote's wish, the lake became full of fir-cones; so that whenever Stump-Man stuck his spear into the water, he pulled out nothing but fir-cones. After many useless attempts, Stump-Man gave it up and went to sleep. Pretty soon he began to spin around, rising gradually into the air. When he was about halfway up, Coyote shouted at him, "I am smart too! You could not catch me!" The Stump-Man arrived at the sky through an opening which Coyote saw. He went back to the old woman, and told her that he had found out where the people had gone.

Then he assembled all the survivors, and asked them to suggest plans of reaching the sky. For five days they twisted a rope whereby to make the ascent. Coyote tried to go up first; but every time he reached halfway, the rope fell down. Similar attempts by other people proved of no avail. Finally Coyote pointed out to Bumblebee the place whence Stump-Man had started his journey to the sky. Bumblebee began to spin around from the same place, and rose until he disappeared into the sky.

Pretty soon Bumblebee came back, and was asked by Coyote to tell what he had seen there. Bee, however, replied, "I am tired and want to rest." Upon being urged, he related the following: "I came to the residence of Stump-Man. He was sound asleep and broken-hearted, because he had lost an opportunity of killing you." Coyote wanted to know how they could get up there; and Bee said, "I can climb up myself, but cannot take up any one else. Suppose you try Spider." Coyote laughed at this, saying, "Oh! he does not have a rope." But the people insisted upon Spider making a trial. Spider arrived with a piece of rope, and began to spin. He rose slowly, and finally reached the sky. He made his rope fast there, and the people used it as a ladder. Coyote came last. They arrived at the house of Stump-Man, where they found a boy whose body consisted of flesh only, and who was eating all the people Stump-Man had killed. Upon seeing the new-comers, the boy tried to awaken Stump-Man;



but he was sound asleep. Then Coyote and his friends set fire to Stump-Man's house, while the boy looked on helplessly. The fire grew bigger, and the boy's shouts became louder, until he burst, making the sound "Boom!" Soon the legs of Stump-Man caught fire. This woke him up, and he started to run; but, being deprived of the use of his feet, he died. All over the world it was announced that Coyote had killed the Bad Man. The people descended by means of Spider's rope.

#### 8. COYOTE AND PITCH.<sup>1</sup>

One day Coyote heard that Pitch, the bad man, was coming. He went out to meet him, and said, "I can whip you, no matter who you are." Pitch answered, "I can't fight with my hands." Thereupon Coyote struck him with his fist; but the fist stuck fast. Then Coyote said, "If I strike you with my left hand, I'll kill you." — "Go ahead, do it!" answered Pitch. Coyote hit him, and his left hand stuck fast. "I'll kick you," said Coyote; and Pitch replied, "All right, kick!" Coyote kicked, and his foot stuck fast. "If I kick you with my left foot," threatened Coyote, "I'll surely kill you." — "Do it!" mocked Pitch. Coyote kicked again, and his left foot stuck fast. "I will lash you with my tail!" shouted Coyote, whereupon his tail stuck fast. Then Coyote became angry, and threatened to kill Pitch with his ear; but his ear, too, stuck fast. Finally Coyote hit him with his head. The same thing happened. His head stuck fast.

Now Coyote was stuck to Pitch, and could not pry himself loose. After a while his friend Spider came there, and saw Coyote's predicament. "How can I help you?" inquired he. "Cut my hand away, but do not cut it," said Coyote. "It will be easier to burn it away," suggested Spider. "No!" said Coyote, "scrape it away!" Spider did so, and after a while Coyote became free.

#### 9. COYOTE AND HIS GRANDMOTHER.<sup>2</sup>

Coyote and his grandmother were starving because of lack of food. One day Coyote said, "I am going to hunt for deer." He disguised himself as a deer, walking along leisurely, plucking grass-blades, and pretending to eat them. Pretty soon a deer approached, and was easily killed by Coyote, who carried the meat home, and told his grandmother, "You can eat all you want. We shall not starve hereafter. I have at last obtained the deer-trick."

After a while he went hunting again, but his carelessness frightened away the deer. He attributed this failure to the withered eyes of

<sup>1</sup> A similar story is recorded by Dixon (see Dixon, *Shasta Myths*, p. 29). For other versions of the "Tar-Baby" myth in this region, see Sapir, *Takelma Texts*, pp. 87 *et seq.*; and *id.*, *Yana Texts*, p. 227.

<sup>2</sup> Compare Dixon, *Shasta Myths*, pp. 27-28; and also below, No. 17.

his deer-disguise, and, in order to remedy this, he took out his grandmother's eyes and put them into the deer-head. He started out, and soon killed another deer. Upon his return he told his grandmother to try on the fresh deer-eyes. She did so, and was satisfied with them. Coyote cautioned her not to look into the fire, lest they become dry; but his grandmother paid no attention to this warning. Her eyes became dry, and Coyote had to replace them. This happened repeatedly throughout the winter. After a while summer came, and Coyote gave up the deer-hunt, fishing for salmon instead. He proved to be a good fisherman, and neither he nor his grandmother were wanting in food.

One winter some one played a trick on Coyote. Upon leaving the hut one day, he saw many deer-tracks.<sup>1</sup> He went into the house, and said, "Grandmother, summer has arrived;" but his grandmother replied, "No, it is not yet summer." Coyote, nevertheless, insisted on throwing away all the food that he had stored up during the previous months. He threw it into the river, whence it was taken out by the people living downstream. Hard times came now upon Coyote and his grandmother. They were starving once more. Coyote became desperate, and said to his grandmother, "I know what to do. I'll make snowshoes to hunt deer with. I know where I can find many deer." With the aid of his grandmother, he made a pair of snowshoes, and went out hunting. Pretty soon he saw many deer under a tree. They could not get away, and Coyote shot them all. He was too weak, however, to pack all that meat. So he went back and asked his grandmother for help. They kept on working until they had stored away all the meat. Then Coyote said, "Verily, all is well with us. We sha'n't starve again. No one is ever going to play any more tricks on me."

#### 10. COYOTE AND ITCSUDIKE.<sup>2</sup>

One day Coyote said, "I am going to visit my friend Itcsudike. I have been intending to do so for a long time." So he started out, and came to his friend's house. Itcsudike was glad to see him. "I will stay with you five days," Coyote said. With Itcsudike five days meant five years. Itcsudike was a good hunter, and there was plenty of food in his house.

<sup>1</sup> The tracks were caused to be there by some one hostile to Coyote.

<sup>2</sup> It may prove worth while to call attention to the partial similarity that exists between this story and a Yiddish anecdote, according to which a young bridegroom gets into trouble with his father-in-law, who had promised to give him free board and lodging for ten years. After the expiration of ten days, the father-in-law, claiming that with him a day meant a year, turned the young man out. Thereupon the young man asked for a divorce, in accordance with a Talmudic law which permits a husband to divorce a wife who has been sterile for ten years. The quarrel is finally amicably settled.

In the evening of the fifth day Coyote said to his friend, "This is the last night I shall spend with you. To-morrow I am going back." In the morning Coyote got ready to go home; but Itcsudike said to him, "Don't go back yet!" Coyote insisted; and Itcsudike said, "Why, you haven't been here one day yet!<sup>1</sup> You must fill out your time!" Coyote argued, but to no effect.

So Coyote staid another night, and ran away. He had almost reached his home, when Itcsudike, by taking two steps at a time, caught up with him, and made him go back. Coyote was helpless. He staid with Itcsudike a little while longer, and then ran away again. Once more Itcsudike caught him; and Coyote was forced to stay five years with his friend.

At the end of that time Coyote made a huge pack of the meat which Itcsudike had given him, and made himself ready to start. Itcsudike said to him, "Here is food enough for five years. When this is gone, come back and stay with me, and for each year you stay here I will give you a sufficient amount of food to last you one year." Coyote did not know how to pack such a large amount of food; but Itcsudike said, "Try it!" Coyote tried, and, behold! the bundle was light, and could be carried easily.

Upon returning to his home, Coyote found his grandmother still alive; and he told her, "Here is plenty of food. We sha'n't starve now."

## II. COYOTE AND RACCOON.<sup>2</sup>

Coyote and Teinake, the Raccoon, were living together. Each had five children. One day Coyote said, "A feast is taking place not far from here. Let us go there!" to which Coon replied, "All right!" They went to the fair and had a good time. Coyote fell in love with two girls; but they preferred Coon, and paid little attention to Coyote. Towards evening Coyote said to Coon, "I am going away for a little while. I'll be back soon. Do you watch those two girls!" While Coyote was gone, the two girls invited Coon to go with them, telling him that they did not care for Coyote. Coyote returned and looked for his friend. In vain he called his name repeatedly: he could not find him. At last Coon appeared; and Coyote asked him, "Where have you been? Where are the girls?" Coon told him that the girls were in the woods, whereupon Coyote accused him of having taken them. He was very angry.

After a while they started home. On their way they saw a squirrel running into a tree-hole. Coyote asked Coon to put his hand into one end of the hole, so as to scare the squirrel and drive it to the other

<sup>1</sup> That is to say, one year.

<sup>2</sup> See Dixon, *Shasta Myths*, pp. 30-31. In Dixon's version the introductory love-adventure of Coon, explaining Coyote's hatred of his friend, is missing.



side of the opening, where he (Coyote) was waiting for it. Coon reached into the hole with his hand, and Coyote seized and began to pull it. Coon shouted, "Hold on! This is my arm." — "No," said Coyote, "this is the squirrel." And he kept on pulling until the arm came off, and Coon died.

Then Coyote went home, carrying Coon's body. Upon his arrival home, he distributed the meat among his children; but the youngest boy, angry because he was not given an equal share, ran over to Coon's children, and said, "My father has killed your father. He did not bring home all the meat. To-morrow he is going for more." Whereupon Coon's children said, "All right! To-morrow we shall kill your brothers, but we will spare you. We shall take you with us." The next day, while Coyote was away, they killed his four children and left them on the floor. Then they ran away, enjoining everything in the house not to tell Coyote where they had gone. They forgot, however, to caution Ashes.

Coyote came home, and tried to wake his children; but they were dead. He asked everything in the house to tell him where the murderers of his boys had gone. No one knew. Finally he asked Ashes. The Ashes flew skyward, and Coyote followed their flight with his eyes. Before they were halfway up the sky, Coyote saw Coon's children, and his own boy trailing behind them. He wept, and called to them to come back; but they would not listen to him. Then he tried to catch them. He could not overtake them.

The children remained on the sky as stars. They are the Pleiades. The five big stars are Coon's children. The smaller star behind them, the red star, is Coyote's boy.

## 12. COYOTE TRIES HIS STRENGTH.<sup>1</sup>

One day Coyote was informed of the approach of a bad man who was wont to make the following boast: "I can eat any living man. I can cut out the meat from his chest." As soon as the man came in sight, Coyote covered his chest with pitch, and went to meet him. "I'll try to eat you first," said Coyote. The man agreed, whereupon Coyote cut off a slice from his chest and ate it. It tasted good. Then the man said, "It is my turn now. Are you ready?" — "Yes," replied Coyote, "but I warn you to cut very deep. People say I am very strong." The man cut a slice off Coyote's chest, ate it, and died. He had sliced off nothing but pitch, which tasted strong. "I told you so!" Coyote mocked, "everybody talks about my strength."

<sup>1</sup> Another presentation of Coyote as the culture-hero (see Nos. 2, 7; compare also Dixon, *Maidu Myths*, pp. 85-86).

## 13. COYOTE TRIES TO KILL THE MOON.

One day, as Coyote watched the Moon (man), he said, "I am going to see how he comes out." He sat down on a mountain, and pretty soon the Moon came out. Coyote stood up and shot an arrow at him. The Moon kept on coming, and Coyote shot at him until all his arrows were gone. The next morning Coyote looked over the edge, in order to see where his arrows had gone. He found them sticking in the place whence the Moon had come up. Then he saw that he could not kill the Moon, and gave up all further attempts.

## 14. THE FIGHT BETWEEN THE COYOTE PEOPLE AND THE BAT PEOPLE.

One day Coyote said, "I hear there is going to be a big fight between the Coyote people and the Bat people. Let us go there!" He went, taking along many people. The fight began, and many were killed on both sides; but the Bat people were stronger, and Coyote's side was beaten. He lost most of his relatives.

Finally one old man said to Coyote, "I'll tell you how you can kill the Bat people. Let them go back into the house to-night, and do not molest them! In the morning we shall return. Let every man arm himself with a stout stick. Thus we shall kill them." Coyote agreed, and went home with those of his people who had not been killed. In the morning he returned to Bat's house; and the old man told him, "Station your people by the door, and, as the Bats come out, hit them with the clubs!" Coyote did so, and all the Bats were killed except one, who escaped. Coyote was very glad, and gave much money to the man who showed him how to overpower the Bat people.

One of Coyote's people, an old man, did not take part in the fight. When Coyote came home, that man scolded him, saying, "Now you see how many people were killed on account of you!" Coyote felt sorry, and replied, "All right! I won't do it again."

## 15. COYOTE'S AMOROUS ADVENTURES.

(a) Once<sup>1</sup> Coyote perceived two girls walking along the road; and he said to himself, "I should like to have these girls. I wonder how I can get them!" A small creek ran parallel to the road. "I will go into the creek and turn into a salmon," said Coyote. He did so, and pretty soon the girls came to the creek. Upon seeing the salmon darting to and fro, one girl exclaimed, "Oh, here is a salmon! Let

<sup>1</sup> Compare Dixon, *Shasta Myths*, "Coyote and the Two Women," p. 29; also recorded by Farrand among the Tūtu'tunī. In the latter version the two women sit down in the water with legs apart, and Coyote enters their bodies in the shape of a salmon. See also Teit, *Thompson Indians*, p. 206; Teit, *Shuswap*, p. 741; Sapir, *Wishram*, p. 11; Boas, *Tillamook*, p. 140.

us catch it!" So the girls sat down on opposite banks of the river, and the salmon swam back and forth, entering their bodies. The elder girl said to her sister, "Do you feel anything queer?" and her sister answered, "Yes, I feel fine." Thereupon Coyote came out of the creek in his true form, and laughed at the girls, saying, "You thought it was a salmon, but I fooled you." The girls were angry, and cursed him.

(b) He<sup>1</sup> kept on going downstream, and after a while he saw two girls digging camas on the other side of the river. He began to wonder how he could get possession of them. (Here follows a story strictly analogous to the As'ai'yahatl story of the Tillamook,<sup>2</sup> which corresponds to Coyote tales of other tribes of the North Pacific coast. The same story occurs among the Salish tribes of the interior. It belongs to the very characteristic group of coarse stories that form part of the culture-hero cycle of this area. Coyote deceives the elder girl, who then induces her younger sister to follow her example. The girl finds a strange object on the ground, and wants to find out what the object is: so she looks around, and sees a little stalk, which she taps with her camas-digger. Thereupon Coyote begins to yell from across the creek, because the stalk is part of his own body, and it hurts him when it is struck. He pulls it back; and the girls, perceiving the deception, become angry, and say, "It was that old Coyote who played this trick on us.")

(c) Coyote went on for some time, until he heard a girl singing. It sounded to him as if she were singing, "I wish Coyote would come here!" He kept on running in that direction, until he came to a place where he saw Duck-Girl. She was making a basket and singing a love-song. Coyote said to her, "I'd like to stay with you." The girl consented; so he said, "I will first get wood for the fire, and then I will sleep with you." They lived together for a long time. After a while Duck-Girl became pregnant. One day Coyote said to her, "I am going to get more wood." While he was gone, the girl entered the basket, which started to roll down the river-bank. Coyote came home, and, seeing the basket roll down the bank, ran after it. He could not catch it; and the basket rolled into the water, and began to float downstream. Coyote ran down to the river and extended his membrum virile, in order to intercept the basket; but when the basket came, it just floated past him and could not be stopped. After a while children's heads began to stick out from the basket, which kept floating downstream until it reached the ocean. Coyote tried several times to catch the basket, but his attempts were unsuccessful.

<sup>1</sup> A similar story was also recorded among the Alsea, Molala, and Kalapuya Indians.

<sup>2</sup> See this journal, vol. xi, p. 140.



JOSHUA MYTHS.<sup>1</sup>16. CREATION MYTH.<sup>2</sup>

In the beginning there was no land. There was nothing but the sky, some fog, and water. The water was still; there were no breakers. A sweat-house stood on the water, and in it there lived two men, — Xōwa<sup>l</sup>lä'cī<sup>3</sup> and his companion. Xōwa<sup>l</sup>lä'cī's companion had tobacco. He usually staid outside watching, while Xōwa<sup>l</sup>lä'cī remained in the sweat-house.

One day it seemed to the watcher as if daylight were coming. He went inside and told Xōwa<sup>l</sup>lä'cī that he saw something strange coming. Soon there appeared something that looked like land, and on it two trees were growing. The man kept on looking, and was soon able to distinguish that the object, that was approaching, was white land. Then the ocean began to move, bringing the land nearer. Its eastern portion was dark. The western part kept on moving until it struck the sweat-house, where it stopped. It began to stretch to the north and to the south. The land was white like snow. There was no grass on it. It expanded like the waves of the ocean. Then the fog began to disappear, and the watcher could look far away.

He went into the sweat-house, and asked, "Xōwa<sup>l</sup>lä'cī, are you ready?" and Xōwa<sup>l</sup>lä'cī said, "Is the land solid?" — "Not quite," replied the man. Then Xōwa<sup>l</sup>lä'cī took some tobacco and began to smoke. He blew the smoke on the land, and the land became motionless. Only two trees were growing at that time, — red-wood to the south, and ash to the north. Five times Xōwa<sup>l</sup>lä'cī smoked, while discussing with his companion various means of creating the world and the people. Then night came, and after that daylight appeared again. Four days Xōwa<sup>l</sup>lä'cī worked; and trees began to bud, and fell like drops of water upon the ground. Grass came up, and leaves appeared on the trees. Xōwa<sup>l</sup>lä'cī walked around the piece of land that had stopped near his sweat-house, commanding the ocean to withdraw and to be calm.

Then Xōwa<sup>l</sup>lä'cī made five cakes of mud. Of the first cake he made a stone, and dropped it into the water, telling it to make a noise and to expand, as soon as it struck the bottom. After a long while he heard a faint noise, and knew then that the water was very deep.

<sup>1</sup> Told by Charlie DePoe. The Joshua Indians lived on both sides of the mouth of the Rogue River, in southern Oregon. They called themselves *tcāme<sup>l</sup>tinē* ("people at the mouth of the river"), the name originating from the stem *tcā* ("mouth of the river").

<sup>2</sup> This myth resembles very much a similar story obtained in Coos (cf. Frachtenberg, *Coos Texts*, "The Arrow Young Men," pp. 1 *et seq.*). A creation out of a watery waste seems to have been shared by the Maidu, Achomawi, Joshua, and Coos tribes (see Dixon, *Northern Maidu*, p. 339; and *id.*, *Maidu Texts*, pp. 39 *et seq.*).

<sup>3</sup> According to Farrand, the name "apparently means 'The Giver.'" He may be best compared to the Maidu "Earth-Maker."

He waited some time before dropping the second cake. This time he heard the noise sooner, and knew that the land was coming nearer to the surface. After he had dropped the third cake, the land reached almost to the surface of the water. So he went into the sweat-house and opened a new sack of tobacco. Soon his companion shouted from the outside, "It looks as if breakers were coming!" Xōwa<sup>ʔ</sup>lä'cī was glad, because he knew now that the land was coming up from the bottom of the ocean. After the sixth wave the water receded, and Xōwa<sup>ʔ</sup>lä'cī scattered tobacco all over. Sand appeared. More breakers came in, receding farther and farther westward. Thus the land and the world were created. To the west, to the north, and to the south there was tide-water; to the east the land was dry. The new land was soft, and looked like sand. Xōwa<sup>ʔ</sup>lä'cī stepped on it, and said, "I am going to see if the great land has come;" and as he stepped, the land grew hard.

Then Xōwa<sup>ʔ</sup>lä'cī looked at the sand, and saw a man's tracks. They seemed to have come from the north, disappearing in the water on the south. He wondered what that could mean, and was very much worried. He went back to his first piece of land, and told the water to overflow the land he had created out of the five cakes of mud. Some time afterwards he ordered the water to recede, and looked again. This time he saw the tracks coming from the west, and returning to the water on the north side. He was puzzled, and ordered the water to cover up his new land once more. Five times he repeated this process. At last he became discouraged, and said, "This is going to make trouble in the future!" and since then there has always been trouble in the world.

Then Xōwa<sup>ʔ</sup>lä'cī began to wonder how he could make people. First he took some grass, mixed it with mud, and rubbed it in his hands. Then he ordered a house to appear, gave the two mud figures to his companion, and told him to put them into the house. After four days two dogs—a male and a bitch—appeared. They watched the dogs, and twelve days later the bitch gave birth to pups. Xōwa<sup>ʔ</sup>lä'cī then made food for the dogs. All kinds of dogs were born in that litter of pups. They were all howling.<sup>1</sup> After a while Xōwa<sup>ʔ</sup>lä'cī went to work again. He took some white sand from the new land, and made two figures in the same way as before. He gave the figures to his companion, and ordered a house for them. Then he warned the dogs not to go to the new house, as it was intended for the new people. After thirteen days Xōwa<sup>ʔ</sup>lä'cī heard a great hissing; and a big snake came out of the house, followed by a female snake and by many small snakes. Xōwa<sup>ʔ</sup>lä'cī felt bad when he saw this, and

<sup>1</sup> "Every dog to-day howls looking up to the sky, because he is crying for his first father, whom he never knew." — FARRAND.

went to his companion, telling him that this trouble was due to the tracks that had first appeared in the world. Soon the land became full of snakes, which, not having seen Xōwa<sup>l</sup>lä'cī, wondered how everything had come about. The world was inhabited by dogs and snakes only. One day Xōwa<sup>l</sup>lä'cī wished three baskets to appear, gave them to his companion, and told him to fill them partly with fresh water and partly with salt water. Then he put ten of the biggest snakes into the baskets, crushed them, and threw them into the ocean. Two bad snakes got away from him; and all snake-like animals that live to-day come from these snakes. Xōwa<sup>l</sup>lä'cī said to these two snakes, "You two will live and surround the world like a belt, so that it won't break!"<sup>1</sup> Then he crushed five bad dogs in the same way, made a great ditch with his finger, and threw the dogs into the ditch. These dogs became water-monsters.<sup>2</sup> All animals that raise their heads above the water and smell, and then disappear quickly under the water, came from these five dogs.

Pretty soon Xōwa<sup>l</sup>lä'cī began to think again, "How can I make people? I have failed twice!" Now, for the first time his companion spoke. He said, "Let me smoke to-night, and see if people will not come out (of the smoke)." For three days he smoked, at the end of which a house appeared with smoke coming out of it. The man told Xōwa<sup>l</sup>lä'cī, "There is a house!" After a while a beautiful woman came out of the house, carrying a water-basket. Then Xōwa<sup>l</sup>lä'cī was glad, and said, "Now we shall have no more trouble in creating people." The woman did not see Xōwa<sup>l</sup>lä'cī and his companion, as they were watching her. After nine days the woman became sad, and wondered who her father and relatives were. She had plenty of food.

One day Xōwa<sup>l</sup>lä'cī said to his companion, "Stay here and take this woman for your wife! You shall have children and be the father of all the people. I am leaving this world. Everything on it shall belong to you." And the man answered, "It is well; but, perchance, I too may have troubles." Then Xōwa<sup>l</sup>lä'cī asked him, "How are you going to be troubled?" So the man said, "Do you make this woman sleep, so that I can go to her without her seeing me." The woman found life in the house very easy. Whenever she wished for anything, it appeared at once. About noon she felt sleepy for the first time. When night came, she prepared her bed and lay down. As soon as she was sound asleep, the man went in to her. She was not aware of this, but dreamed that a handsome man was with her. This was an entirely new dream to her. At daybreak she woke up and

<sup>1</sup> A comparison suggests itself between these snakes and the Midgardsorm of Teutonic mythology.

<sup>2</sup> "Probably seals, sea-lions, etc." — FARRAND.



looked into the blanket. No one was there, although she was sure that some one had been with her. She wished to know who had been with her that night. So next evening she prepared her bed again, hoping that the same would happen; but no one came to her. She did the same every night without any one coming near her.

Soon the woman became pregnant. Xōwa<sup>1</sup>lä'cī and his companion were still on the land, watching her; but she could not see them, because they were invisible to her. After a while the child was born. It was a boy. He grew very fast. The young woman made a cradle for him. After six months the boy could talk. The woman still wanted to know who the father of her child was. So one day she wrapped the child in blankets, and said, "I will neglect the boy and let him cry, and, perchance, his father may come. I will go and look at the country." She started south, carrying the baby on her back. She travelled for ten years, seeing no one and never looking at the child. After a long time she could hear only a faint sound coming from behind. Nothing remained of the boy but skin and bones. Finally she stopped at SaLōmä,<sup>1</sup> and here for the first time she took the child from her back and looked at it. Its eyes were sunken and hollow; the boy was a mere skeleton. The woman felt bad and began to cry. She took the boy out of the cradle and went to the river to bathe. After she had put on her clothes, she felt of the child's heart. It was still beating! The boy urinated, and was dirty all over. His body was covered with maggots, and he had acquired various diseases. The woman took him to the water and washed his body.<sup>2</sup> She had no milk with which to feed him: so she sang a medicine-song, and milk came to her. She gave the breast to the child, but it was too weak to suck: hence she had to feed it gradually. As the days went by, the boy grew stronger. After three days his eyes were better. Then they went back to their house, where they found plenty of food. The boy grew soon into a strong and handsome man, and was helping his mother with her work. One day he asked her, "Mother, where is your husband?" and she replied, "I only dreamed of my husband." Then she told him all that had happened before he was born; and the boy said, "Oh! perchance my father may turn up some day."

Then Xōwa<sup>1</sup>lä'cī said to his companion, "The woman is home now." That night the woman longed for her husband. She had been dreaming all the time that he was a handsome man, and that her boy looked just like him. At dusk it seemed to her as if some one were coming. Her heart began to beat. Soon she heard footsteps. The door opened, and her boy exclaimed, "Oh, my father has come!" She

<sup>1</sup> A camas prairie seventy miles up the Coquelle River.

<sup>2</sup> "As she washed him, the diseases dropped to the ground and have remained in the world ever since." — FARRAND.

looked and saw the man of her dreams. At first she was ashamed and bashful. The man told her all that had happened before, and claimed her as his wife.

One day Xōwa<sup>1</sup>lä'cī told the man that all the world had been made for him. Then he instructed him how to act at all times and under all conditions. He also admonished him to have more children, and the man had sixteen children. The first one was a boy, then came a girl, then another boy, and so on. Half of his children went to live north of the Rogue River, while the other half settled down south of the river. Xōwa<sup>1</sup>lä'cī told the man that hereafter he would obtain everything by wishing. Then he straightened out the world, made it flat, and placed the waters. He also created all sorts of animals, and cautioned the man not to cut down more trees or kill more animals than he needed. And after all this had been done, he bade him farewell and went up to the sky, saying, "You and your wife and your children shall speak different languages. You shall be the progenitors of all the different tribes."

#### 17. COYOTE ARRANGES THE SEASONS OF THE YEAR.

After Coyote had come back from across the ocean, he staid with his wife one year in the Joshua country, and built himself a sweat-house there. He was in the habit of leaving his wife frequently for the purpose of hunting and fishing. A little ways up the river he had a house for drying salmon. One day he went to the drying-house and staid there a month. Then he went back to his wife, carrying all the dried salmon in a canoe. After his return he went out on the beach at low tide, where he found plenty of eels with red backs. This surprised him, and he concluded that spring must have come.<sup>1</sup> It seemed to him that he must have missed a good many months. He could not understand this; so he decided to go upstream to a prairie and view the country from there. Arriving at that place, he saw that all the flowers were dry. This convinced him that he had missed all the winter months. So he went back, and said to his wife, "My wife, everything upstream is dry. It will be midsummer soon." But the woman laughed at him. Then Coyote told her to throw all the old salmon into the river, as he did not want to mix old salmon with fresh eels. The woman refused to do so, and they quarrelled over it for a long time. She suspected that some one had been playing a trick on her husband: so she decided to hide all the food she could find, and store it away. She did not believe that fall was coming. Coyote thought that his wife had thrown all the old salmon away, as he had told her to do, and went out to gather fresh eels; but he did not see a single eel. He thought, "Well, the eels will come to-night." He went back to

<sup>1</sup> Eels always become red in the spring.



his wife and told her about his failure. She paid no attention to him, but kept on eating the salmon she had saved up. At night Coyote went out again. He fished a whole night, but did not catch a single eel. In the morning he was very hungry: so he went down to the beach in the hope of finding something to eat. Again he was disappointed. Nothing had drifted ashore. In the evening he went out fishing again. He was very hungry by this time, and suspected that either the Sun or the Moon had fooled him. For nearly a month he had nothing to eat. He was so weak that he could hardly walk. And all this time his wife was eating the meat she had stored away without his knowledge.<sup>1</sup>

One day Coyote called all the animals and birds together, told them how the Sun had fooled him, and asked them to help him kill the Sun. Coyote was given food, which made him feel stronger. Then they started out in quest of the place where the Sun habitually comes out. They built a fort there, covered it with tips, and made a small hole through which to watch the Sun. Coyote also made a knife, and was ready to catch the Sun as soon as he should come up, and to kill him. He watched. Towards daylight the Sun appeared way off. So Coyote told his companions to take a good rest that day, after which they would go to the place whence the Sun had emerged. They started again. Coyote spoke to the land, and the distance shortened. Soon they came to the new place, and made themselves ready. Again the Sun came out, but he was so far that Coyote could hardly see him. Again he told his friends to rest. In the evening they started out once more. Again Coyote shortened the distance by a mere wish. They came to the new place, but the Sun was still far off. The same thing happened twenty times. At last they came to a high mountain, which the Sun could hardly make. Then Coyote was glad, and said, "Now we shall surely catch him." So the next night they went to the new place, Coyote shortening the distance as before. Quite a number of his companions were already worn out with hunger and fatigue, and had dropped out. The new place they came to had high mountains on both sides. They made a high wall between these, and felt sure that they should catch the Sun in this place. At night they got ready. Daylight began to appear, and Coyote warned his friends to beware of any tricks that the Sun might play on them. "He may come out from the ground with his eyes shut," he said, "so that you won't see him until he opens his eyes on top of the mountain, and then he will be out of reach." At last the Sun appeared at the foot of the slope on the other side of the mountain. He looked very large, and was quite a distance away. So Coyote told his friends to rest that

<sup>1</sup> Thus far this myth shows a striking similarity to a story obtained among the Shasta (see No. 9).



day. He felt sure that they would catch the Sun at night. After sundown they started out, and came to a large body of water. Coyote held a council with his people, and asked them to look for a place to cross the ocean. Half he sent north, while the other half was to go south. He thought that perhaps the Sun might have his house in the water. Soon they saw lots of reeds. Coyote's friends became discouraged and wanted to go home, but he encouraged them, saying that he had been there before. They were very tired and hungry. So Coyote advised them to eat some roots. These kept them alive; and from that time on people learned the use of roots as medicine. From the shore they saw a large fog on the other side of the ocean, which disappeared as soon as the Sun came out. Then they were sure that they were near the Sun's lodge. At noon the Sun came up high above them; he was still very far. They did not know how to cross the ocean. So Coyote called upon the water-people to help him. Ten times he called, but no one came. Then he nearly lost his courage. He and his companions were almost starved to death.

Finally Coyote said to one of his companions, "Strike me over the head twice! Something may happen." His companion refused, fearing he might kill him. Coyote insisted, and told his friends that if he dropped senseless, they should let him lie until some one came, and then they should push him. So Coyote sat down, closed his eyes, and his companion hit him on the side of the head with a stick. A cracking sound was heard. Twice Coyote was hit before he fell to the ground lifeless. Then the people began to wonder how they should get home without Coyote, he had taken them so far away from home. Night came, and they heard the sound of mice squeaking around them in a circle. At first they did not wake Coyote. Three times the mice went around them before the people thought of waking Coyote. At first they called his name, then they shook him. At last Coyote stretched himself, and said, "Oh, I am sleepy!" His friends yelled at him, "Some one has come!" Then Coyote opened his eyes, squeezed his head on all sides, and it got well again. Soon the Mice began to squeak, and Coyote called to them, "My grandsons, come to me!" Then two Mice appeared. They had no tails; their ears were small, and their hair was very short. Coyote told them that he was their uncle, and that their father was a great friend of his. The Mice listened in silence. Then Coyote asked them to tell him where the house of the Sun was; but the bigger Mouse said, "If you give us what we want, we will tell you where the Sun's house is located." — "What do you want?" asked Coyote, "dentalia shells?" The Mouse shook her head. Coyote offered them all kinds of valuables, but the Mice did not want them. The night was passing fast, and Coyote was in a hurry: so he took a salmon-net and made two

tails of it. To one Mouse he gave the long tail, while the other received a short tail. He also gave them ears, and hair of different colors.<sup>1</sup> At last he asked them if they were satisfied; and the Mice replied, "Yes." Then Coyote took some fat and rubbed it on their noses, and told them that thereafter they would smell grease, even from a long distance; and this is the reason why all mice to-day like grease, and why they get into salmon-nets and tear them whenever they are hung up. They do this because their tails were made of salmon-nets.

Then Coyote asked the Mice, "How do you cross the ocean?" and the Mice told him that they had a trail under water. He also inquired about the house of Sun and Moon, and learned that there were one hundred Suns and Moons, and that the Suns and the Moons were the same people. One person would appear as a Sun one day. Upon his return, another man would go out as Moon; then he would come back, go to sleep, and another person would go out as Sun; and so on. Coyote wanted to know if there were any sweat-houses there. "Only one," the Mice said, "and it is very hot." They also told him that whenever a Sun wanted to enter the sweat-house, he would first thrust his foot in, and then jump out quickly; then he would go in again and jump out. He would do this five times before remaining in the sweat-house for good. "Then," the Mice said, "you can catch him." Coyote also found out that the Moon's country was dry, had no water, and that it was always hot and light there. He also asked the Mice, "Which Sun fooled me last fall?" and the Mice answered, "There were two of them. Their names are *Łtsī'cā*<sup>2</sup> and *Cān* Sun.<sup>3</sup> They are very bad and make all sorts of trouble. The others are good." Coyote wanted to know how big they were. "Very big," the Mice said, "and very dangerous." Then Coyote told the Mice that he and his companions would rest a whole day, and would make the attack upon the Suns and the Moons the next night. He asked the Mice to go home and to gnaw through all the bow-strings in the houses of the Suns and Moons. At last he asked them, "Did you say these houses were under water?" — "No!" replied the Mice, "they are on land." Coyote suspected the Mice of lying, but decided to take chances. Then he asked, "How far is it from here?" — "A long ways off." The Mice were ready to start at noon. Coyote wanted to know how long the Suns staid in the sweat-house, and if they had any dogs. "There are no dogs," the Mice said. Then they continued, "None of the Suns urinate very much, excepting the two we mentioned before. These two leave the house often, and urinate for a long time. Whenever they

<sup>1</sup> These mice were the prairie and the ordinary mouse.

<sup>2</sup> "Windy Moon (week)" (*Łtsī*, "wind;" *cā*, "moon").

<sup>3</sup> *Cān*, "bad." These two periods correspond to our month of January.



do so, it rains and storms very hard.<sup>1</sup> Watch these two carefully, for they are the ones who played the trick on you." Just before the Mice departed, they agreed to warn Coyote of any lurking danger by squeaking. Then they opened the door and disappeared.

Coyote called his people together and held a council. It was decided to eat the Suns and Moons as soon as they should be killed, for in that country there was no place to bury them. Then he ordered the ocean to become small and dry, and started out with his people. Soon the light began to grow very bright: they were approaching the home of the Suns and Moons. The sand was exceedingly hot. They came to the sweat-house; and Coyote hid his companions in it, while he himself knelt down inside near the door, where he could catch any one who went in, kill him, and throw him to his friends. Soon he heard the Mice squeaking, and whispered, "My children, I am here!" The Mice told him that all the Suns and Moons were in the house: so Coyote caused a heavy fog to spread over the place. The Mice said, "The people saw our new tails and furs, and wondered what it meant. They are surprised, and suspect that Coyote has done this and that he is watching them. We have eaten up all the bows and strings in the houses." Coyote was glad. Then one Mouse went back into the house, while the other remained outside to give warning. Soon everything became quiet. After a little while Coyote heard the slow, heavy footsteps of an approaching Sun, and saw a bright light, accompanied by a faint hissing sound. Then a foot was thrust into the sweat-house and quickly withdrawn. Four times this process was repeated. After the fifth time a Sun put the whole body in, whereupon Coyote killed him, threw him to his people, who ate him up at once. And from that time on the birds and Coyotes have been in the habit of eating dead corpses.

In this manner he killed fifty persons.<sup>2</sup> After the first twenty-five had been killed, Coyote's people became satiated and could not eat any more. So the place began to smell of blood, and the other Suns became suspicious. At last Łtsĩcā started for the sweat-house. He approached, causing a great noise and wind. Coyote trembled with excitement. Łtsĩcā urinated for a long time. As he came nearer to the sweat-house, he wondered why it was dark inside. He put his foot in, then withdrew it quickly. Coyote began to waver; he thought that perhaps he had killed enough Suns and Moons. At last Łtsĩcā came in. Coyote stabbed him, but only scratched his rump. The wounded Sun rushed into the house and gave the alarm. Coyote quickly gathered his people and told them to disperse. Then he

<sup>1</sup> The hardest rainfall in southern Oregon occurs usually in the month of January.

<sup>2</sup> Leaving fifty Suns and Moons to correspond approximately to the fifty-two weeks of our present year.



produced a heavy fog, so that he could not be seen. The Moons woke up and seized their bows and arrows; but all were gnawed through. Thus Coyote and his friends escaped. The Mice, too, went home on their trail. They met at their first meeting-place, and Coyote danced the death-dance. Since then people have always been dancing the murder-dance. The wounded Moon had a very bad night; he was very sick.

At noon Coyote looked up to the sky, and said, "Suns, if you ever fool me again, I will come back and kill you all!" The Suns did not answer. Then Coyote settled the length of the year, and divided it into twelve periods; and since then the Suns have never dared to disobey him.

#### 18. COYOTE AND THE OLD WOMAN.<sup>1</sup>

In the old days different people were living in the world. The Joshuas were the Coyote people. At that time there lived at Dīmē<sup>2</sup> five boys and their grandmother. The grandmother instructed the boys how to make spears and bows and arrows, and how to put poison on the arrows, just as their father, who was a seal-hunter, used to do. The boys made a canoe out of a red-wood log that had drifted ashore during a big storm, and the old woman gave each of them a basket-hat to wear, in case the canoe should upset. They also had different kinds of spears, and a skin rope which the old woman had shown them how to make. At that time Coyote lived at Joshua. He had never been to Dīmē, but had heard that various kinds of food could be obtained there.

One fine day, when the ocean was very smooth, the oldest boy said to his grandmother, "This is a good day for hunting. Give us much food, as we may not be back to-day." The old woman placed much food in the canoe; and the boys went away, leaving her alone. At the same time Coyote decided to visit Dīmē. He put on his best clothes and went up the beach. Pretty soon he arrived there. He looked into the sweat-house: no one was inside. Then he walked up to the house, where he found the old woman working alone. She had only an apron on, and Coyote wished he could get possession of her. He thought, "I will go in and talk to her." So he opened the door; but the old woman shouted, "Wait until I put on a dress!" — "Oh, never mind! Stay just as you are!" he replied. Then Coyote entered the house, and asked her where her grandsons were. She told him that they had gone out hunting, and asked him if he wanted any food; but

<sup>1</sup> In this story Coyote plays the part of the Transformer and the Trickster, this being the typical rôle that is assigned to him by all the tribes of northern California, Oregon and Washington.

<sup>2</sup> A former Indian village situated about five miles north of the Rogue River. — FARRAND.

Coyote replied that he would rather wait until the boys got back with fresh food. After a while he told the old woman that he was going into the sweat-house to sleep, and asked her to wake him up as soon as her grandchildren got back. He cautioned her not to wake him by poking him with a stick from the outside, but to come into the sweat-house. He reasoned that, once he had her inside, he would be able to take possession of her. So he went into the sweat-house, sat down, and wished a storm to come up on the ocean. Soon a heavy gale began to blow. The woman called Coyote to come and help her, but he never moved. She begged him to go up on the mountain and look for her grandchildren: he paid no attention. She poked him with a stick: still he did not move. The gale was growing worse. At last the old woman entered the sweat-house, seized Coyote, and began to shake him. Then he opened his eyes and asked her what the trouble was. She told him to come out and watch for her grandsons; but Coyote said, "Go out first! I shall follow immediately." At first the old woman refused, because her back was bare, and she had to stoop in order to pass through the small opening of the sweat-house; but Coyote insisted, and they quarreled over it. At last the old woman gave in; but as she stooped to leave the sweat-house, she exposed her private parts, and Coyote had intercourse with her and killed her. Then he dragged her body back into the sweat-house.

In the mean time the boys were far out on the ocean. As soon as the storm broke out, they thought of Coyote, and said, "It must be Coyote who is the cause of this storm. Let us go back! He may be hurting our grandmother." So they began to paddle homewards, and approached the shore. They saw smoke coming from the house. They perceived Coyote, but did not see their grandmother anywhere. The breakers were still very high, and the boys did not know how to make the shore. Suddenly a great wave caught the canoe and carried it clear to the shore. The canoe was full of seals. Coyote was waiting for the boys on the beach, and, when asked if he had seen their grandmother, he replied, "Yes, she is in the house. She has treated me well. I knew your father. He used to teach me how to eat seal-meat with my head covered with blankets, so that no one should see me. Now I will show it to you here in the canoe." The boys said, "Show us!" So Coyote entered the canoe, covered his head with a blanket and told the boys not to lift it unless he told them to do so. Coyote had just started to eat, when the youngest boy exclaimed, "Let us better go and see if our grandmother is in the house! You know Coyote is always lying. Let us hurry!" So they ran to the house, but found no one there. Then they entered the sweat-house, where they found the old woman dead in a corner. They ran back to the canoe, and heard Coyote laughing to himself

and boasting of the trick he had played on the old woman. The boys were very angry, and decided to take revenge on Coyote. He was still in the canoe eating seal-meat. They fastened a rope to the bottom of the canoe, and by means of their magic power they sent it clear out to sea.<sup>1</sup> Afterwards they revived their grandmother. After a while Coyote called, "Grandsons, lift the blanket!" There was no answer. He called again. Everything was quiet. Then he threw off the blanket, and found himself alone out in the ocean. He did not know how he got there. He looked into the canoe, and saw an old basket, an old hat, a mussel-digger, and a hat made of cougar-skin.

At that time different monsters were living in the ocean. The boys called on all these monsters to go and devour Coyote. While the canoe was drifting, Shak<sup>2</sup> came out from the water, and, perceiving Coyote, he asked him, "What seems to be the trouble with you?" Coyote said, "I have no paddle and cannot get ashore." Then Shak told him, "I am going to call a man who will take you ashore." And Coyote answered, "All right! Bring him here!" Soon he heard a hissing sound; and Shak appeared, telling him that a man was coming to save him. Coyote thought that Shak was lying, so he asked him to come close to the canoe. Shak was afraid, but Coyote promised not to hurt him. Then Shak stepped into the canoe; but as soon as he did so, Coyote seized the mussel-digger and thrust it into his tail. Since then Shak has had a crooked neck and a long tail.

After a while a seal came along, and Coyote asked him to come nearer. Seal at that time had a head like a dog. Seal approached, and Coyote asked him if he had come to save him. Seal replied, "Yes!" Coyote asked him to come closer. Seal did so, and Coyote put the old hat on his head and told him to dive. Soon Seal came up again, with a hat on his back; and Coyote laughed at him, saying, "Hereafter you shall live in the water. You shall come out on rocks. You sha'n't kill people any longer. People will kill you when you are asleep, and will eat your meat."

Pretty soon Killer-Whale came along, spouting water like cataracts, from his big, open mouth. Coyote asked him to come close, but not to hurt the canoe. Killer-Whale approached, and was asked again to open his mouth wider. He did so, and Coyote threw the cougar hat down his throat, and told him to go to the bottom of the ocean and not to come back until he called him. After a while Coyote called him, and Whale appeared. His mouth and his teeth were very small. Then Coyote told Killer-Whale to leave that region forever. "Here-

<sup>1</sup> After Coyote had left the whale, the boys pulled the canoe back (see p. 236).

<sup>2</sup> Perhaps a sea-monster.



after," Coyote said to him, "you may use your dorsal fin as a weapon." Since that time Killer-Whale has been using his dorsal fin as a weapon.

Not long afterwards Coyote saw a large Whale coming from the west. The Whale looked as large as a mountain, his mouth was wide open, and he had huge teeth. Coyote was afraid he might swallow the canoe or else break it with his tail, so he stood up and shouted to Whale to come to the edge of the canoe. When this was done, he threw the basket into Whale's mouth, and ordered him to dive, and to stay under the water until he called him. Whale came up again, and his jaws were just as they appear to-day. Then Coyote told Whale, "You will eat fish hereafter, and not people. You will come ashore to die." Whale started to leave; but Coyote thought it would be better if he jumped into his mouth, as he might be taken ashore by him. So he called Whale back and told him to shut his eyes and to open his mouth; whereupon he jumped into Whale's throat, and the boys pulled the canoe back to their landing-place.

The Whale took Coyote all over the ocean. It was warm inside, and Coyote had nothing with which to make an air-hole in the body of the Whale. At last he scratched his head and wished for a knife or any other weapon. Soon a spear-point came out of his ear, with which he began to cut the Whale's entrails. The Whale became sick, and Coyote advised him to go ashore; but he did not know which way to go. He staid five years inside the Whale. During that time he had lost his hair and skin. He was eating nothing but grease. He had succeeded in cutting through the Whale within a few inches of the skin, so that the light shone through it, but the water could not come in. At the end of five years Coyote heard breakers and knew that he had come ashore. In the morning, when he saw daylight coming, he thought, "Maybe some one will find me here." Pretty soon he heard people talking in a strange language.<sup>1</sup> People had approached, had looked at the Whale, and said, "This Whale is not from our side of the ocean. Let him go back!" So when the high tide came, Coyote wished the Whale to go back. The Whale went out to sea again. After another year he came ashore on the south side of the Umpqua River. At that place there lived a chief who had five daughters, one of whom was adolescent, and who therefore did not sleep in the house. When the Whale came ashore, Coyote peeped through a small hole in the Whale's skin, and recognized the country. So he opened the Whale and came out. He was in a dreadful condition. He was bald, his ears were gone, his skin was rotting, he was a mere skeleton. He could hardly walk, and had to crawl on his hands and knees. His eyes were full of grease, and he could hardly see. Soon the adolescent girl came upon the Whale,

<sup>1</sup> "He had arrived at the country of the souls." — FARRAND.

walked around him five times, and found Coyote's tracks. She followed them until she found Coyote resting under a log. Coyote asked her, "Where am I?" The girl answered, "At Cecta<sup>xut</sup>."<sup>1</sup> She had on a short dress, and Coyote thought he would have intercourse with her. So he asked her, "Who is your father?" And the girl answered, "The chief of the Indians on the southern bank of the Umpqua River." — "Why do you go around at night?" Coyote asked again. Then the girl told him, and Coyote began to laugh. Then the girl said, "How did you get into the Whale?" So Coyote told her the whole story. Then Coyote put his hands on each part of her body, asking her to name them. He began with her head, then went down to her chest, touched her arms and breasts, came down to her leg, went up the other to her shoulder, and down again over her navel to the private parts.<sup>2</sup> As soon as he put his hand there, the girl became unable to move. Then Coyote asked her, "How many brothers have you?" — "Five," answered the girl. "How many sisters?" — "Three," she replied. "Which of them do you sleep with?" — "I sleep between my second and my eldest sister." — "What time does your mother get up?" Coyote kept on asking. "Sometimes early, and sometimes late," answered the girl. "What time do you get up?" — "Oh, sometimes early, and sometimes late." Coyote also found out many other things from her; such as how she acted when in the house, where she kept her beads, and so on. After he got through questioning her, he told her to sit down close by him and to shut her eyes, whereupon he pulled off her skin and put it on himself.<sup>3</sup> He made himself look just like the girl. Then he took her body, turned it into a steel-head salmon, and sent her into the ocean, telling her to live in the north.

Then Coyote entered the house, disguised as a girl. The mother was awake, while the other three girls were still asleep. "Why do you come in so late?" asked the mother. "Oh, a whale has come ashore," Coyote answered. The mother was very glad. Then Coyote lay down with the girls, making them sound asleep; but their mother began to wonder at their sound sleep, for they had never acted like that before. So she looked closely, and perceived Coyote's leg, as it was sticking out from the blanket. Then she seized a sharp rock and cut it off. Coyote shot up through the smoke-hole, after having had intercourse with the three girls. He went back to the land of the Joshuas.

The people were very angry at Coyote, and pursued him; but a heavy fog came up, so that he could not be tracked. After a while

<sup>1</sup> The Joshua name for the Umpqua River. — FARRAND.

<sup>2</sup> See F. Boas, *Kathlamet Texts*, p. 135.

<sup>3</sup> See T. T. Waterman, *Skin-Shifter*, in this *Journal*, vol. xxvii, p. 47.

the three girls became pregnant, and could not get up. They were ashamed, and told their mother that they knew not how it had happened. They had slept all the time, and only remembered that their sister had come in to sleep with them. Then the old woman made her daughters lie down on flat boards, and stepped on their abdomens. Soon five Coyotes were born. The old woman told her daughters to wash, and to gather roots for medicine. She dried the little Coyotes in smoke, pulverized them, and threw the dust to the north, saying, "You stay in the north and do not come here! There are enough Coyotes in the south."

#### 19. COYOTE AND BEAVER.<sup>1</sup>

Ten miles up the Rogue River, Beaver and his five children were living together. Not far from them Coyote was living. One morning Coyote said to his wife in the sweat-house, "I am going away to-day." His wife said, "You better stay here!" but Coyote answered, "I am going, anyway." *Mistā'nē*<sup>2</sup> was Coyote's friend. Before departing, Coyote told him to watch for him at a certain rock, as he might not be back for a long time. "If you see a bone or anything dead," he said to *Mistā'nē*, "know it will be my body. Bite it, and I will come to life again."

Then Coyote departed, no one knew where. He approached Beaver's house from the north side. Beaver was hunting every day. He ate all kinds of wood and called it salmon. Only one kind, the *mītā'ltsis*-wood,<sup>3</sup> he did not eat. His children were fat and strong. When Coyote came to the river, he shouted for Beaver to take him across. Nobody answered! He shouted three times. At last Beaver's children came, and began to swim around him. Coyote decided to kill them: so he jumped into the river, and began to swim too. He swam across and came to Beaver's house. Old Beaver was not home. Coyote entered, and said to the children, "Children, don't be afraid of me! I am your uncle." Then he went outside, put rocks into a basket, and heated them. Then he took some wild-cabbage, ground up a piece of *mītā'ltsis*-wood, put it into a pot, and gave this to the children, saying, "Here is fresh salmon your father left for you. It tastes good!" Then he pretended to eat this food. Beaver's children ate it and died. Then Coyote took the dead bodies outside, placed them on heated rocks, and covered them with sand. First he put one body into the ground, then hot rocks, then another

<sup>1</sup> The story is not completed. It is the only narrative in this collection containing elements that have been found also among the southern Athapascans (see Goddard, *Apache Texts*, "Coyote and Beaver play Tricks on Each Other," p. 231; compare also Dixon, *Shasta Myths*, pp. 31-32).

<sup>2</sup> "A bad spirit, — the wind which the arrows make in the air." — FARRAND.

<sup>3</sup> Probably yew.



body, and so on. Then he went into the river to swim. He was afraid of the old Beaver, and did not dare to cook the meat in the house. After he was through swimming, he took Beaver's children off the fire, and placed them in a cool place. Then he went swimming again. When he came out of the water, he began to eat. The meat tasted fine, so he ate half of it. Then he bathed again. By sundown he had eaten all the meat. Then he hid the bones of the children under a small basket, and went into the river again; but he had eaten so much, that he felt sick. So he tied a log around his body in order to keep himself afloat. Towards night he came back to his wife. She questioned him about his trip, and he told her that he had not been on any mischief. He had just called on his cousin, who gave him plenty of food. In the mean time Beaver had come home and found his children's bones. He felt very sorry. He saw Coyote's tracks, suspected him at once, and wished he would come back, so that he could take his revenge.

After five days Coyote decided to go to Beaver to find out how he was taking his loss, and whether he suspected him. He took along his knife, a bow, and six arrows. From a distance he could see Beaver sitting on the bank of the river, and sharpening his knife. He was crying, and his hair was white with mucus.<sup>1</sup> Coyote came nearer. Beaver never looked up. Coyote watched him from a distance, and thought, "I guess everything is safe. I will ask him to take me across." He waited for Beaver to raise his head, so as to attract his attention. He wondered in what language to address him. He did not want to be recognized. He decided to use the California language. So he called out in that language, "My friend, come after me in a canoe!" Beaver never looked up, but kept on working. Five times Coyote called him. Then he spoke in Joshua: "I did not kill your children, if that be the reason why you won't bring your canoe." Suddenly Beaver disappeared; and Coyote stood there with his bow half drawn, and waiting for Beaver to come up again. Beaver began to swim around in a circle, and Coyote got dizzy from turning his head so often. At last Beaver darted up from behind, seized Coyote, and dragged him down into deep water. Coyote was drowned. Then Beaver tied a heavy rock around him and sunk him. Coyote staid in the water ten years, when the rope with which he was fastened to the rock began to rot, and broke. In the mean time Beaver married again, and had two children. He was still afraid that Coyote might re-appear: therefore he warned the children not to eat any *mūlā'llsis*-wood.

All this time *Mistā'nē* had been staying in the sweat-house. One day a storm broke out. The water rose, and different things drifted

<sup>1</sup> As a token of mourning.

ashore. Among them he saw a small bone, so he went into the water and brought it ashore. After having squeezed the water out of his hair, he took the bone and bit it. Then Coyote came to life again. He said to Mistā'nē, "I have been asleep. Why did you wake me?" Then Coyote went home; and his wife asked him, "Where have you been?" Coyote said, "I have been way east visiting my relatives."

After a while Coyote decided to take revenge on Beaver. He dressed up like a California Indian, put many things into the canoe, and went to Beaver's house. Upon his arrival there, he shouted in the language of the California Indians, "Friend, I have come with beautiful presents for you! I heard that you have been sick." Beaver came out of the house, and said, "It is well." He offered Coyote some salmon; and after Coyote finished eating, he said to Beaver, "Let us gather wood! Let us see who is the stronger! Perchance I can help you when Coyote comes to trouble you again." Beaver consented: so they made a great fire and heated rocks. Coyote remembered the taste of beaver-meat, and wanted to eat some more. He gathered plenty of grass, and proposed a test of strength with Beaver. They were to bury and cook each other, and the one who got cooked first was to admit himself beaten. Then Coyote dug a deep hole and buried Beaver. He covered him with leaves and grass, and began to cook him. Pretty soon Beaver shouted, "Uncover me! I am half cooked. I shall die." Coyote took him out, but Beaver was not cooked at all. He had escaped certain death by digging himself deeper into the ground.

It was Coyote's turn now to be buried. He was scared, and said, "Let us put it off for another time! I am in a hurry now." But Beaver said, "No! We have agreed to that test, and we will finish it now!" So they heated stones, and Beaver began to bury Coyote. Before he was all covered up, Coyote said to Beaver, "I'll shout when it gets too hot." Beaver told him he would walk around the hole, and be on hand whenever Coyote called. After a while Coyote shouted, "Open! It is hot!" But Beaver said, "Why, I haven't even covered you yet." Then he kept on throwing dirt and grass on the hole. Pretty soon no sound could be heard. Beaver called out to Coyote, "Are you alive?" No answer came. Then Beaver opened the hole and looked in. The meat was all gone: nothing but the bones were left. So he tied a rock around him and threw him into the river. Coyote staid in the water twenty years. At the expiration of that time the rope broke, and Coyote was brought back to life by his friend Mistā'nē. He went home, and again his wife asked him, "Where have you been all this time?" — "Oh, I have been travelling all over the world," Coyote answered.

## 20. THE BOY WHO TURNED INTO A GRIZZLY BEAR.

A man and his ten sons were living on Pistol River.<sup>1</sup> The man was very old. His boys were all married but the youngest one. The married men were hunting, while the wifeless boy was carrying water. The women were pounding acorn-flour every day, and the boy used to eat the flour left on the cooking-stones as a compensation for his work as a water-carrier. The boy was getting strong enough, so that he could use a bow and arrows. One day a sister-in-law told him to bring water. The woman was very mean; and while the boy was eating, she shouted to him, "Here, you! Eat the whole stone while you are at it!" Her husband heard this, and scolded her, saying, "He is your brother-in-law."

Soon they saw the boy eating stones and gnashing his teeth. He stretched out his arms, his hands grew wide, his feet long, and his body became strong. The woman was frightened; and the boy said to her, "To-morrow you will be afraid even to speak to me." All night the boy sat up growling. The woman was scared, and told her neighbors that her brother-in-law was turning into an animal. Before daylight he tore the house down. Then the oldest brother said to the woman, "It is your fault. You have treated him badly. You deserve anything he may do to you." At dawn the boy ran outdoors and came back as a huge grizzly bear. He was terrible to look at. At sunrise the people saw him and were afraid. The boy said, "I am a grizzly bear now. I became one from eating stones, and it was my brother's wife who made me do it. When you see my feet or my tracks, don't be frightened! But if you speak badly to me, I shall kill you." Then he went away east, remarking that he would come back.

About five years later he returned. At first he was silent. Finally he said, "I will do you no harm. You are my friends." And since that time the people living near the ocean have never been troubled by grizzly bears.

TŪTUTUNĪ MYTHS.<sup>2</sup>

[Among Farrand's notes the following significant remarks were found concerning the traditions of the Tūtutunī Indians: "They seem to have a Transformer story of some length, which I could not obtain. The informant mentioned one SxāiLa (i.e., the Transformer), who gives names to the animals and people. No story of the 'Ascent to Heaven,' either by a chain of arrows, or by a growing tree, or by a bird of feathers, could be obtained. The Tūtutunī Indians seem to have a number of 'Star' stories. No traces of the 'Bungling Host' and 'Dentata Vagina' stories were found. In their mythology, Coyote is

<sup>1</sup> A small creek south of the Rogue River.

<sup>2</sup> Told by Jake Cook.



represented as the trickster and culture-hero." The story of the theft of fire shows a striking resemblance to a similar myth obtained among the Coos (see Frachtenberg, *Coos Texts*, pp. 38-43).]

#### 21. COYOTE'S AMOROUS ADVENTURE.

[Identical with No. 15, Shasta Indians (see p. 222).]

#### 22. THE THEFT OF FIRE.

One day Coyote wanted to have fire, but none could be found in the land. Only one chief, Xa<sup>ci</sup> (the Sun), had fire. Coyote knew nothing about him. He went all over the country asking people if they knew where fire could be obtained, as he wanted to cook. Finally he came to Sea-Gull, who told him that he knew where the fire was, and that he would go with Coyote if he were paid well. Coyote agreed, and Sea-Gull told him that the fire was owned by a chief who lived far east.

So Coyote assembled all his friends, and told them to get ready. Among them were Beaver and Fire-Tongs. At last they came to the house of the Fire chief. They started to play the guessing-game, and Coyote got into a dispute with the chief over the nature of the bets. The Fire chief wanted to bet dentalia shells, while Coyote insisted upon the fire being the stake. It was finally agreed that whoever fell asleep first should be declared the loser, the winner to take all the bets.

So they played ten days and ten nights. About midnight of the tenth period the Fire chief fell asleep. Then Coyote jumped up, shouting he had won. Fire-Tongs seized the fire and gave it to Beaver, who ran out with it. Coyote and the other people dispersed. The Fire chief and his people pursued Beaver, who threw the fire into a cedar-tree, whence it is obtained unto this day. After a while all those who went with Coyote came home. Coyote also returned, took the fire, and gave it to the people who had come after it.

CHEMAWA, ORE.,  
August, 1915.

A MALECITE TALE: ADVENTURES OF BUKSCHINSKWESK.<sup>1</sup>

BY HARLEY STAMP.

ONCE there was an Indian family dwelling in the woods, who lived by hunting. Loks, the father, hunted and set his traps every day for large and small game. Bukschinskvesk, his wife, was a witch; and she so charmed Muuin, who lived in his cave in the woods, by exhibiting to him her physical charms, that he became her lover.

Every day when Loks went hunting, Bukschinskvesk would adorn herself with all her finery, beads, and silver, and, leaving her work undone, would go to her tryst with her lover. She left Aza and Josef, her two small sons, alone every day while she went to meet Muuin.

When Bukschinskvesk came to Muuin's cave, she would strike a hollow tree with her stone axe as a signal to Muuin that she had come.

Muuin would throw out an old bear-skin, and Bukschinskvesk would spread it carefully on the ground. Then Muuin would emerge from his cave, and the two lovers would play all day long.

Since Bukschinskvesk was away from home and played with Muuin all day long, she had no time to prepare Loks's meals properly, and after some weeks he noticed that all his meals were hastily cooked. He then became suspicious, and one day said he was going hunting. He, however, watched near by. As soon as Loks was gone, Bukschinskvesk left her sons and went to meet her lover Muuin. Loks was watching; and when Bukschinskvesk was well on her way, he returned to his home and asked his boys where their mother was. Aza said, "Mother has gone away again." Loks followed carefully; and finally he saw his wife stop near the cave and pound the hollow tree with her stone axe, as a signal to Muuin that she had come. Muuin threw out the old bear-skin, Bukschinskvesk arranged it smoothly on the ground, and the two lovers had intercourse all day before the very eyes of Loks.

This day Muuin and Bukschinskvesk had planned for Muuin to come in the night and kill Loks; but Loks, having heard of the plan, arranged in his own mind a scheme to beat his faithless wife and her lover.

In the evening Loks allowed his wife to arrive home first, and she quickly prepared his evening meal. He noticed again how poorly his meal had been prepared, and asked Bukschinskvesk if she could eat a whole bear if he succeeded in trapping one. Bukschinskvesk was able, as she was a witch, to eat as much as she wished; so she said she could eat an entire bear if Loks would catch one.

<sup>1</sup> Compare W. H. Meehling, *Malecite Tales* (Memoir 49, Geological Survey of Canada, p. 50). Mr. Meehling writes "Poktcinkwes."

The next day Loks told his wife to prepare all the pots and hot water, as he would not be gone more than a few hours, when he would surely return with a bear. This day Bukschinskwesk staid at home. Loks went to the bear-den and struck the hollow tree with his stone axe, as Bukschinskwesk had done previously. Muuin immediately threw out the old bear-skin and himself followed.

Loks, who had concealed himself at the edge of the den, waited until Muuin's head was just out of the cave. Then he killed Muuin with a single blow of his stone axe, saying, "Muuin, old boy, you will never be a lover of my wife again!"

Loks now skinned the bear, and took the meat home for Bukschinskwesk to cook. He carried the meat with rope made from the birch-tree. Bukschinskwesk cooked all the meat; and, as she had promised Loks to eat an entire bear, she began to eat, and ate all but a small portion, which was left in her bone dish.

Loks asked Bukschinskwesk, "How did your old Bear lover taste?" Bukschinskwesk remained silent, and spat out the mouthful of meat she was eating. That night she planned her revenge.

Bukschinskwesk decided that she would never live again with Loks. The next morning Loks said, "I am going away to hunt for a week." As soon as he was on his way, Bukschinskwesk deserted her home and children, and walked and walked, until, after three days, she came to the edge of a village. The first wigwam she entered was one occupied by Mrs. Woodchuck, an old woman and a widow. The foxes barked so loudly at the arrival of a stranger in the village, that the chief knew there was a stranger among them; and he sent Mink,<sup>1</sup> a boy of ten years, to the wigwam of Mrs. Woodchuck to see who the visitor might be.

Gloo<sup>2</sup> then sent for Bukschinskwesk to come to his wigwam, as Mink had brought a most favorable report of the beauty, grace, and figure of Bukschinskwesk.

After a short courtship of two days, Gloo married Bukschinskwesk.

Loks returned home after his week's hunt, and found his two sons nearly starved. Upon asking them for their mother, he was informed that she had left the same morning that he had started on his hunt.

Loks, after the Indian method, cooked and prepared enough food for the boys to live on for a couple of weeks. He took two new stone pipes and gave them to the children, saying, "Look carefully at the pipes every morning, and if at any time you find one of the pipes full of blood, it will mean that I have been killed." He bade his children good-by and started on his travels. He travelled many days, but eventually came to the same village, and even to the same wigwam

<sup>1</sup> According to Mechling, Marten was sent.

<sup>2</sup> Mechling writes "Klu."



of Mrs. Woodchuck, where his wife had stopped days before. He entered, and asked Mrs. Woodchuck if a woman answering his wife's description had been seen. Mrs. Woodchuck immediately began to cry. The villagers heard her weeping, and Miuk was again sent to see what the trouble could be.

Mink took the word back to the chief that a man was in Mrs. Woodchuck's house who said the present chief's wife was his wife.

Bukschinskwesk said, "No matter who comes, they want to be related to me." Bukschinskwesk then ordered the trained eagles<sup>1</sup> of the chief to be sent to kill Loks. The eagles did their duty well, and Loks was devoured by them.

The next morning the two boys, when making their daily examination of the pipes, found one full of blood. The boys cried, and realized that their father was dead, and that they should follow and find him. It was easy to track him, as since his death every footprint was full of blood. They travelled many weeks, and finally came to the same village, and to the same wigwam of Mrs. Woodchuck. They entered, and Mrs. Woodchuck began to cry over such beautiful children. The poor little boys asked about their mother, and were told that she had come to the village and had married the chief. When they asked about their father, Mrs. Woodchuck began to cry, and told the children that their father had been killed by the eagles. Again the weeping of Mrs. Woodchuck disturbed the village, and Mink was sent to discover its cause. Mink was so pleased with the appearance of the boys, who were quite handsome, that he remained long in admiration, and Weasel was sent after him. Weasel also became enamored of the handsome boys, and played with them.

Mink decided to go to the chief. He told Bukschinskwesk that the two boys in Mrs. Woodchuck's wigwam were saying that they were her sons. Again Bukschinskwesk said, "I told you that every stranger who comes to our village would claim to be related to me." Again she ordered the eagles out, and told them to go and kill the two boys, her sons. The eagles admired the two boys so much, that they took them to Mr. and Mrs. Wolf,<sup>2</sup> who were the keepers of the chief's eagles; and Mr. and Mrs. Wolf loved the boys so much, that they hid them for safety.

Mrs. Wolf told Mr. Wolf to go and get some birch-bark to make boxes in which to hide the boys. Mrs. Wolf made the boxes, and put a bag in each of the two boxes. Every day you could hear the boxes cracking, as the boys were growing very fast. At night the boys were allowed their freedom. Daily Mr. and Mrs. Wolf made new birch-bark boxes for them. One day Aza asked Mr. Wolf's father to make them little

<sup>1</sup> According to Mechling, Raven kills him.

<sup>2</sup> According to Mechling, Raven brings them up.

bows and arrows and stone axes, so that they might secure game at night, when they were out. Old Mr. Wolf made them the weapons, and they secured much small game. When the boys became young men, they went and came as they pleased, and became very skilful hunters. One day they asked Mrs. Wolf if she would cook for them, as they wanted to give a feast to the entire village, and Mrs. Wolf said she would. Daily the young hunters brought in their game, until they had enough to feed the entire village. They told Mrs. Wolf when cooking to save all the caribou-livers, and to boil them dry so that no juice would be left in them. Trees and boughs were arranged for the picnic, all were invited, and the guests were served a great plenty in bone dishes. Bukschinskwesk was late in arriving, and brought a young son that had been born to her. She realized that the young men were her sons, but she did not wish to make much of them. She shook hands with them and took her place. The two boys asked their mother if she liked caribou-liver. Bukschinskwesk replied, "Caribou-liver is my favorite dish." Josef said to Bukschinskwesk that he would like to see his little half-brother. She handed the little fellow to Josef, and said, "Don't drop him, or you will kill him!" Josef waited until his mother had her mouth full of caribou-liver, and then held his little half-brother up by the heels. This was killing the baby; and Bukschinskwesk became much excited, and tried to call to Josef not to kill her boy. In doing this she choked to death. This was what her older sons had planned in order to get rid of their mother, but not actually to murder her.<sup>1</sup>

After the feast, Aza told Josef he was going on a journey to hunt for a wife, as none of the young women in the village suited him. Josef told Aza not to stay too long.

Aza started up river; and after much travelling, he found that, no matter where he went, all the streams and lakes were dry. He became very thirsty, as he could never find water. At last he came to a village, and stopped at the first wigwam, which was Mrs. Raccoon's.<sup>2</sup> He asked her for a drink of water; and she said, "Where can we get water? We have a water famine. The chief, Bull-Frog, has got all the water shut up in his own property." Bull-Frog was a widower with an only daughter, who was very handsome. Mrs. Raccoon asked Weasel if he would go to the chief's house and ask for a little water for a stranger who was in the camp. Old Bull-Frog took some water, washed himself, and sent this dirty water to the stranger. Aza looked at the water, realized that it was not fit to drink, and threw it out. Mrs. Raccoon was so thirsty that she began to suck the earth where the water had been thrown.

<sup>1</sup> In Mechling's version a game of ball, in which a skull is used in place of a ball, follows here.

<sup>2</sup> Mechling has here the Woodchuck. In his version Bull-Frog is called Akwulubemi.



Aza said, "Never mind! I'll go up to old Bull-Frog's wigwam myself, and get the water." Aza asked Bull-Frog for a drink, and was refused; and Aza picked him up, doubled him up, and broke his back, and threw him out of the wigwam, and was going out to finish him. At this point Miss Bull-Frog, a ravishing beauty, came in. Miss Bull-Frog asked Aza why he should wish to kill her father. Aza said, "He just deserved what he got, for many a one has died of thirst as a result of his keeping all the water." Finally Miss Bull-Frog agreed with Aza. Aza and Miss Bull-Frog became lovers, and Aza said he would call on the following day. Aza opened all the drains storing the water, and all the rivers and brooks were filled up once more. All the animals were drinking so much, that it seemed they could never get enough, as they had been thirsty for so many years.

Aza went back to old Mrs. Raccoon, and found her very happy over all the free water. Aza finally married Miss Bull-Frog. After the marriage, Aza's wife said, "I am afraid, as I was engaged to another, and he may come to injure me." Aza was very powerful, and a witch beside.

Aza and his wife made a canoe of moose-hide.<sup>1</sup> They then started down the river, for Aza wanted to take his wife to his former village. They had to pass, going down the river, through a gorge where the rapids were very swift; and this gorge was full of skunks.

Aza told his wife he would get out of the canoe and go ahead and examine, while she remained above the rapids, on the shore. The object was to quiet the skunks, so they would do no damage. He told his wife, on his return, that she must not dare to open her eyes while they passed through the rapids. She said she would obey, and could go anywhere with her eyes shut if she knew she had a good pilot.

They passed through safely, and the skunks did no damage. So happy were they, that they played a game of buttons (*altestagnuk*). He looked up suddenly and told his wife they were near home and must stop playing. Soon they arrived at his native village. The first house they visited was the home of his adopted parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wolf.

The old couple were sitting down, and "had sunk into the ground up to their waists" (been there many years). He told his foster-parent that he had brought a wife to help them; and the old people were so happy, that both cried. "I shall make you as young as you were at forty," said Aza, who was a witch. He placed his hands over their eyes; and when he took them away, they were as young as they were at forty. He pulled both of his foster-parents out of the ground, and all were happy again.

<sup>1</sup> From here on, Mechling's version is quite different. They find a stone canoe, gamble and then follow adventures with the Water people.



The old woman soon had a dinner ready. After dinner Aza said they would go around to the neighbors. First they visited (Mrs.) Woodchuck, and she was nearly up to her waist in the ground. Again Aza covered her face and made her young, and pulled her out of the ground. Mrs. Woodchuck was very happy, and all went over to Gloo's wigwam. Old Gloo was deep in the ground up to the waist. Aza shoved him under the ground, and he was killed. Then Aza told his wife that Gloo had been the cause of his unhappiness.

Aza and his wife were very happy, and they went back to Mr. and Mrs. Wolf and asked for Josef. Mr. and Mrs. Wolf said, "We are expecting him any day now, for he was to be gone only so many years hunting." Aza looked up, and saw moose, caribou, deer, bear, rabbits, partridges, and all animals and birds you could imagine, that Josef was driving back. Josef put all the animals in a corral, and then for the first time saw Aza's beautiful wife. He knew there were no young-looking women in the village, and then he knew that Aza might have brought her into the village.

The brothers met, and Josef was introduced to Aza's wife. All were very happy, and lived afterward very happily.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

## LOUCHEUX MYTHS.

COLLECTED BY CHARLES CAMSELL, AND PREPARED FOR PUBLICATION  
BY C. M. BARBEAU.

## INTRODUCTION.

THE following Loucheux myths and tales were collected in 1905 by Mr. Charles Camsell, geologist, of the Geological Survey of Canada. Mr. Camsell's informant was Peter Ross, a Loucheux of over forty-five years of age, living at Fort MacPherson (near the Mackenzie River delta). One night in 1905, while he was making a net in his camp, Ross spent many hours telling Loucheux tales in fluent English to Mr. Camsell, who the next day wrote them down from memory. In his childhood, Mr. Camsell had many times heard similar tales recited by an old Cree woman living at Fort Simpson, N. W. T.

## THE MYTHS.

I. THE ORIGIN OF THE WORLD.<sup>1</sup>

In the days when the earth was all covered with water, the animals lived on a large raft. The Crow<sup>2</sup> said, "Had I any earth, even so little, I would make it grow large enough for all the animals to live upon." Muskrat, Otter, and many other divers went down under the waters and tried to bring up some earth; but they were all drowned. Last of all, Beaver dived with a line attached to his body. He went so deep that he was almost drowned when he reached the bottom. In his death-struggle he clutched some mud in his paws, and the mud was still there when he was drawn up lifeless by the line. Taking it and running his walking-stick through it, the Crow planted the stick in the water in such a way that the bit of earth rested at the surface of the water. The earth grew larger and larger. When it was big enough to hold all the animals, they stepped unto it from the raft.

The Crow's walking-stick is still supporting the land; and, as it has never rotted, it is still to be seen somewhere about the junction of the Old Crow and the Porcupine Rivers.

<sup>1</sup> For parallels see, among others, G. A. Dorsey and A. L. Kroeber, *Traditions of the Arapaho*, p. 20; also Clark Wissler and D. C. Duvall, *Mythology of the Blackfoot Indians*, p. 19; Petitot, *Monographie des D  n  -Dindji  *, pp. 74, 80; E. B. Wilson, *On the N. W. Tribes of Canada* (Brit. Assoc. Adv. Sci., 1888, p. 244); J. de Sm  t, *Letters and Sketches . . . of the Rocky Mountains*, p. 40, footnote; J. Maclean, *Canadian Savage Folk*, pp. 51-52, 75-76; R. H. Lowie, *The Assiniboine*, p. 101; C. M. Barbeau, in *American Anthropologist*, N. S., vol. xvi, No. 2, p. 290.

<sup>2</sup> The Crow is the Loucheux "great medicine-man" (that is, culture-hero), according to the informant.

## 2. THE DELUGE.

The Loucheux have some traditions about the great Flood. A god-likeman, it is believed, came out of the moon, to which he returned soon after the Flood.

## 3. THE BEAVER'S TAIL.

The Beaver's tail was originally like that of the Rat; but it is said that Chitacholi, the culture-hero of the Loucheux, once stepped on it and flattened it into its present shape.

## 4. THE CULTURE-HERO.

Chitacholi<sup>1</sup> was the youngest of three sons. One day his father, mother, and eldest brother went away hunting, leaving him at home with his other brother, as they were still quite small. To amuse himself, Chitacholi made a bow and many sharp arrows. "What are these for?" asked his brother. "To shoot birds with," was the answer. His elder brother laughed, and said, "These arrows are too small; you will never kill anything with them." — "Never mind!" answered Chitacholi, "wait and see!" Scoffing at the idea, his brother said, "You may shoot at me, for I am sure it will not hurt me at all." Chitacholi at first would not do it; "for," said he, "I might hurt you!" But his brother teased him so much, that at last he agreed to do so.<sup>2</sup>

## 5. TETOGOLEE.

In the days when the country was inhabited by giants, there was a widow named Tetogolee, who had three sons. In the autumn, one year, fish was very scarce: so the old woman made some medicine one night, and in the morning sent her three sons to hunt caribou in the mountains across the river. Before they left, she told them, "You shall kill game; and when you return, you must come straight home, and not look back at all."

They went off, [killed many caribou,] and hurried back to their mother's camp with the venison. Upon reaching the river, they stopped to rest on the high bluff overlooking their camp. One of them, forgetting his mother's instructions, looked around to see how low the sun was getting. He had no sooner looked back than the three brothers were at once changed into stone pillars, as well as their mother, who was then looking at them from across the river.

Only one of these pillars, named "Shiltee,"<sup>3</sup> is still standing,

<sup>1</sup> Additional remarks found in Mr. Camsell's notes: "Chitacholi is the traditional hero of the Loucheux. He corresponds to the Cree Wesackaychack, who is said to have destroyed all the giants and animals in the country that were at all dangerous to the Indians."

<sup>2</sup> Unfinished in Mr. Camsell's field-notes.

<sup>3</sup> "Shiltee" (meaning "a pillar") is a high rock on the banks of the Peel River, three miles lower than Tetogolee, which is a high bluff of sandstone at the Big Eddy. — MR. CAMSELL.



the others having fallen within the memory of the neighboring tribe. Tetogolee has better withstood the test of time, and still preserves the original shape of the widow's camp.

#### 6. THE CROW'S TRICKS.

A Loucheux chief was so proud of his beautiful daughter, that he resolved to marry her only to the most handsome man of the land. His camp stood by the river's edge; and every canoe that passed was stopped by his son, and the young men brought over to him for inspection. None was ever found worthy, and the girl remained unmarried.

Having heard of it, the Crow decided to play a trick on the old chief.<sup>1</sup> He put on a wonderful coat, which sparkled in the sun like fish-scales, and he paddled his canoe down the river. As he feigned to go by, he was compelled by the chief's son to come into the lodge. He had barely landed before the chief was greatly impressed with his beautiful clothes. Indeed, he was sure that the new-comer would make a suitable husband for his daughter. So they were married.

They had been living together but a short time, however, when the chief began to suspect something. The Crow, in fact, would never remove his moccasins, for fear that some one might notice that he had only three toes. That is why the chief became suspicious. Caught in a heavy rainstorm that came unexpectedly one day, the Crow was recognized by the chief's party; for his beautiful spangled coat had been washed off, and his black feathers underneath exposed. The people made for him; but he got up and simply flew away, mocking them.

Ere long the Crow played another trick upon the same band of Indians. He went to a certain place above their camp, along the river, and built many rafts. Setting them on fire, he let them drift down the river, past the chief's lodge. The chief feared that something had happened to his relatives, and, going into mourning, his people burnt their hair off. This was no sooner done than the Crow again appeared, saying, "Your relatives are still alive and safe. I am the one who sent down the burning rafts." The people were truly angry and disgusted, and the Crow had a hearty laugh at their expense.

#### 7. THE TRICKSTER.

The Crow was always ashamed of his ragged feathers, and envious of the other birds' plumage.<sup>2</sup> [That is why] one day he played a trick

<sup>1</sup> The informant added here, that "from the beginning the Crow has always been the enemy of the Indians. Annoying them in every possible way, he plunders their caches and removes the bait from their traps." This character corresponds to Wolverine in the east.

<sup>2</sup> These birds and animals, added the informant, later became men; that is, the present-day Indians.

upon them. Some of their friends and relatives had just died, so he told them. Going at once into mourning, they burnt the hair off their heads, as was the custom among the Loucheux; and the Crow laughed at them, saying, "It is only a joke!" They caught him, and decided to throw him into the fire and burn his feathers. To follow his own suggestion, they tied his hands and feet fast, lifted him up, and threw him towards the fire. He had no sooner slipped off their hands than he broke his bands and flew away. Astonished, they could only exclaim, "He has once again tricked us, brothers!"

#### 8. THE GRIZZLY BEAR AND THE CROW.

The Black Bear and the Grizzly Bear (his uncle) were living together in a large double camp, where the Grizzly occupied one side of the fire, and his nephew the other. Although the Grizzly had a number of wives, he had but one child, a daughter, and she was unmarried.

The old Grizzly one day told his daughter that if she ever saw any copper on the trail through the bush, which the women used to follow every day, she should sit down on it. Once she found some copper lying on the trail, and, to comply with her father's advice, she sat down on it; and some time later she gave birth to a son; and the old Grizzly became very fond of his grandchild.<sup>1</sup>

Now, then, the Grizzly had a huge "medicine"<sup>2</sup> bag hanging in one corner of his house, for he was a great shaman.<sup>3</sup> No one was ever allowed to touch the bag; and once, having caught the Fox prowling about his camp, he dragged him in, tore off his left shoulder, and then let him go. The shoulder he hung up in the lodge near his medicine-pouch.

The loss of his limb was indeed painful to the Fox, and he freely gave vent to his feelings. Day and night he howled so incessantly, that the other animals could not sleep, and were annoyed. When they discovered the Fox's plight, they gathered in a council and studied what could be done for him. Indicating the spot where his shoulder hung, he asked them for help. Nobody at first was brave enough to go and capture the missing limb; but at last the Crow stood up, and said, "Leave it to me, and I will get it!" The Crow was known as a powerful shaman, so the other animals were willing enough to let him do as he wanted.

The Crow now went to see the Sparrow-Hawk, and asked for his assistance. The Sparrow-Hawk was really able to help the Crow, and quite willing to do so. "Now," said the Crow, "let us go together in

<sup>1</sup> This incident seems related to the stories of Raven and the beautiful girl (see, for instance, L. Farrand, *Traditions of the Chilcotin Indians*, p. 17).

<sup>2</sup> A bag containing charms and amulets, many of which are heirlooms.

<sup>3</sup> Or medicine-man.

my canoe to the Grizzly's camp! As soon as we get there, I will go up and see the Grizzly; and meanwhile you must remain in the canoe, ready to push out from the shore as soon as I step back into the canoe." This was agreed, and off they went together in a small canoe to the Grizzly's camp. When the Crow came into the Bear's lodge, he was welcomed, and given something to eat. After a while he began to tell stories to the Grizzly, who listened attentively at first, but soon got tired and dozed. As the Grizzly's eyes were closed, the Crow rattled the contents of the large medicine-pouch with a stick. Waking with a start, the Grizzly wanted to know who was meddling with his bag. The Crow said, "My stories did not seem to interest you, and you were simply dreaming; nobody meddled with your medicine-bag." The Bear believed it, and asked the Crow to continue his story. So it happened, and he began to doze. The Crow again rattled the contents of the bag, and the Grizzly woke up with a start. Getting rather angry, he asked, "Who is meddling with my bag?" His guest again replied, "You were only dreaming." So the Grizzly this time went to sleep. As soon as he was fast asleep, the Crow gently removed the Fox's shoulder from the corner, and made for the door. The Black Bear looked up, and saw him getting out with the shoulder in his hand. "Uncle!" he shouted, "he is running away with the Fox's shoulder!" Jumping up, the Grizzly chased the thief, but it was too late: the Crow was already in the canoe, and, with his companion the Sparrow-Hawk, he was paddling downstream as hard as he could. The Grizzly was truly angry, but he could not catch them.

Now, this is how the Crow had warned the other animals: "Be ready when I return with the Fox's shoulder!" So, as soon as they saw him drawing near, they got hold of the Fox, washed all the dirt off his sore shoulder, and cleansed it carefully. No sooner had the Crow landed than he clapped the shoulder on to the Fox, and stuck it in place, so that it might not come off again.<sup>1</sup>

That is why the old Grizzly was quite angry. To punish the Indians,<sup>2</sup> he took the sun down from the sky, put it in his medicine-pouch, and hung it up in his lodge. The land now remained in darkness, and there were no longer days. As the Indians were unable to hunt, they soon began to starve. The Lynx and the Owl had to hunt all the time, but they were unable to get enough meat for the large crowd of starving people. So the Crow again was sent to the Grizzly's camp. His mission was to try to get the sun and restore it to its former

<sup>1</sup> Compare L. Farrand, *l. c.*, p. 23; F. Boas, *Indianische Sagen von der Nordwest Küste Amerikas*, p. 78 (Comox); J. R. Swanton, *Haida Texts and Myths*, p. 136; E. Sapir, *Wishram Texts*, p. 281.

<sup>2</sup> Earlier in the text, "animals" instead of "Indians" are said to have helped the Fox. This is no doubt due to the Loucheux belief that in the beginning men and animals were the same.



place; but, afraid of going into the Bear's lodge, he hid himself in the willows near by, and waited for his opportunity.

Now, then, Grizzly's grandchild had seen the sun when it was put into the bag. He tried to induce his grandfather to let him play with it, but old Grizzly would not listen to him. The boy cried so much about it, that at last the Black Bear asked his uncle to let the boy play with the sun for a little while. In the end the Grizzly took the sun down and gave it to his grandson, saying, "You must not take it outside of the lodge." So delighted was the boy when he got the sun, that he at once began throwing it up, catching it, and rolling it all around in the lodge. As he missed it once, it rolled outside through the door; and before he could catch it again, the Crow seized it and cast it back into its place in the sky.<sup>1</sup>

#### 9. THE CROW'S HOME.

The mouth of the Arctic Red River, according to the Loucheux traditions, is the place where the Crow formerly had his permanent camp. Two round basin-like depressions still indicate the place where he had his bed.

#### 10. THE MAN IN THE MOON.

Once, a long time ago, a child asked his parents to let him make some "medicine"<sup>2</sup> for deer-hunting, so that his father might kill a great many fat deer wherever he wanted to; but he was so young that he could barely walk as yet, and his father did not want him to do so, thinking that the medicine would not be strong enough. The boy implored him; and, being again refused permission, he began to cry. Day and night he cried, until the Indians in the neighborhood were concerned, and inquired from the hunter about the cause of all these tears. But when they were told the reason why, they were satisfied that the boy was too small to prepare a "medicine." So disturbed were they by the cries, however, that in the end they persuaded the hunter to humor his son. So the boy made some medicine, and said to the people, "You shall now kill as many deer as you wish, but you must always give the fattest animals to my father."

Now, then, they went out hunting, and killed a great number of deer, many of which were very fat. Instead of complying with their promise, however, some Indians kept the fattest game for themselves, and gave only the next choice to the child's father; and from this time

<sup>1</sup> Compare the tales of the origin of daylight from the North Pacific coast, in which Raven becomes the grandchild of the owner of daylight in order to be enabled to carry it away (see, for instance, John R. Swanton, *l. c.*, p. 116; and R. H. Lowie, *The Assiniboine*, pp. 101-104).

<sup>2</sup> This is a popular term to designate some kind of charm or operation based on sympathetic magic, the nature of which is not explained here.

on the hunters failed to kill any deer. Soon the people began to starve. The boy again made a "medicine;" for he and his father, like the others, had no longer anything to eat. "You must take a fine and clean deer-skin," said he to his father, "and make it into a bag. When it is done, lay it on your sledge, outside of the lodge. Then take a deer's shoulder, cut all the meat off it, and, when only the clean bone is left, put it along with a bit of blood into the bag on the sledge." So it was done; and the next morning, as the hunter looked at the bones in the pouch, he found them covered with flesh. Day after day the same thing happened, the bones being found with new flesh every day, in the morning. So the boy and his father had enough to eat, while, as long as the famine lasted, the other Indians were starving.

One day the boy spoke to his father, saying, "Father, I should like to go to the moon on a visit." But the old man replied, "What is the use, my son, as you could not get there?" — "Never mind!" said the child, "if I suddenly disappear some day, you will know that I have gone to the moon."

When, soon after, the hunter got up in the morning, he could not find his son. His calls remained without an answer. Searching for the child, he only found one leg of his trousers hanging at the top of the lodge-pole, in the smoke-hole. This reminded him of what the boy had said about going to the moon. So when the moon rose that night, he looked up, and, sure enough, the boy was standing in it with one leg of his trousers torn off. That is why ever since the man in the moon has one of his legs bare.<sup>1</sup>

## II. WOLVERENE AND THE MAN.<sup>2</sup>

The Wolverine made a pitfall, with sharp stakes in the bottom. All the animals and some Indians, he thought, would fall into it and be caught; but he really was unable ever to catch one of them. A man one day detected the trap, and knew that the Wolverine had set it to catch Indians: so he decided to play a trick on him. Getting into the pitfall one day, the man made his nose bleed on some of the stakes; and then he lay at the bottom just as if he were dead. The Wolverine soon came along, and chuckled to himself when he found he had at last caught an Indian. He put the man into his pouch and brought him home to eat him. Pretending to be dead, the Indian lay for some time in the camp; but when some of the young Wolverenes tried to poke his eyes out with a stick, he jumped up and ran away. As he was chased by the Wolverine, he climbed a tree. The pursuer could not reach him there; so he determined to keep the Indian in the tree

<sup>1</sup> For other versions see Petitot, *Monographie des Déné-Dindjié*, pp. 94-95.

<sup>2</sup> See Boas, *The Eskimo of Baffin Land and Hudson Bay* (*Bull. Amer. Mus. Nat. Hist.*, vol. xv, p. 176).

until he starved and came down. He blew his nose on the tree to taunt him, and the phlegm at once turned into gum. "This is what you must eat," said he, "or else you shall starve before I let you come down." The man remained there chewing gum until he got tired; but he came down as soon as the Wolverine went away, and he ran to his own camp. Knowing that the Wolverine would again visit the tree, he went back and made a pitfall near it. Soon after the Wolverine came directly to the trap, fell into it, and was killed on the sharp sticks.

The Indians have ever since chewed the gum of the spruce-trees.

#### 12. WHY THE BEARS HAVE SHORT TAILS.<sup>1</sup>

At first all the bears had long tails. One winter day the Bear met the Fox, who had a fine lot of crawfish. Being hungry, the Bear wanted some too: so he asked the Fox where and how he got his crawfish. The Fox replied, "I caught them in the lake, through a hole in the ice;" and he added, "Go and stick your tail down into the water, and let it stay there until it pinches you. The more it hurts, the more fish you will have." This was what the Bear had in mind to do: so he proceeded down to the lake, and made a hole through the ice. Sitting over it, he let his tail hang in the cold water. When it began to freeze, he felt a pain; but, as he wanted to catch lots of fish, he did not stir until his tail was frozen fast in the ice. The Fox's instructions were not forgotten: so he suddenly jumped up, in the expectation of getting heaps of fish; but he merely broke his tail off near the body instead. And ever since the bears have had short tails.

#### 13. THE OLD MAN, THE BEAR, AND THE ERMINE.<sup>2</sup>

An old man was once sitting by the water's edge all alone, and laughing quietly to himself over some recollections. A Bear came out of the willows behind him, and heard him laughing. "Whom are you laughing at?" asked the Bear. "I am laughing over something that happened years ago," replied the old man. "I do not believe it," said the Bear; "you are laughing at me, I think, and I don't like it." The old man protested that it was not so, but the Bear would not be convinced. "Now," said the Bear, "go into the woods there, gather heaps of dry wood, and bring it here. Then I will burn you on it. If you refuse to do so, I will kill you where you are."

Quite frightened, the old man decided to go and gather some wood. Meanwhile he was thinking of some means of escaping. In the woods

<sup>1</sup> An Old-World tale (see Dähnhardt, *Natursagen*, vol. iv, pp. 217 *et seq.*); also collected among the Oklahoma Wyandots by C. M. Barbeau.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Camsell adds, "I am informed that a similar tradition is found among the Eskimo; but a mouse instead of an ermine kills the bear." Other analogues are numerous (see, for instance, J. R. Swanton, *Tlingit Myths*, p. 17).



he came across the Ermine, and said, "I will make your fur beautifully white if you can help me kill the Bear." Willing to try, the Ermine went to see the Bear, who was sitting by the water's edge waiting for the old man to bring the wood. The Bear had to wait for a long time under a very hot sun, so he began to doze; and, as he yawned, the Ermine quickly jumped down his throat, and began to tear down his heart. He ate the Bear's heart, thus killing him. Then he came out and told the old man about his feat. That is why the old man fulfilled his promise and made the Ermine's skin white.

GEOLOGICAL SURVEY OF CANADA,  
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## THE MENOMINI WORD "HÄWÄTÛK."

BY ALANSON SKINNER.

IN his famous article on "The Algonkin Manitou,"<sup>1</sup> Dr. William Jones says, "The Algonkin conception of the manitou is bound up with the manifold ideas that flow from an unconscious relation with the outside world. It is embodied in all forms of religious belief and practice, and is intimately associated with customs and usages that bear upon life and its welfare." He concludes, —

"It has been observed that there is an unsystematic belief in a cosmic, mysterious property which is believed to be existing everywhere in nature; that the conception of the property can be thought of as impersonal, but that it becomes obscure and confused when the property becomes identified with objects in nature; that it manifests itself in various forms; and that its emotional effect awakens a sense of mystery; that there is a lively appreciation of its miraculous efficacy; and that its interpretation is not according to any regular rule, but is based on one's feelings, rather than one's knowledge.

"Such in very brief statement is the conception of the manitou of three Algonkin peoples, — the Sauk, Fox, and Kickapoo. It seems probable that the same thing holds true of other Algonkins, like the Ojibwa, Ottawa, Menomini, and others of the central group. It would be interesting to know if the same conception in its general features extends to all other members of the family."

With Dr. Jones's statements the writer has no quarrel, so far as the Sauk, Fox, and Kickapoo are concerned; but in their broader application, to the Menomini, Ojibwa, and others, they must be challenged. The writer has had five summers of intimate contact with the Menomini, has lived with them, has received ceremonial adoption by one of the chiefs, and has observed them under a long series of varying circumstances. He has repeatedly heard them discuss among themselves, and with him, their supernatural experiences, and has collected over two hundred myths and legends. From these circumstances he feels confident that the Menomini have no such philosophical concept.

The universe, according to their ideas, is partially peopled by an indefinite number of very definitely known gods, supernatural beings, and animals, each of which has its own name and its own peculiar degree of supernatural power. With this understood, we may take up our discussion by observing that among the Menomini the term corresponding to the usual Algonkin word *manitu* is *häwätûk*, and has

<sup>1</sup> This Journal, vol. xviii, pp. 183-190.

always one of three related meanings. Primarily it is a noun, meaning "a god, or godlike power;" for instance, the sun, the thunderers, the horned snakes, are all known, individually or collectively, as *häwätûk* (plural, *häwätûkuk*). The Supreme Being, or Creator, is called *Mâte Häwätûk* (or "Great God"). The word has also come to be used as a noun referring to the supernatural power imparted by one of these gods to a mortal being. Lastly, it is used as an adjective qualifying anything mortal or immortal, animate or inanimate, which is the seat of supernatural power granted by any of those beings possessing it.

Human beings are known as *häwätûk* only when they have received this supernatural power from a god during the puberty fast; or on rare occasions, when they have rendered a favor to or overcome a god; or under very unusual circumstances, when they are themselves re-incarnated gods, or the children of a human parent by an *häwätûk*. For example: The thunderers are exceedingly fond of mankind, and so desire to show their good will to mortals, that not infrequently one of them will come to earth, enter the body of a woman, and be born in the form of a human being. It is soon evident, through the remarkable powers of the child as a weather prophet, that it is of superhuman attainments; and a seer is usually called in, who dreams, and, on awakening, informs the child's putative parents that their offspring is no ordinary babe, "it is *häwätûk*."

In mythology we not infrequently find references to children who are the result of a union between an animal, most often a bear, and a human being. Such children are invariably possessed of unusual, more than mortal, strength or sagacity, or some other quality, and are consequently *häwätûk*.

The vast majority of human beings are, however, born without power, and must obtain it, if at all, through the puberty fast. This is the regular ordeal through which every child, male or female, passed at puberty, fasting in a secluded spot, practising self-mortification in order to arouse the pity of some one or more of the gods, so that they might impart to the supplicant some of their power, that he might possess that much advantage over other mortals in the struggle for life.

This power was invariably imparted by the god in person, and was generally accompanied by the presentation of a tangible object of some sort, sometimes even a piece of the flesh of the god itself, as a symbol of the actual passing of power from the god to the supplicant. In cases where the god actually gave a portion of its own body, this fragment was regarded as the seat of the power imparted; and as a consequence, if the recipient lost or parted with his tangible evidence, he lost his power simultaneously. This, of course, is not the case where the power is granted to a faster in a less tangible manner, for then the



recipient himself becomes the seat of the magic. In all such cases, however, the receiver must keep inviolate certain obligations to his benefactor, or else his strength is withdrawn. The greater part of Menomini folk-lore and mythology hinges upon these factors. The stories deal with puberty dreamers who have received power, or the offspring of gods and mortals who have inherited it. These heroes either overwhelm all comers by means of their strength, magic or physical, or are overwhelmed because they have failed to live up to their obligations placed upon them by their benefactors.

A few examples taken from Menomini mythology and folk-lore collected by the writer will suffice.

A certain man endowed with power during his puberty fast, understood by the wolf and the otter, is required to wear a wristband of fur of each, in which their power reposes. With these charms on his person, he is *hāwātūk* and invincible; but, persuaded to lay them aside, he becomes an ordinary mortal, and is destroyed by his enemies.

A man assured me that he had dreamed of the Morning Star, who promised him *hāwātūk* power and gave him a war-club. This man was *hāwātūk* as long as he lived and kept the club, to the extent of the power vested in him.

In passing, it may be said that actual objects, such as the war-clubs, are never given to the suppliant. He is in reality commanded to make one as a symbol of his experience and his power. Sometimes, however, a small living animal is placed in the body of the faster, to be the seat of his power as long as it remains in him.<sup>1</sup>

As has been stated, a tangible memento is not always given, though this is usually the case. Children of supernatural parents rarely have such a token. Mä'näbus, the culture-hero, the greatest example of all, had none; yet he was exceedingly powerful, as his own body and mind were the seat of his *hāwātūk*.

To say in a story that any hero is *hāwātūk* implies at once that he was favored in his puberty fast. Demonstrations are abundant. Jones gives an example found also among the Menomini: An old crone, having placed before the hero a magic bowl the food in which constantly replenishes itself, is astounded to see him devour it all. "Why, no one has ever done that before!" she exclaims. "You must be *hāwātūk*." It turns out later that he has received power from a god during his puberty dream. Again, a hero, challenged contemptuously by a monster or minor god, remarks, "I, too, am a little bit *hāwātūk*," and overcomes his adversary through his magic power.

This *hāwātūk* power is also apparently attributed to inanimate objects; but upon examination, it is soon found that the object itself has

<sup>1</sup> Skinner, Social Life and Ceremonial Bundles of the Menomini (Anthropological Papers, American Museum of Natural History, vol. xiii, part 1, p. 60).

no power, but is, on the other hand, merely the seat of a god or of his power. Thus a bowlder or waterfall to which sacrifices of tobacco are made is not worshipped as an *häwätûk* or god, but as the residence of an *häwätûk* or god.

As the gods themselves differ in power, — from Mätc Häwätûk, the Creator, and the Sun, etc., to the more highly regarded wild animals, such as the bear, the buffalo, and the weasel, — so does their ability to confer power differ; and the power which they confer differs in degree, but not in quality. Mätc Häwätûk can give practically unlimited power, and at least once in the history of the universe did so, to Mä'näbus, the culture-hero; the Sun can give immense powers; and so on down the line, the minor gods being more circumscribed, and therefore able to give power in only one or a few directions, say, for war, love, or hunting. Yet in essence their power, or *häwätûk*, is the same as that given by the greater gods, the difference being very aptly likened to direct and alternating currents in electricity.

This is the Menomini concept of the term *häwätûk*, — a god, the supernatural power imparted by a god, or the seat of this supernatural power. Such, I am reasonably sure from my conversations with them, is the Plains-Ojibwa, or Bûngi, concept of the word *manitu*; but whether the more eastern Ojibwa, the Potawatomi, the Ottawa, and other Algonkin have the same idea, I am not prepared to state.

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY,  
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## SOME PLAY-PARTY GAMES OF THE MIDDLE WEST.

BY EDWIN F. PIPER.

THE old ring-games were familiar forty years ago to village folk and country folk throughout Iowa, Missouri, Kansas, and Nebraska. Now only an occasional quiet country nook, where musicians and music-machines are few, or where the church still bans the fiddle and the two-step, shelters them. In such a retired district, in unfavorable weather, young folk at a party may devote themselves to "fruit-basket" and charades within doors; but on moonlight nights in spring and fall they prefer "Skip to my Lou" and "Miller Boy" on the grass in the yard.

Frontier settlements continually revive these pastimes; the games flourish momentarily, but die out as sophistication grows upon the social life of the community. In the new settlement, play-party amusements spring up afresh because of their simplicity. They require no organization, no management, no dancing-floor, no musician. At any gathering, and without plan or forethought, the game may be started, provided some one knows the formula and the song. If no game-song is remembered, one may be borrowed or improvised. Any voice is good enough to help with the chorus. Thus in the hearty social life of the settlement such simple pastimes are naturally renewed.

An extract from a letter seems here wholly to the point: "In our neighborhood we have a literary society that meets once in two weeks at the school-house. From twenty to sixty-five, both young and old folks, come to every meeting. We have a programme, and then the young folks, and sometimes the old folks, play games. I will give you the names of some of the games we play. They are 'Pig in the Parlor,' 'Skip-em-a-loo,' 'Happy is the Miller,' 'Needle's Eye,' 'A. B. C.,' 'Rolly-Rolly,' and 'There's a Light in the Window.' "

Here we have the characteristic neighborhood unit, the literary society at the school-house, the old games. The letter is from Montana, and is dated in 1913.

Among the games of the letter, "Needle's Eye" alone contains an osculatory formula. Forty years ago half the play-party amusements were built about some ceremony for kisses. Since games, as neighborhood property, are subject to neighborhood decrees, the kissing-round died out whenever and wherever the girls condemned it. If, in its struggle for life, the ceremony became empty, offered mere word description, no kiss, the resulting embarrassment and constraint



were in themselves fatal. "Needle's Eye," by substituting the following stanza for the one next below it, escaped the awkwardness of an hypothetical kiss:

" Because I wanted you!  
Because I wanted you!  
Many a lass have I let pass,  
Because I wanted you."

" With a bow so neat  
And a kiss so sweet,  
We do intend before we end  
To have this couple meet."

But though its dance and its courtship formula possessed vitality, the more lively dancing-rounds charmed away youthful hearts. As to "King William," which makes little of the dance and much of the kissing, few can remember it as the pastime of any except little children.

Most blighting in effect upon play-party diversions has been the return to the crossroads, from a term in the academy, of some arbiter to impose the verdict, "childish and countrified;" yet numerous defects more real in character brought the games under disfavor in the presence of rivals. Since in most neighborhoods a half-dozen ring-songs exhausted the list, monotony was inevitable. For the most part, the songs were so brief that stanzas must be repeated to weariness. The singing, moreover, was often thought rude, and to be commended for its good-will rather than its music. Under such imperfections, the games had to depend for their lives on the opportunities they afforded for dancing. Here the fiddler rival entered with powerful claims and charms, and the game performances perished unless church repression of the fiddler let them live.

That the neighborhood dance did not make more rapid headway in the settlements is not surprising. It had to await the coming of a musician, and, in the old days, of a "caller;" it was generally forbidden by the church; it had to fight prejudice; and it had to find suitable dancing-floor. Few dwellings afforded sufficient space; the school-house was sacred to learning, "literaries," and the political caucus. Only a large group with effective organization could afford to engage in some village a few miles off, the hall, the opera-house, or the hotel, for fortnightly dances throughout the winter. To the new country neighborhood, both numbers and organization were lacking.

Since few Protestant churches permitted dancing, dancers were in most districts adjudged irreligious. The dancing-game at play-parties, though not under sentence, was not encouraged; more often, perhaps, it was winked at by the elders, who saw in it the old folly

under a new name, yet felt that young folk must be given "wagon room." Against dancing-parties the church indiscriminately hold up the reproach of the public "bowery" frequented by rowdies at fairs and celebrations. In this general condemnation there was great injustice. Decorum at private dances depended upon host and guests. Among folk of reputation, host and floor-master prided themselves upon the courtesies as they understood them, and inspired a stiffness and formality unknown to the play-party on its moonlit grass. But there were dances and dances. The rowdy had always danced, and he conducted such parties after his taste. Any individual who deserted his crowd to take up dancing must join whatever group promoted that amusement. It might be, indeed often proved to be, one which included the rougher element. The elders, moreover, insisted that on the way to and from dances the Devil was busy. It was against such prejudice that dancing had to win adherents.

Yet, directly and indirectly, dancing continually made conquests. Once the young folk of a community began, there was no stopping them. The dance bewitched those to whom it was forbidden. At the play-party, "Lazy Mary" was forgotten, and "Skip to my Lou" prospered. The players borrowed dance-tunes, figures, and the songs which the caller used in directing some quadrilles. If complete songs were not at hand, invention supplied matter, as in "Granger," and "Meet Halfway."<sup>1</sup>

But while the play-party, by substituting new games for old, was approximating the dance, the social growth and liberalization of the community removed obstacles to dancing itself. The rigor of church decrees was relaxed; it was conceded that respectable boys and girls might waltz and two-step; and the dance, on its merits as an amusement, supplanted in most districts the old singing-games.

That the forms in which the play-party songs survive are mangled and changeling can surprise no one who considers the matter seriously. They are continually transplanted, neglected, and supplanted. Decay and innovation have alike proved destructive. Games with strong formula are here in the better case, because they are more accurately remembered. Further, one cannot easily change the words without changing the formula in songs which describe the progress of a game. Thus the neglected "Juniper Tree" and the popular "Miller Boy" are fairly constant in form. No doubt, too, in some instances, young people found the old spirit of the game strong enough to curb temptations to local pleasantries. But integrity and stability of form have depended considerably upon an inconstant factor, the memory and the spirit of persons whom we may call leaders.

<sup>1</sup> For this group of texts see Section II.

Every neighborhood has leaders at the play-party games. Such an individual is not elected, but merely recognized because he remembers the songs and the movements. He begins the game, sets the pattern, leads the singing. In such accretionary games as "Skip to my Lou" he thus determines what stanzas are to be sung and in what order. The wording of songs is largely under his government, and improvised stanzas perish without his approval.

In most of the dancing-games the participants feel no great devotion to the words or formulas,—rather they wish to dance. Since the brevity of the songs leads to wearisome iteration, new stanzas are welcome. Improvisation, in consequence, becoming free, expresses the exuberance of leading spirits. Accretions to the songs are local, irrelevant, facetious. Interest in the verses, though the local pleasantries may be apt and spirited and the singing full of harmony and gusto, is, however, wholly subordinated to delight in the dance.

Sometimes a party of young folk finds itself without a satisfactory singing-game. Under these circumstances, the need of voice accompaniment to the dance has brought such cheerful pieces as "Nelly Gray" and "John Brown's Body" into the play-party list.<sup>1</sup> The latter served for a form of the Virginia reel. For the spirit of its accretions see the text of the song. "Nelly Gray" escaped mutilation, perhaps because its length was satisfactory and all its verses familiar.

Further instances in which modern songs have been borrowed to furnish a singing accompaniment for the dance may be found in "Captain Jinks," "Down the River," "Ain't I Goin'," and "Old Dan Tucker." "Weevilly Wheat" and "Kilmacrankie" perhaps afford examples of the decay of ballad matter under the wearing usage of the singing-game.

I.

I. A. B. C.

(Montana, 1914.)

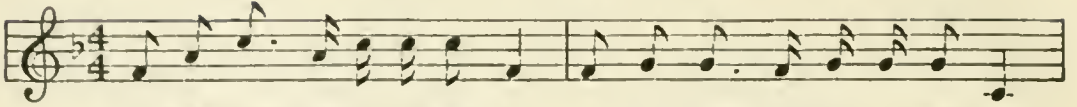
1. A. B. C. D. E. F. G.,  
H. I. J. K. L. M. N. O. P.,  
L. M. N. O. P. Q. R. S. T.,  
U. V. W. X. Y. Z.
2. Said the blackbird to the crow,  
"Ain't you black, I do not know!  
Ever since that you were born,  
You've been tried for stealing corn."

<sup>1</sup> Goldy M. Hamilton, in "The Play-Party in Northeast Missouri" (this Journal, vol. xxvii, pp. 289-303), prints two examples,— "Little Brown Jug" and "I went to see my Susan."



2. CHASE THAT SQUIRREL.<sup>1</sup>

(Western Nebraska, 1891.)



Up and down the cen-tre we go! Up and down the cen-tre we go!



Up and down the cen-tre we go, This cold and frost - y morn - ing.

1. Up and down the centre we go,  
Up and down the centre we go,  
Up and down the centre we go,  
This cold and frosty morning.
2. Now's the time to chase that squirrel,  
Now's the time to chase that squirrel,  
Now's the time to chase that squirrel,  
This cold and frosty morning.
3. Catch her and kiss her if you can,  
Catch her and kiss her if you can,  
Catch her and kiss her if you can,  
This cold and frosty morning.

3. DOWN IN ALABAMA.<sup>2</sup>

A.

(Western Nebraska, 1884.)

1. Old gray hoss come a tearin' out of the wilderness,  
Tearin' out of the wilderness, tearin' out of the wilderness,  
Old gray hoss come a tearin' out of the wilderness,  
Down in Alabama.
2. Great big sheep jumped over the meetin' house,  
Over the meetin' house, over the meetin' house,  
Great big sheep jumped over the meetin' house,  
Down in Alabama.
3. Johnny stole a ham and a piece of bacon,  
Johnny stole a ham and a piece of bacon,  
Johnny stole a ham and a piece of bacon,  
Down in Alabama.

<sup>1</sup> The girls and boys in opposing ranks form a lane, up and down which the leading couple dances during Stanza 1. Then the girl runs around the rank of girls, the boy around the rank of boys. The boy attempts to overtake the girl in her dashes down the lane, — a feat not always easy, since the boys may have extended their rank to lengthen his course. For other versions see articles by Harriet L. Wedgwood and Goldy M. Hamilton in this *Journal* (vol. xxv, p. 271; and vol. xxvii, p. 303).

<sup>2</sup> Mrs. L. D. Ames (in "The Missouri Play-Party," this *Journal*, vol. xxiv, p. 311) gives another version.

B.

(Western Iowa, 1900.)

1. Johnny stole a ham, a ham, a ham,  
Johnny stole a ham, a ham, a ham,  
Johnny stole a ham, a ham, a ham,  
Down in Alabama.
2. A great big house, and nobody living in it,  
Nobody living in it, nobody living in it,  
A great big house, and nobody living in it,  
Down in Alabama.
3. Great big plate with a tater in the middle of it,  
Tater in the middle of it, tater in the middle of it,  
Great big plate with a tater in the middle of it,  
Down in Alabama.

4. DOWN THE RIVER.

(Western Iowa, 1898.)

The river is up, the channel is deep,  
The wind is steady but strong;  
We'll splash the waves as we go by,  
As we go marching along.

Down the river, O down the river,  
O down the river we go!  
Down the river, O down the river,  
O down the Ohio!

This is an adaptation for game-song purposes of "Down the Ohio," which runs,—

The river is up, the channel is deep,  
And the wind blows steady and strong;  
Let the splash of our oars the music keep  
As we row the old boat along.

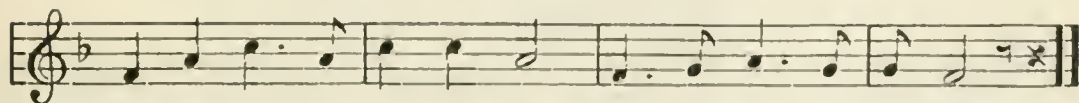
Down the river, down the river!  
Down the O-hi-o-o-o-o!  
Down the river, down the river!  
Down the Ohio.

5. FINE BRICK HOUSE.

(Western Nebraska, 1888.)



Built my lady a fine brick house,—Built it in the gar-den;



Put her in, and she jumped out,—Fare you well, my dar-ling.

Built my lady a fine brick house, —  
 Built it in the garden;  
 Put her in, she jumped out, —  
 Fare you well, my darling.

6. HI, COME ALONG!<sup>1</sup>



Hitch my ox-en to the cart, And go down the hill to get a load of bark.



Hi, come a-long, Jim a-long Jo-sie, Fetch him a-long, Jim a-long Jo;



Take him a-long, Jim a-long Jo-sie, Fetch him a-long, Jim a-long Jo.

A.

(Western Nebraska, 1882.)

Hitch my oxen to the cart,  
 And go down the hill and get a load of bark.

Hi, come along, Jim along Josie,  
 Fetch him along, Jim along Jo;  
 Take him along, Jim along Josie,  
 Fetch him along, Jim along Jo.

B.

(Western Iowa, 1902.)

Cat in the creamer, run, boys, run!  
 Fire on the mountains, fun, boys, fun.

Hi Jim along, Jim along Josie,  
 Hi Jim along, Jim along Jo!  
 Any girl without a beau,  
 Falls in the arms of Jim along Jo.

C.

(Western Iowa, 1904.)

Poor old Sam was sent to jail,  
 He hung his hat on a ten-penny nail.

Hi Jim along, Jim along Josie,  
 Hi Jim along, Jim along Jo!  
 Hi Jim along, Jim along Josie,  
 Hi Jim along, Jim along Jo!

The stanza of B is a well-known Mother Goose couplet; see *Mother Goose Melodies*, W. A. Wheeler, p. 33. Mrs. L. D. Ames ("The Missouri Play-Party," this *Journal*, vol. xxiv, p. 298) and Goldy M. Hamilton ("The Play-Party in Northeast Missouri," *Ibid.*, vol. xxvii, p. 290) give other versions.



7. HERE SITS A YOUNG MAN.<sup>1</sup>

(Western Nebraska, 1884; tune, variant of "Lazy Mary.")

1. Here sits a young man a going to sleep,  
A going to sleep, a going to sleep,  
Here sits a young man a going to sleep,  
So early in the morning.
2. He wants a young lady to keep him awake,  
To keep him awake, to keep him awake,  
He wants a young lady to keep him awake,  
So early in the morning.
3. And now that you've got her you must prove true,  
You must, you must, you must prove true.  
Hug her a little and kiss her too,  
So early in the morning.

8. JUNIPER TREE.

(Western Nebraska, 1883.)

1. O dear Sister Phoebe, how happy were we,  
The night we sat under the juniper tree!  
The juniper tree, heigho, heigho!  
The juniper tree, heigho!
2. Come put this hat on your head, keep your head warm,  
And take a sweet kiss it will do you no harm,  
But a great deal of good I know, I know,  
A great deal of good I know.
3. Then rise you up, Sister, go choose you a man,  
Go choose you the fairest that ever you can,  
Then rise you up, Sister, and go, and go,  
Then rise you up, Sister, and go.
4. O dear Brother Sammy, how happy were we,  
The night we sat under the juniper tree;  
The juniper tree, heigho, heigho!  
The juniper tree, heigho!
5. Come put this hat on your head, keep your head warm,  
And take a sweet kiss it will do you no harm,  
But a great deal of good I know, I know,  
And a great deal of good, I know.
6. Then rise you up, Brother, go choose you a wife,  
Go choose you the fairest you can for your life,  
Then rise you up, Brother, and go, and go,  
Then rise you up, Brother, and go.

<sup>1</sup> Quite distinct in tune and words from "Juniper Tree." A composite version of the two is printed in this Journal, vol. xxvii, p. 292.

9. IT RAINS AND IT HAILS.<sup>1</sup>

(Western Nebraska, 1891.)



It rains, and it hails, and it's cold storm-y weath-er:



In comes the farm-er, drinking up ci-der, I'll be the reap-er if



you'll be the bind-er, I've lost my true love, and I can-not find her.

1. It rains, and it hails, and it's cold stormy weather,  
In comes the farmer drinking up cider.  
I'll be the reaper if you'll be the binder,  
I've lost my true love and I can't find her.

2. It rains, and it hails, and it's cold stormy weather,  
In comes the farmer drinking up cider.  
You be the gray horse, I'll be the rider.  
Ride down town to get some cider.

## 10. JOHN BROWN'S BODY.

(Western Nebraska, 1887.)

1. John Brown's body lies a mouldering in the grave,  
John Brown's body lies a mouldering in the grave,  
John Brown's body lies a mouldering in the grave,  
But his soul goes marching on.

*Chorus.*

Glory, glory hallelujah,  
Glory, glory hallelujah,  
Glory, glory hallelujah,  
His soul goes marching on.

2. Hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree,  
Hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree,  
Hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree,  
As we go marching on.

*Chorus.*

3. John Brown's baby has a wart upon its nose, etc.
4. Hang your regards in the middle of the yard, etc.
5. The old whiskey bottle lies empty on the shelf, etc.

<sup>1</sup> Newell, Games and Songs of American Children, No. 22, has a different tune.

II. AIN'T I GOIN'.<sup>1</sup>

(Brought from Arkansas to Western Nebraska, 1882.)

Ol' Mis-sis gim-me ham of meat, Ol' Mas-sa gim-me two; Ol'  
 Mis-sis gim-me ham of meat To tote to the bar-be-cue.  
 And ain't I goin', goin' goin'! Ain't I goin', goin', goin'! And  
 ain't I goin', goin', goin', Down de ol' plank road!

1. Ol' Missis gimme ham of meat,  
 Ol' Massa gimme two;  
 Ol' Missis gimme ham of meat  
 To tote to the barbecue.

And ain't I goin', agoin', agoin'!  
 Ain't I goin', goin', goin'!  
 Ain't I goin', goin', goin'!  
 Down de ol' plank road.

2. Lizy Jane am a fine ol' gal,  
 Eyes as black as jet;  
 I always tried to marry her,  
 Never come it yet.

So get along home, Si and a Cindy!  
 Get along home, Si and a Cindy!  
 Get along home, Si and a Cindy!  
 Take your time and go.

3. If I was gwine to trabbel,  
 I'd trabbel dis worl' roun';  
 If I was gwine to marry,  
 I'd marry Manthy Brown.

So get along home, etc.

4. O, you can ride the old gray hoss,  
 And I will ride the roan,  
 You can play with your sweetheart,  
 But let my gal alone.

O, ain't I goin', etc.

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. L. D. Ames, "The Missouri Play-Party" (this Journal, vol. xxiv, pp. 299-300), gives another version.



5. O, if I had a scolding wife,  
 As sure as you are born,  
 I'd take her down to New Orleans,  
 And trade her off for corn.  
 So get along home, etc.

Sometimes one refrain, sometimes the other, was used. The tune is reminiscent of "Lucy Long," a negro-minstrel piece popular fifty years ago. I insert one of its stanzas and the chorus for comparison with Stanza 5 as given above.

[From the "Rosebud Songster."]

O, if I had a scolding wife, I'd whip her sure's you're born,  
 I'd take her down to New Orleans and trade her off for corn.

So take your time, Miss Lucy,  
 Take your time, Miss Lucy Long;  
 Take your time, Miss Lucy,  
 O Lucy, Lucy Long!

From the dialect, negro origin may be inferred for Stanzas 1 and 3. Its persistence may be due to the idiosyncrasies of the singer,—a white boy who had lived in Tennessee, Arkansas, and Missouri.

## 12. KILMACRANKIE.<sup>1</sup>

(Western Iowa, 1905; tune, "Oats, Peas, Beans, and Barley grows.")

1. Kilmacrankie is my song,  
 I sing and dance it all along,  
 From the heel and to the toe,  
 Kilmacrankie, here we go!
2. If you had been where I have been,  
 And seen the sights that I have seen,  
 Four and twenty Irish girls,  
 Dancing on a sheep skin!

<sup>1</sup> MacQuoid, *Jacobite Songs and Ballads*, "Killicrankie," second set, first stanza and chorus:

"Where ha'e ye been sae braw, lad?  
 Where ha'e ye been sae brankie, O?  
 Where ha'e ye been sae braw, lad?  
 Came ye by Killicrankie, O?"

"An' ye had been where I hae been,  
 Ye wadna been sae cantie, O;  
 An' ye had seen what I ha'e seen,  
 I' the braes o' Killicrankie, O."

See also Burns, "Where Hae ye been sae braw, Lad?"

Goldy M. Hamilton (this *Journal*, vol. xxvii, p. 297) gives, under the title "Crinny my Cranky," a version of the first stanza.

3. It's farewell Daddy, farewell Mammy,  
Farewell little Frankie;  
Every time I go to mill,  
I think of Kilmacrankie.

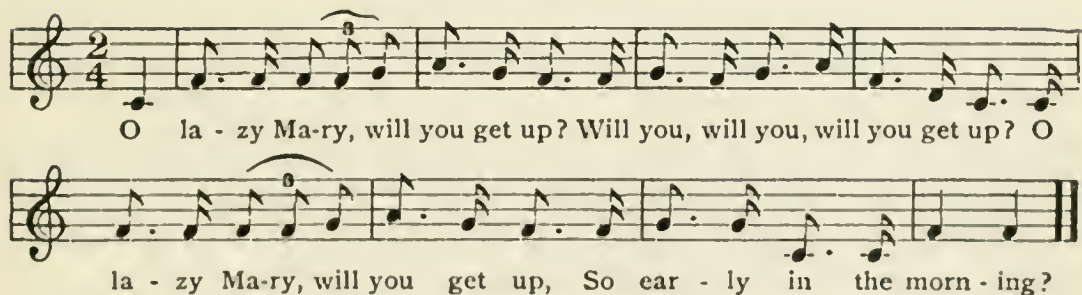
### 13. OATS, PEAS, BEANS, AND BARLEY.<sup>1</sup>

(Illinois, 1893.)

1. Oats, peas, beans, and barley grows,  
Oats, peas, beans, and barley grows;  
You, nor I, nor nobody knows  
How oats, peas, beans, and barley grows.
2. Thus the farmer sows his seed,  
Thus he stands to take his heed,  
Stamps his foot and claps his hand,  
Turns around to view the land,  
Waiting for a partner,  
Waiting for a partner;  
Open the ring, choose one in,  
Kiss her when you get her in.
3. Now you've married you must obey,  
You must be true to all you say;  
Live together all your life,  
I pronounce you man and wife.
4. O, goodness gracious, what have I done!  
I've married the father instead of the son!  
His face is as black as an old tin can!  
O, goodness gracious, what a man!

### 14. LAZY MARY.<sup>2</sup>

(Western Nebraska, 1883.)



1. O lazy Mary, will you get up?  
Will you, will you, will you get up?  
O Lazy Mary, will you get up,  
So early in the morning?
2. O no, dear mother, I won't get up,  
I won't, I won't, I won't get up.  
O no, dear mother, I won't get up  
So early in the morning.

<sup>1</sup> Newell, Games and Songs of American Children, No. 21; Gomme, II, 1-13.

<sup>2</sup> Newell, Games and Songs of American Children, No. 32, has a different tune.

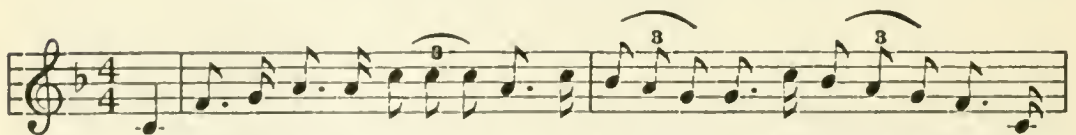
3. O what'll you give me for my breakfast?  
For my, for my, for my breakfast,  
O what'll you give me for my breakfast,  
So early in the morning.
4. A little bowl of bread and milk,  
Bread and milk, bread and milk,  
A little bowl of bread and milk,  
So early in the morning.
5. O then, dear mother, I won't get up,  
I won't, I won't, I won't get up,  
O then, dear mother, I won't get up,  
So early in the morning.
6. A nice young man with rosy cheeks,  
With rosy, rosy, rosy cheeks,  
A nice young man with rosy cheeks,  
So early in the morning.
7. O then, dear mother, I will get up,  
I will, I will, I will get up,  
O then, dear mother, I will get up,  
So early in the morning.

Mary, at the beginning of the game, sits in a chair within the ring, which moves until she makes her choice. At the end of Stanza 7 the young man enters the ring, kisses Mary, and takes her place in the chair, after which all sing, —

“O, lazy Roger, will you get up,” etc.

### 15. LITTLE RED ROSE.

(Western Nebraska, 1883; brought from Arkansas.)



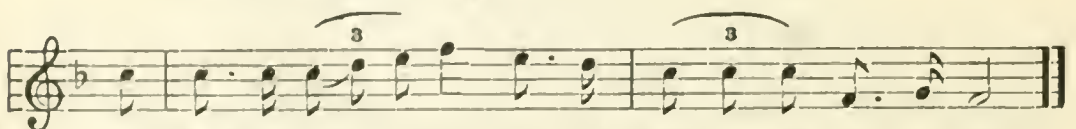
And now we've got the little red rose, The little red rose, the little red rose; And



now we've got the lit - tle red rose, So ear - ly in the morn - ing.



(Words and music forgotten.)



Go choose you out a part - ner, The pret - ti - est you can find.



1. And now we've got the little red rose,  
The little red rose, the little red rose;  
And now we've got the little red rose,  
So early in the morning.

· · · · · · · · · ·<sup>1</sup>  
· · · · · · · · · ·

Go choose you out a partner  
The prettiest you can find.

2. And now we've got the whiskey jug, etc.
3. And now we've got the lily so fair, etc.
4. And now we've got the old plough horse, etc.
5. And now we've got the violet blue, etc.
6. And now we've got old stick-in-the-mud, etc.

When these stock stanzas are exhausted, improvisation fits some nickname verse upon each remaining player, the girls receiving compliments, the boys satire.

# 16. LOVING COUPLE.<sup>2</sup>

(Western Nebraska, 1883.)

Here comes a lov - ing cou - ple, all joined heart and hand.  
He wants a wife, and she wants a man. They will get mar-ried if  
they can agree, So they march down to Daddy's house to take a cup of tea.

1. Here comes a loving couple, all joined heart and hand,  
He wants a wife and she wants a man.  
They will get married if they can agree,  
So they march down to daddy's house to take a cup of tea.
2. Now they are married, and sad yet 'tis true,  
Off to the wars in great haste he must go.  
Weeping and wailing, O this shall be my cry,  
If I never see my true love I fear I shall die.

<sup>1</sup> Words forgotten.

<sup>2</sup> See Newell, *Games and Songs of American Children*, No. 10, for an older version.

3. O yonder comes my true love, and how do you do?  
 Where have you been since I last saw you?  
 The wars are all over, we're free from all harm;  
 Will the company oblige us by the raising of their arms.

### 17. SKIP TO MY LOU.<sup>1</sup>

(Western Nebraska, 1888.)

1. I lost my pardner, what'll I do?  
 I lost my pardner, what'll I do?  
 I lost my pardner, what'll I do?  
 Skip to my Lou, my darling!

Gone again, skip to my Lou!  
 Gone again, skip to my Lou!  
 Gone again, skip to my Lou!  
 Skip to my Lou, my darling!

2. I'll get another one better than you, etc.  
 3. If you can't get a white girl, a black girl'll do, etc.  
 4. If you can't get a red bird, a black bird'll do, etc.  
 5. I'll get her back again, you bet you! etc.  
 6. Pigs in the tater patch, two by two, etc.  
 7. Gone again, and I don't care, etc.  
 8. I'll get another one sweeter than you, etc.  
 9. My Ma says, I can have you, etc.  
 10. Rats in the bread-pan, chew, chew, chew, etc.  
 11. Some folks say that a nigger won't steal, etc.  
 12. I caught a nigger in my cornfield, etc.  
 13. Rats in the sugar-bowl, two by two, etc.  
 14. My fellow wears a number 'leven shoe, etc.  
 15. Dad's old shoes'll never fit you, etc.  
 16. Chicken on the haystack, shoo, shoo, shoo, etc.  
 17. Little red wagon painted blue, etc.  
 18. Stands like a fool, what'll I do? etc.

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Ames ("The Missouri Play-Party," this Journal, vol. xxiv) prints this song with the music. The resemblance of "Skip to my Lou" to the first part of the tune of "Pov' Piti Lolotte," printed by Krehbiel in *Afro-American Folksongs*, seems worth noting.

Though the "forty verses" of "Skip to My Lou" were current in western Nebraska, I cannot be sure of having heard them all at one time. That improvisation and adaptation were encouraged, witness the final stanza, directed at the leader whenever his silence awkwardly halted the game. The ease with which any one could fashion the nonsense line quickly gave satisfying length to the song. It was this feature, I believe, which made it so widely popular. In any neighborhood "Skip to my Lou" became one of the six or eight ring-games. "Tansy O," with as lively a tune, suffered from a monotony which, apparently, no one was tempted to relieve by improvisation.

#### 18. MEXICO.

(Western Kansas, 1905; tune, variant of "Skip to my Lou.")

1. There was a little war in Mexico,  
Mexico, Mexico,  
There was a little war in Mexico,  
Long time ago.

(*Spoken.*)

Come to the place where the blood was shed,  
Gents turn around and ladies go ahead.

2. When we meet we'll dance and sing,  
Dance and sing, dance and sing.  
When we meet we'll dance and sing.  
Tra la li la.

#### 19. SAILOR.

(Western Iowa, 1900; tune, variant of "Come, Philander!")

1. What shall we do with the drunken sailor?  
What shall we do with the drunken sailor?  
What shall we do with the drunken sailor?  
Sailor, sailor, sailor.
2. Put him in the steamer, and he'll sail over,  
Put him in the steamer, and he'll sail over,  
Put him in the steamer, and he'll sail over.  
Over, over, over.

The first stanza belongs to a well-known chanty.

#### 20. THERE'S A LIGHT IN THE WINDOW.

(Montana, 1914.)

1. There's a light in the window,  
There's a light in the window,  
There's a light in the window for me.

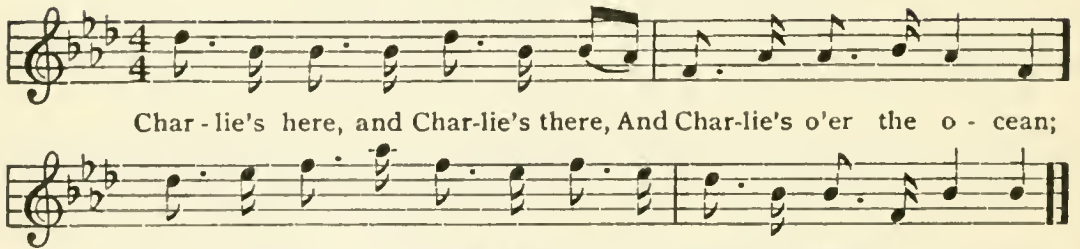


2. There's somebody waiting, waiting,  
There's somebody waiting, waiting,  
There's somebody waiting, waiting, for me.
3. Swing the one, leave the other,  
Swing the one, leave the other,  
Swing the one, leave the other for me.

21. THE WIND BLOWS HIGH.<sup>1</sup>

(Illinois, 1898.)

1. The wind blows high, the wind blows cool,  
Stars are gathering to and fro;  
Miss ——— says she'll die,  
Couldn't get a fellow with a dark blue eye.
2. She is handsome, she is pretty,  
She is the belle of New York City;  
She has lovers one, two, three,  
Please come and tell me who they be.
3. ——— says he loves her;  
All the boys are fighting for her,  
Let them fight as long's they will,  
————— has her still.

22. WEEVILLY WHEAT.<sup>2</sup>

Char - lie won't come back a - gain, Un - less he takes a no - tion.

A.

(Eastern Nebraska, 1870; brought from Canada.)

1. Over the river to get the wheat,  
Over the river the barley;  
Over the river to get the wheat,  
To bake a cake for Charley.

*Chorus.*

And I don't want none of your weevilly wheat,  
And I don't want none of your barley;  
But I'll take the very best of wheat,  
And bake a cake for Charley.

<sup>1</sup> See Alice B. Gomme, *Dictionary of British Folk-Lore, and Traditional Games*, vol. ii, p. 387, for other versions.

<sup>2</sup> In one version in Iowa, "Waverly Wheat."

2. Charley he's a fine young man,  
Charley he's a dandy;  
Charley likes to kiss the girls,  
And feed them lots of candy.
3. Charlie's here, and Charlie's there,  
And Charlie's over the ocean;  
Charlie won't come back again,  
Unless he takes a notion.

B.

(Western Nebraska, 1882; brought from Arkansas.)

- . Over the river to get the wheat,  
Soon in the morning early;  
Heart and hand I give to thee,  
'Tis true I love you dearly.

*Chorus.*

And I don't want none of your weevilly wheat,  
And I don't want none of your barley;  
But I'll take some flour and a half an hour,  
And bake a cake for Charley.

2. O don't you see that pretty little girl?  
Don't you think she's 'lever?  
Don't you think that I and her  
Would make a match forever?
3. I love to sing, and I love to dance,  
I love to keep in motion;  
I love to kiss a pretty girl,  
A making such commotion.
4. Christmas comes but once a year,  
Why not all be merry?  
Sitting round the old log fire  
A drinking Tom and Jerry.

C.<sup>1</sup>

(Western Iowa, 1899.)

1. Over the river to feed my sheep,  
Over the river to Charley;  
Over the river to feed my sheep,  
And measure out my barley.
2. Charley he's a fine young man  
Charley he's a dandy,  
Charley likes to swing the girls,  
And feed them sorghum candy.

<sup>1</sup> Version C has the heading "Over the River to Charley."

D.<sup>1</sup>

(Montana, 1914.)

1. Dont you see that nice young man?  
Don't you think he's clever?  
Don't you think that him and her  
Will always live together?

*Chorus.*

Rolly, Rolly, Rolly, Roll,  
Rolly, Rolly, Rolly,  
Rolly, Rolly, Rolly, Roll,  
Rolly. Rolly, Rolly.

2. Don't you see that nice young girl?  
Don't you think she's a beauty?  
Marching through the promised land,  
Like a shining beauty.
3. We love to sing, and we love to dance,  
We love to keep in motion,  
We love to join the biggest band  
That ever crossed the ocean.

The "Weevilly Wheat" version from Canada was traditional near Woodstock about 1850. That from Arkansas was brought to western Nebraska in 1882. The Iowa version was in use about 1899. "Rolly, Rolly," came from Montana in 1914. As I did not hear it sung, I do not know that it follows the tune of the others. The air for the other versions is a variation of that which I have heard used for Lady Nairne's "Who'll be King but Charlie?" and is not the same as that given by Mrs. Ames.<sup>2</sup>

Apparently it is really "Royal Charlie" who is "here" and "there" and "over the ocean." The folk are eager for his coming, and will bake him cakes, not of barley, but of the finest wheat flour.

## II.

The songs grouped under Section II show direct influences from quadrilles and other dances.

## 23. HEEL AND TOE POLKA.

A.

(Western Nebraska, 1883.)

1. First your heel, and then your toe,  
That's the way to polkay, O.  
First your heel, and then your toe,  
That's the way to polkay, O.

<sup>1</sup> Known as "Rölly, Rölly."<sup>2</sup> This Journal, vol. xxiv, p. 302.



*Chorus.*

Tra la, tra la, tra la la le la,  
Tra la la le la, tra la la le la,  
Tra la, tra la, tra la la le la,  
Tra la la le la, le la la la.

2. Buckskin fiddle and a shoestring bow,  
Makes the very best music you know.  
Buckskin fiddle and a shoestring bow,  
Makes the very best music you know.
3. I'll sell my fiddle and I'll sell my bow,  
I'll dress my wife in calico.  
I'll sell my fiddle and I'll sell my bow,  
I'll dress my wife in calico.
4. Heel and toe, and a one, two, three,  
Heel and toe, and a one, two, three,  
Heel and toe, and a one, two, three,  
Heel and toe, and a one, two, three.

B.

(Western Iowa, 1900.)

1. First your heel, and then your toe,  
And I'll take sugar in my coffee, O.
2. How do you think my mammy knows,  
I take sugar in my coffee, O.
3. Cornstock fiddle and a shoestring bow,  
And I take sugar in my coffee, O.
4. Sugar's high and coffee's low,  
And I take sugar in my coffee, O.

The music for Version B and for the words of Version A varies but slightly from that printed by Mrs. Ames under the title "I'll come back and be your Beau,"<sup>1</sup> and represents a simplification of the first half of the "Heel and Toe Polka." When I heard Version A, it was sung, in the absence of instrumental music, to accompany that dance. With the refrain the dancers began to swing, and the music entered upon a lively change.

24. MEET HALF WAY.

A.

(Western Iowa, 1900.)

1. Meet half way to your best liking,  
Meet half way to your best liking,  
Meet half way to your best liking,  
For she's a darling.

<sup>1</sup> This Journal, vol. xxiv, p. 312.

2. Right hand around to your best liking, etc.
3. Left hand round, etc.
4. Both hands round, etc.
5. Do-si-do,<sup>1</sup> etc.
6. Promenade around, etc.

## B.

(Additional verses, Nebraska, 1908.)

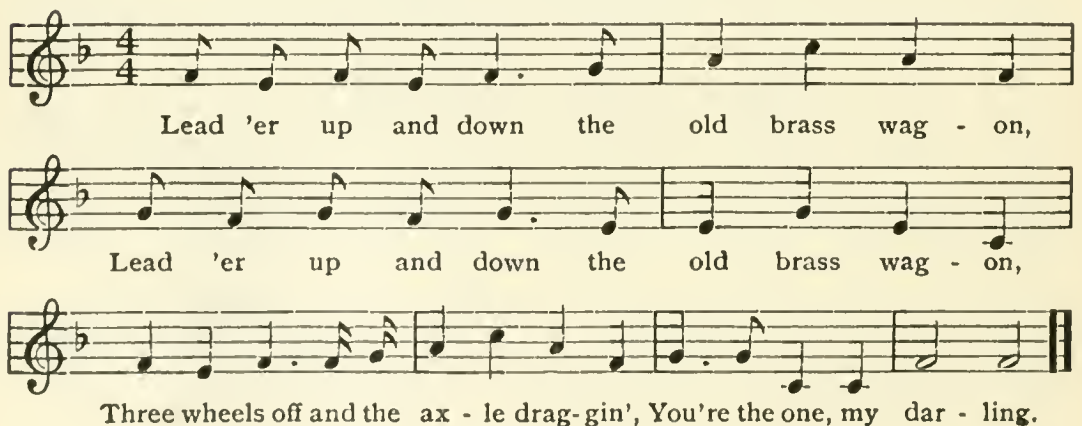
6. Down the middle to your best liking,  
Down the middle to your best liking,  
Down the middle to your best liking,  
You're the one, my darling.
7. Wheel and turn the little horse wagon, etc.

The music and the figures are traditional with the Virginia reel; indeed, the figures are descended from the Sir Roger de Coverley. A variation of the tune is used for "Old Brass Wagon," and is here printed with the words of that game.<sup>4</sup>

Connection<sup>2</sup> of the two songs is further evident in identity of refrain. Perhaps Stanza 7 in version B of "Meet Half Way" affords the clew. Its words may have been suggested by the reverse turns, in the promenade figure, of the opposing lines of men and women.

25. OLD BRASS WAGON.<sup>3</sup>

(Western Nebraska, 1887.)



Lead 'er up and down the old brass wag - on,

Lead 'er up and down the old brass wag - on,

Three wheels off and the ax - le drag - gin', You're the one, my dar - ling.

Lead'er up and down the old brass wagon,  
Lead'er up and down the old brass wagon,  
Three wheels off and the axle draggin',  
You're the one, my darling.

<sup>1</sup> Dos-a-dos, a quadrille-call.

<sup>2</sup> Goldy M. Hamilton, in "The Play-Party in Northeast Missouri" (this Journal, vol. xxvii, pp. 293 and 298), prints versions which show further relations of the two songs.

<sup>3</sup> Mrs. L. D. Ames ("The Missouri Play-Party," this Journal, vol. xxiv, p. 307) prints a version of "Old Brass Wagon" with a slightly different tune.

Stop and grease the old brass wagon,  
Stop and grease the old brass wagon,  
Three wheels off and the axle draggin',  
You're the one, my darling.

26. MICHIGAN GIRLS.<sup>1</sup>

(Michigan, 1883.)

Michigan girls, on you I call,  
The invitation is to ail;  
The way is broad, the road is clear,  
Michigan girls, come volunteer.

27. GRANGER.

(Western Iowa, 1906; tune, "Pig in the Parlor.")

I long to be a granger,  
A granger, a granger,  
I long to be a granger,  
And with the grangers stand.  
With a corncrib on my shoulder,  
My shoulder, my shoulder,  
A corncrib on my shoulder,  
And a pitchfork in my hand.

Your honors to your right,  
Your honors to your left,  
Swing the one you honor first,  
And promenade with the left.

28. PIG IN THE PARLOR.

(Eastern Nebraska, 1879.)

1. My father and mother were Irish,  
My father and mother were Irish,  
My father and mother were Irish,  
And I was Irish, too,  
And I was Irish, too,  
And I was Irish, too,  
My father and mother were Irish,  
And I was Irish, too.
2. They kept the pig in the parlor, etc.
3. They kept the cow in the kitchen, etc.
4. They kept the horse in the bedroom, etc.
5. We've got a new pig in the parlor, etc.
6. The same old pig in the parlor, etc.

<sup>1</sup> A Virginia reel.



7. Your right hand to your partner,  
Your left hand to your neighbor,  
Your right hand to your partner,  
And all promenade,  
And all promenade,  
And all promenade,  
Your right hand to your partner,  
And all promenade.

29. OLD DAN TUCKER.<sup>1</sup>

(Eastern Nebraska, 1878.)

1. Old Dan Tucker's back in town,  
He swings those ladies all around;  
First to the right, and then to the left,  
And then to the one that you love best.

*Chorus.*

Get out of the way for Old Dan Tucker,  
You're too late to get your supper.  
Supper's over, breakfast's frying,  
Old Dan Tucker stands there crying.

2. Old Dan Tucker's a queer old man,  
He washed his face in the frying pan,  
He combed his hair with a wagon wheel,  
And died of the toothache in his heel.
3. Old Dan Tucker he got drunk,  
He stepped in the fire and kicked up a chunk,  
He got a cinder in his shoe, —  
Lordy me, how the ashes flew!
4. Old Dan Tucker's a fine old man,  
He used to ride our Darby ram;  
He sent him whizzing down the hill,  
If he hadn't got up, he'd laid there still.

Of the thirty negro-minstrel stanzas, two—the “Cinder” and the “Darby Ram”—survive with the chorus in the game-song. The dialect, as might be expected, has completely fallen away. For the game which resembles “Miller Boy” and “Pig in the Parlor,” the dance directions would be, —

“Balance; swing partners; grand right and left; promenade.”

At the third call, Dan Tucker, the solitary, enters the chain of players to select a partner.

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. L. D. Ames (“The Missouri Play-Party,” this Journal, vol. xxiv, p. 309) gives another version.

30. CAPTAIN JINKS.<sup>1</sup>

(Western Iowa, 1906.)

1. Captain Jinks comes home at night,  
Clap your hands with all your might,  
Salute your pardners left and right,  
For that's the style in the army.  
Join your hands and forward all,  
Forward all, forward all.  
Join your hands and forward all,  
For that's the style in the army.
2. Captain Jinks comes home at night,  
Gentleman passes to the right,  
Swings his pardner once and a half,  
And all promenade.  
All promenade,  
All promenade,  
Swings his pardner once and a half,  
And all promenade.

31. BUFFALO GALS.

A.

(Western Nebraska, 1884.)

1. First lady swing with the right hand gent,  
With the right hand round, with the right hand round,  
Partner with the left, and the left hand round, —  
Lady in the centre and seven hands round.  
Buffalo gals ain't you comin' out to-night,  
Ain't you comin' out to-night, ain't you comin' out to-night?  
Lady swing out and the gent swing in,  
Join your hands and go round again,  
All of the gals are a comin' out to-night,  
Are a comin' out to-night, are a comin' out to-night,  
All of the gals are a comin' out to-night,  
To dance by the light of the moon.
2. Second lady, etc.

B.

(Western Iowa, 1905.)

1. First young gent all around inside,  
All around inside, all around inside!  
First young gent all around inside,  
And balance to your partner.

*Chorus.*

Swing your partners all run away,  
All run away, all run away!

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. L. D. Ames ("The Missouri Play-Party," this Journal, vol. xxiv, p. 308) gives another call to this song.

Swing your partners all run away,  
And throw her on the corner.<sup>1</sup>

2. Next young gent, etc.

### 32. THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME.

A.

(Western Nebraska, 1882; brought from Arkansas.)

1. I'm lonesome since I crossed the hills,  
And come over the hills and valleys;  
I think I'd better go back and see  
The girl I left behind me.

*Chorus.*

O swing that girl, that pretty little girl,  
The girl I left behind me;  
O swing that girl, that pretty little girl,  
The girl I left behind me.

2. If ever I again go near that place,  
And the tears don't fall and blind me,  
I'll take my way straight home again,  
To the girl I left behind me.

O swing that girl that pretty little girl,  
The girl I left behind me;  
She's pretty in the face, and neat around the waist,  
The girl I left behind me.

3. And when this cruel war is o'er,  
And the Lincoln boys unbind me,  
I'll seek my love, and part no more,  
From the girl I left behind me.

O swing, etc.

B.

(Iowa, 1890.)

First couple out to the couple on the right  
And balance there so kindly;  
And pass right through, and balance too,  
And swing the girl behind you.

### 33. ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

. . . . .  
. . . . .

Sing whack ti O li, ti O lo, ti ling daddy O,  
Whack ti O li, ti O lo, ti ling day.

Lady to right  
And dance in the ring;

<sup>1</sup> "The corner" is the position on the opposite hand from partner.



When you have danced, O then you may swing;  
 When you have swung,  
 Remember the call,  
 Join your hands and promenade all.

. . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . .

Some lines have escaped me. The first two made some statement about dancing all night; the last lines repeated nonsense syllables after the fashion of a refrain.

Our group of texts in Section II show something of the direct influence of the dance upon the singing-games. The square dances had accumulated a rich store of popular melodies, and afforded a wealth of evolutions. In this field the play-party folk might easily have made goodly prize. Instead they seem to have seized blindly that which came first to hand. This was natural, for the play-party group acted on impulse rather than plan, and there was no one to think out the necessary modifications. Yet at times, as in "Meet Half Way," some one faced and solved the problem. This game borrows the Virginia-reel music, and, by weaving a stanza about each dance-call, gives clear directions for the whole complicated pattern of the reel. More commonly, however, as in the case of the "Heel and Toe" polka, the party folk simply carried over tune and verses.

Formations requiring fixed numbers and complex evolutions held the quadrille from passing directly to the play-party. The games demanded a simple movement in which a varying company could take part. In this connection "Pig in the Parlor" and "Old Dan Tucker" may deserve notice. Although "calls" now mark some stanzas in each song, I do not know in which field the tunes, familiar at dances as at the play-party, found the earlier usage. The game movements for the two are so simple that the player could scarcely go wrong; the quadrille figures would have halted in confusion without a caller. I cannot find that either game sought to better its movement by imitating the dance sequence common with its tune. Nor can I hear that "St. Patrick's Day," though its tune and rhymed call would seem to offer temptation, was ever borrowed by the play-party. The adaptation would have been easy, but there was no one to give forethought to the changes.

Somehow the adaptation needed in the quadrilles, "Captain Jinks," "Buffalo Gals," and "The Girl I left Behind Me," were made. "Captain Jinks" brought the play-party a sixteen-line call

for a complicated movement.<sup>1</sup> Hardly a word of the old popular song remains; the directions fill the verses, and the players may step confidently.

It is perhaps by mere chance that the play-party has not appropriated "Buffalo Gals" in the rhymed call of Version A. There was, in general, no great opportunity for such loans, since the quadrille usually made of the singing-game an outcast and a wanderer. The folk who played Version B did know its rightful name. It sacrificed all the old verses to dancing-directions, but it gave the play-party a simple movement with this happy tune.<sup>2</sup>

The first four lines of Version A of "The Girl I left Behind Me" formed an accompaniment to a "grand right and left" figure. The purpose of this movement was to bring about change of partners. The swinging was followed by the "promenade." A return to original partners brought the game to an end. Version B, though called a dance by those who took part, was really a singing-game, for it had only voice accompaniment. The person who gave it to me could not remember the four lines needed to complete the tune.

Careful search would no doubt show other rhymed dance-calls used for games; what we have, however, will suffice. It is clear that the games impulsively borrowed from the dance, by whole and by piecemeal. The existence of two widely diverse game-forms with one quadrille tune shows the appetite of the play-party for the dance. It points likewise to the local nature of the loan. Had either form gained currency, the other would have been in the way. Had quadrille and play-party remained longer in contact, these game-forms might have acquired bulk and stability; but the play-party fled to secluded nooks, and the quadrille itself vanished from the dancing-floor. To-day, more than ever, the game-song seems mean and worthless. It possesses no abiding-place, has turned gipsy, a swapper, "a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles." It robs hymn and negro-minstrel piece, and seizes scraps and crumbs from college glee and popular song. Even Mother Goose must pay tribute. The spirit which improvises the tender images for "Skip to My Lou" and "John Brown's Body" is giddy and clownish. Perhaps the childish devotees of King William, in

"Upon his breast he wore a star,  
And in his mouth a big cigar,"

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Ames gives a wholly different twelve-line version, which lacks verses to accompany the promenade figure. Her last four lines seem based upon the rhymed call which I name "St. Patrick's Day," because I learned it with that tune.

<sup>2</sup> Goldy M. Hamilton, in "The Play-Party in Northeast Missouri" (this *Journal*, vol. xxvii, pp. 289-303), gives versions of "Buffalo Gals" and "The Girl I left Behind Me," in which the dance-calls have been made over into game-song stanzas. A number of other songs there printed show the adaptation of quadrille-calls.

sought to be clear rather than facetious. As to the old line, words and meaning are yet under dispute. But it is irresponsibility which, by substituting

“ Poor old Sam was sent to jail,  
He hung his hat on a ten-penny nail,”

for the older words in “Hi, Come Along,” established a local version. Doubtless relief from monotony was sought. Against such forces the traditional forms endure as well as can be expected. The patch of new cloth may seem worse than none; but impulse, heedless and non-critical, busily pieces out the tattered and insufficient garment.

On the writer's part, collection of game-songs has been occasional and accidental. His list now contains more than eighty. Most of the songs are widely distributed. Of the following he has found only isolated instances: “A. B. C.,” “Fine Brick House,” “Kilmacrankie,” “Little Red Rose,” “Here sits a Young Man,” “There's a Light in the Window,” “Girl I left Behind Me” (B), “Buffalo Gals” (B).

Date and locality as given in this article merely indicate a particular rendering. They are given because they may help in distinguishing recent and local versions from older forms. Apparently half the play-party songs now in use were unknown in that rôle forty years ago. Parody and borrowing, adaptation and improvisation, have added a miscellany.

IOWA CITY, IO.



## NOTES ON FOLK-LORE OF TEXAS.

BY W. PRESCOTT WEBB.

THE material presented in the following notes was gathered around Beeville, Tex. Beeville is in Bee County, a cattle country, now becoming agricultural, and is located ninety miles south of San Antonio, about midway between there and Corpus Christi. It is near the Nueces River, and within thirty miles of the historic old Goliad of Texas-Mexican fame.

The best field of folk-lore is found in the strong Irish element in the population around Beeville, who are always stored with local legends and superstitions, and who are highly gifted in spinning these into interesting tales for all who will come and listen. Next there is the negro, an animated body of superstition and song. Then there are the war stories and ballads, here as well as wherever the veterans may be found. Three other fields are to be found in the railroad-songs, cowboy-songs, and the mass of Mexican superstition and legend.

Any one of these fields offers inexhaustible resources to the gleaner of folk-lore. The material seems to increase with the effort to get it. This paper will not deal with the cowboy-songs, for others have covered that subject too ably, nor shall I attempt the Mexican lore. I shall give some local tales and legends, a railroad-song, and some negro songs.

## LOCAL LEGENDS.

There is an interesting story regarding the peculiar properties possessed by the waters of the Nueces River. This river must be sacred to Ananias, for it is said that he who drinks of its waters loses all desire to tell the truth thereafter.

Tradition also accounts for the name "Marysville," which Beeville had before it was given its present name. Away back in the days of Spanish dominion, before there was an American settlement in southwestern Texas, two beautiful *señoritas* lived with their father in a *cabana* ("cabin"), under a large *mott* ("grove") on the site of Beeville. Maria was the younger daughter, says tradition, and the most beautiful woman in all the Spanish settlements. She was the typical Spanish maiden, with the characteristic dark eyes, olive complexion, and a wealth of beautiful long dark hair, which made her the envy or admiration of all. Tradition tells how the Indians came once when the father and sister were away, and murdered her for her beautiful hair. The father had her buried beneath the largest tree, and near his favorite smoking-place. Here he and the grief-stricken

lover would come and watch in the twilight and darkness over her grave. The lover carved her name on the tree in large Spanish letters, which could be seen until recent years. Later the Missions in Texas were abandoned. When the Americans came and found the mysterious tree with the strange word, they made a settlement and called it Marysville. The tree still stands in a yard in the centre of Beeville.

There are stories of buried treasure left by the pirate and buccaneer Jean Lafitte. A certain Steve Pipkins was instructed by a "spirit" to go to a [certain] tree on the San Antonio River, and from it to step twenty-five feet south, one foot east, and one foot north, and then to dig down three feet. "Then," said the spirit, "you will find a square iron box left by Jean Lafitte." The man did not believe in spirits or buried treasure, and refused to go; but his wife urged and insisted until he had to [go] for the sake of [domestic] peace. When he arrived at the place, he found—no, not the box, but the hole from which it had just been removed, and around which the dirt was still fresh.

The wolves around Beeville are noted for cunning, and it is said that they can catch chickens out of the highest trees on any night when there is a bright moon. The wolf comes up directly under the tree in which the coveted chicken roosts. He makes a noise and wakes the chicken, and gets its attention. Then the wolf begins to chase his own tail, slowly at first, then faster and faster. The chicken, watching the whirling wolf, becomes dizzy, and falls out of the tree an easy prey.

On an expedition for collecting folk-lore, I made the most valuable find of my collection,—a negro song which I have with conceit named "The African Iliad." I came upon it in this manner:

One morning I heard a school-boy singing a snatch of a negro song. I said, "Harry, where did you learn that [song]?"—"From a negro here in town," he replied. "Do you know it all?" I [then] asked. "No," he laughed, "there is more to that song than I could learn in a week." That sounded interesting. "Who is that negro?"—"Floyd Canada," he answered. "Well, Harry," I said, "don't you think we could look Floyd up and get all that song?"—"I don't know, sir, he's in jail now for shooting craps."

That made the quest even more fascinating. But Floyd's jail sentence soon expired; and I located him, through Harry, over across the railroad-track, in a negro pool-hall. We found him with a band of his comrades, including the hotel waiter, making merry with guitar, banjo, harp, and song,—as merry as though a jail had never been.

When we told Floyd what we wanted, his black face was cleft with a broad grin from one big ear to the other. But in a small town one cannot spend much time in a pool-hall, and especially a negro pool-hall. The near-by depot offered the solution, for it is the common meeting-ground of all the races; and to the depot I invited Floyd. I had expected in him an old negro, but found instead a man of about twenty-seven. He was very modern, too. He had seen several States from the side-door of a freight-car, and still more from the rods, as his song will indicate, and had a detailed knowledge of the interior of more jail-houses than churches. Floyd knew the world, evidently.

In the corner of the depot Floyd dictated to me the "Iliad," and I wrote it down. The song tells no connected story, any more than the ruins of Rome tell a story, or the grave of an American Indian, with its bones, arrow-heads, beads, and pottery, tells a story; but a story may be drawn from it,—the story of the modern negro. It contains an account of practically every phase of his life; and if the race should be blotted out and its history lost and forgotten, much of it could be reconstructed from this ballad. We could learn what the negro held to be of highest importance, we could learn of his desires and aims, his love and hate, his ethical and chivalrous ideas, his philosophy of life, code of morals, and idea of the future. And it is for this reason that I have named it "The African Iliad."

It is remarkable, if for no other reason, because of its length, for it is among the longest ballads in existence. It contains eighty stanzas of four lines each, rhyming in couplets. While the song has little narrative unity, it has a certain unity of subject-matter. Pervading nearly every line is a spirit of restless wandering,—the *Wanderlust* and desire for a long freight on which to ride away from trouble. It, like all the popular ballads, sings itself. Floyd says it is sung to the tune of "The Dallas Blues." The subject-matter of the song falls into five more or less well-defined groups. I have attempted to arrange these in some order. The first division deals with his wanderings, and the call of the road; the second treats of his mother, whose advice he has ignored, and of home, which he imagines, as does every prodigal, he will never leave when he reaches it once more. In the third canto he sings of his sweetheart, the delights of love, and the pangs of jealousy. In the fourth he is evidently married, for he sings of domestic troubles and family quarrels; but, strange to say, not one note does he utter of domestic happiness. In the fifth and last he deals with trouble, is sentenced to death by the law for a crime, and concludes by making provisions for the final disposition of his body. Following are selections:—



THE RAILROAD BLUES.

I. THE WANDERLUST AND THE LONG FREIGHT-TRAIN.

Every time you hear me sing this song  
You may know I've caught a train and gone.  
I get a letter, and this is how it read:  
Stamped on the inside, "Yo lover's sick in bed."

Give me my shoes and my Carhart overalls,  
Let me step over yonder and blind the Cannon Ball;  
That's the long train they call the Cannon Ball,  
It makes a hundred miles and do no switchin' at all.

Train I ride doan burn no coal at all,  
It doan burn nothin' but Texas Beaumont oil;  
That's the long train they calls the Cannon Ball,  
It makes a hundred miles and do no stoppin' at all.

If you ever had the blues, you know jus' how I feel,  
Puts you on the wonder, and make you want to squeal;  
When you take the blues and doan know what to do,  
Jus' hunt you a train and ride the whole world through.

Big Four in Dallas done burned down,  
Burned all night long, burned clean to the ground;  
But give me my shoes, and press my overalls,  
If you doan min' my goin', baby, I'll catch the Cannon Ball.

I'm worried now, but I won't be worried long,  
This north-bound train will certainly take me home.  
Number Nine is gone, Number Ten's switchin' in the yard,  
But I'm goin' to see that girl if I have to ride the rods.

I got the railroad blues, but I haven't got the fare,  
The company sho' ought to pay my way back there.  
The train I ride is sixteen coaches long  
Dat's de train done take yo' baby home.

I'm a goin' away, it won't be long;  
When I hit Houston, I'll call it gone.  
When I git to Houston I'll stop and dry;  
When I hit San Tone, I'll keep on by.

How I hate to hear the Monkey Motion<sup>1</sup> blow,  
It puts me on the wonder, and makes we want to go.  
Dat passenger-train got ways jus' lak a man,  
Steal away yo' girl, and doan care where she land.

I may be right an' I may be wrong,  
But it takes a worried woman to sing a worry song;  
When a woman's in trouble, she wring her hands and cry;  
But when a man's in trouble, it's a long freight-train and ride.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Name of train.

<sup>2</sup> In this last stanza the negro has shown the keenest insight into human nature found anywhere. He shows the difference in the manner in which a man and a woman meet trouble.

## II. HOME AND MOTHER.

I went to the depot wringin' my hands and cryin'  
Everybody's bound to have trouble some time;  
If I'd a listened to what my mother said,  
I'd been at home lyin' in my foldin' bed.

When I git home, mother, I'm sure goin' to stick an' stay;  
Mother, you may beat me, but you'll never drive me away;  
When I leave agin, hang crepe all on yo' doah;  
If I ain't daid, I ain't comin' back no mo'.

When I git home, mother, I'll tell you the truth;  
I love you, an' I ought'n't left yo' roof;  
You tol' me befo' I left yo' doah,  
Many nights I'd sleep on the cold hard floah.

My mother's daid, my sister's gone away,  
That's the reason why I'm wanderin' around to-day.  
I followed my mother right to her buryin'-ground,  
You ought to a heard me cryin' when they let her down.

I went to the graveyard, peeped in my mother's face,  
Ain't it sad to see you, mother, in this lonesome place!  
Doan never leave yo' mother old and gray,  
You'll be bothered, man, troubled all the day.

## III. LOVE.

If you mistreat me, you certainly won't agin;  
You can tell jus' how your trouble begin;  
When you're in love, you can't control yo' min',  
Single man bound to git drunk any time.

I got one girl, an' I'm goin' to git me two;  
You look so sweet, baby, no tellin' what you'll do.  
If you don't love me, please don't dog me around;  
Be true with me, and I'll not leave the town.

If I feel to-morrow like I feel to-day,  
I'm gwine to ride the last train away;  
If I had all you women's hearts in my hand,  
I'd show you how to treat yo' nice black man.

I'm goin' away, it won't be long;  
You're gwine to miss me when I'm daid and gone.  
You are my lover, turn the light down low,  
I got somethin' to tell you just befo' I go.

It's hard, man, but still it's true  
To love some woman that never cares fo' you.  
When you git one girl, you better git you two,  
For there ain't no tellin' what the girls'll do.

There's lots of trouble here, and more on down the road,  
You always will find trouble, no matter where you go;  
Trouble is a thing that never worries my mind;  
But if you're in love, it'll worry you some time.

I'm goin to town now, what you want me to bring you back?  
I'm in love with you, baby, jus' anything you like;  
Lemme tell you, girl, please doan wear no black;  
'Cause when you think I'm daid, I'll come easin' back.

Red River's on the boom; Guadaloupe's standin' still;  
Brown woman on the train; black one on the hill.  
You brown-skin woman, let me be yo' Teddy Bear,  
Put a chain on my neck, an' I'll follow you everywhere.

I'm a goin' to tell you what the Mexican tol' me,  
"I no lika you, you no lika me;"  
All I want in this wide worl'  
Is a pocket full o' dollars an' a Creole girl.

I sent my girl to have her fortune told;  
She come walkin' back with her mouth chock full o' gold.  
Come, go with me, get your mouth filled with gold!  
I wouldn't mistreat you to save nobody's soul.

#### IV. MARRIAGE AND DOMESTIC TROUBLES.

If I get drunk an' down, who's goin' to take me home?  
For yonder stands my babe with a hobble on.  
My babe sees me standin' in the bar-room door,  
An' I swore to her I'd never git drunk no more.

Ain't it hard when yo' wife puts you out of doors,  
Leave you standin' cryin', you ain't nowhere to go;  
You get the blues so bad, you can't control yo' mind;  
You love yo' wife, but she'll worry you some time.

You can always tell when she doan want you 'round,  
Yo' meals ain't ready, and yo' bed's turned upside down;  
Then you stay out late, git yo' name straight,  
Befo' you come agin to yo' baby's gate.

My heart is forever breakin'<sup>1</sup>  
Children in the do' screamin',  
It may be cloudy an' a rainin',  
Keep me worried an' a singin'.

#### V. TRIAL, DEATH AT HANDS OF THE LAW, AND FINAL WILL.

I ain't a goin' to die, jus' goin' to sleep away,  
'To-morrow's goin' to be my trial day;

<sup>1</sup> This stanza seems to be the song of the woman.



Yonder comes my girl, a hundred in her hand,  
Sayin', " Please spare my man, Judge, if you can."

I went to the court-house an' stood right on the stage,  
Tol' the judge to give me justice, to let me have my way.  
He read my papers, I was guilty of my crime;  
Then I axed for 98, but he give me 99.

I went to the jail-house; first thing I spy,  
Jail-house key, and you ought 'o hear me cry.  
" Look here, woman, can't stand to see you go, —  
Hang my case, Judge, an' I'll meet you further down the road."

When I die, ship me to my mother;  
If my ma doan want me, ship me to my pa;  
If my pa doan want me, bury me in the sea,  
Where the whales and de sharks'll make a fuss over me.<sup>1</sup>

In all this ballad the negro has sung nothing about the watermelon-patch; nothing about the forbidden chicken-roost, or the white man's advantage of him; and nothing of his having to work hard for a living. He loves, gambles, loafs, bribes the courts, and beats his way on the freight. He sings nothing of superstitious fears of ghosts and goblins; he does not clothe the forces of nature with fabrications of his own mind; he spins no Uncle Remus stories about Bre'er Fox, Rabbit, Coon, and 'Possum. All these are forgotten, and he turns his thoughts inward; he is extremely self-centred. He may be elated to the point of ecstasy, or depressed to the point of self-effacement; but he is in any case concerned only with himself,—his love, his trouble, his own interest at all times. He seems to have some regard for his mother, but this is only when he is in trouble. He mentions his father but one time, and that is with regard to his burial.

Nothing could be greater than the difference between this song of the modern negro, and the songs sung by the ante-bellum darky on the old plantation. The difference in the song indicates the corresponding difference in the singers. The old negro lived a simple life on the plantation, and in the dusk of the evening twanged his banjo and sang of hard times, the white man's greed, and of the wild animals. He, too, sang of his love,—about the only thing the old negro, and the modern one, like Floyd, have had in common.

The songs given below are purely ante-bellum. They were obtained from an old Confederate from Virginia. They are simple, and have a sweeter melody and a quietness wholly lacking in the modern songs. It will be well if you can catch the spirit of this

<sup>1</sup> The crime of which he is guilty was evidently that of shooting his rival, for he says in one place, —

Wish I had my pistol, my cold Forty-One,  
I'd shoot that couple just to see 'em run.

enough to imagine these given in the crooning, rolling negro-melody, accompanied by a guitar or banjo. The first is very musical, and is named

DE OLE RACCOON.

As I walked out by de light ob de moon,  
Says well I sang dat same ole tune,  
An' dar by de light ob de silbery moon,  
I spied an ole Raccoon,—  
A settin' on a rail.

It was up to him I softly crept,  
It was up to him I softly crept,  
An' I caught him by de tail,  
An' I pulled him off de rail,  
An' I pulled him off de rail,—  
Dat night.

He begin to scratch an' fight,  
I hit him once wid all my might,  
I bunged his eye an' I spiled his sight,  
Ain't I de chile to fight,  
Ain't I de chile to fight,  
An' pick de banjo too!

The negro treats De Ole Raccoon as though he were an equal. A continuation of this simplicity, and close personal feeling for animals, is shown in the following "Old Virginia Breakdown." Reference is made here to practically everything influencing the life of the ante-bellum negro. The manner in which he accounts for the phenomenon of the thunder and lightning is truly ingenious. He sings of the coon, rabbit, and 'possum, the stingy master, his sweetheart, good whiskey, and the Devil. There could be no greater contrast than that between this and the "Railroad Blues" as sung by Floyd.

OLD VIRGINIA BREAKDOWN.

Lightnin' is a yaller gal, she lives up in de clouds;  
Thunder is a black man, he can holler loud.  
When he kisses lightenin', she jumps up in a wonder,  
He jumps up and grabs de clouds, and dat's what makes it thunder.

Soon one mornin' Jackie went a huntin',  
Jackie jumped de ole har', ole har' jumped a 'possum,  
'Possum jumped de ole raccoon, raccoon jumped de debbil,  
Runned him round de hillside, an' treed him on de lebbel.

Ole marster is a stingy man, an' everybody knows it,  
Keeps good whiskey in his house, but nebber says, "How goes it?"  
Soon as ever day break, white folks got me gwine,  
Soon as ever sun goes down, pretty gals on my mind.

Day am gone, night am come, white man take his rest,  
 See dat nigger prowlin' roun' to rob some Shanghi's nest.  
 Somebody's got my ole Shanghi, wish he'd let him be,  
 For ever day he laid two eggs, an' Sunday he laid t'ree.

Raccoon's tail am ringed all round, 'possum's tail am bare,  
 Rabbit got no tail at all, but de put a little motion dar.  
 I went down to de ole hen house, I got upon my knees,  
 Mos' killed myse'f a laffin to hear dat chicken sneeze.

The melancholy nature of the negro is well known to all who have studied his lore, but never have I known him to strike a sadder note than in the song called "Niggah Ginn," in which he laments the closing of the saloon where he bought his drink. I will give one stanza and the chorus.

I went to the bar-room 'bout nine o'clock,  
 Knocked at the doah, an' the doah was locked.  
 I stepped back an' begin to read the sign,  
 Says, "No mo' gin', fo' the coon's gone blind."

*Chorus.*

Well, I doan think you ought to treat me dis away,  
 You are takin' the good ole ginn away;  
 That niggah ginn has been my only frin'  
 It makes me grin, grin, grin;  
 You can take the wine an' the whiskey, too,  
 Please let the good ole ginn do!  
 Well, I'm jus' gone—gone—gone.

In the last negro song I shall give you, there is a vein of pure droll humor undefiled, with a mischievous spirit that the negro does not often show. It is the story of Banjo Isam's wooing of Julie Glover in an ox-cart, and the unexpected end that came to this courtship and the sudden and unexpected parting of the couple.

JULIE GLOVER.

I drove my cart to de mill one day,  
 An' I met Julie Glover goin' dat way;  
 She 'spressed a wish dat she might ride,  
 "Yes, dat you may, Julie, by my side."

*Chorus.*

Den go along dar, Julie Glover,  
 Banjo Isam am yo' lover,  
 Gwine to de mill wid Julie Glover.

Julie called me a banjo fool,  
 She scratched my face, she pulled my wool,



She said I was a white folks' nigger,  
Dat she and I could nebber figger.

*Chorus.*

I kissed at Julie on de road,  
But de fool she screamed and squalled so loud,  
De oxens runned an' de cart turned obber,  
An' dar I lef' Miss Julie Glover.

CUERO, TEX.

THE BALLAD OF THE CRUEL BROTHER.<sup>1</sup>

BY PHILLIPS BARRY.

THE record of British ballads current in America continues to increase, while yet many a treasure awaits those who love and would preserve the folk-songs of our common race. To the number already at hand may now be added, "The Cruel Brother," represented by the following sterling version:—



1. Three Ladies played at cup and ball, —  
     (With a hey! and my lily gay!)  
    Three Knights there came among them all.  
     (The rose it smells so sweetly!)
2. And one of them was dressed in green, —  
    He asked me to be his queen.
3. And one of them was dressed in yellow, —  
    He asked me to be his fellow.
4. And one of them was dressed in red, —  
    He asked me with him to wed.
5. " But you must ask my father the King,  
     And you must ask my mother the Queen, —
6. " And you must ask my sister Anne,  
     And you must ask my brother John."
7. " Oh, I have asked your father the King,  
     And I have asked your mother the Queen, —
8. " And I have asked your sister Anne,  
     And I have asked your brother John."
9. Her father led her down the stairs,  
    Her mother led her down the hall.
10. Her sister Anne led her down the walk,  
     Her brother John put her on her horse.

<sup>1</sup> "The Cruel Brother," A (Folk-Songs of the North Atlantic States); contributed by D. F. and R. F., as sung by E. S. P., Boston, Mass., in whose family it has been traditional for three generations.

11. And as she stooped to give him a kiss,  
He stuck a penknife into her breast.
12. "Ride up, ride up, my foremost man!  
Methinks my lady looks pale and wan!"
13. "Oh what will you leave to your father the King?"  
"The golden coach that I ride in."
14. "And what will you leave to your mother the Queen?"  
"The golden chair that I sat in."
15. "And what will you leave to your sister Anne?"  
"My silver brooch and golden fan."
16. "And what will you leave to your brother John?"  
"A pair of gallows to hang him on."
17. "And what will you leave to your brother John's wife?"  
"Grief and misfortune all her life."

The texts hitherto known—excluding, of course, those obviously defective—agree, in that the bride is killed by her brother because his consent to the wedding has not been sought. In the present version the situation is unique, the brother acting as the agent of his wife's ill will. A motive for the curse in the final stanza is thus clear.

83 BRATTLE STREET,  
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.



## FREDERIC WARD PUTNAM.

BY CHARLES PEABODY.

It has been thought fitting that the Boston Branch of the American Folk-Lore Society should provide for the Journal an account of the life and work of Professor Frederick Ward Putnam, together with a portrait.

Professor Putnam was elected President of the Boston Association of the American Folk-Lore Society on April 18, 1890, at a meeting held in the rooms of the Boston Society of Natural History, Dana Estes presiding,<sup>1</sup> and he remained the chief executive of the Boston members until his death. It is with this association in mind that the author has compiled the dates and occurrences, and has added those appreciations drawn from personal companionship that seem most likely to interest his fellow-students in folk-lore.

Frederick Ward Putnam was born in Salem, Mass., April 6, 1839, and died in Cambridge, Aug. 14, 1915. He was the son of Ebenezer and Elizabeth (Appleton) Putnam. The families of both his father and mother were English, and their representatives settled in Massachusetts about the same time, that is, 1640.

Eastern Massachusetts, and especially Essex County, is a rich field for research in genealogy and in pure English tradition. The student of the latter on the folk-lore side will find in family names, place-names, architecture, sentiment, religion, and dialect, much to recall the England of the seventeenth century and to suggest the eastern and southern counties of the present time.

Professor Putnam liked nothing better than to recount anecdotes of himself and his friends in Essex County, especially to one of similar relationship and origin.

A dry catalogue of all his honors and positions is not necessary: never did man, from Horace's time to our own, erect better the *monumentum aere perennius*. Yet he himself was keenly alive to the value of degrees and distinctions: they were the reward of valor and an earnest of future work. Woe betide a student who should fail to appreciate the value of an A.B.! and he never forgot to address a new Ph.D. as "Doctor" on his emergence from a successful examination.

Harvard, class of '62, claims him as S.B.; Williams, *honoris causa*, as A.M. (1868); and the University of Pennsylvania, for the same reason, as S.D. (1894). Thus he, with his father, grandfather, and

<sup>1</sup> This Journal, vol. iii (1890), pp. 165 *et seq.*

great-grandfather, was a Harvard graduate. Perhaps it should not be so, but continuous tradition means much. Without it — the background of the individual or grouped phenomena which form the subject-matter of our science — folk-lore would not exist. With him it culminated in a great loyalty and devotion to Harvard.

His university activity is thus set forth: Assistant to Louis Agassiz, Harvard University, 1857-64; Assistant in Ichthyology, Museum of Comparative Zoölogy, 1876-78; Curator of the Peabody Museum of American Archæology and Ethnology, Harvard University, 1875-1909; Honorary Curator of the Peabody Museum, 1909-13; Honorary Director of the Peabody Museum, 1913-15; Peabody Professor of American Archæology and Ethnology, Harvard University, 1886-1909; Professor Emeritus, Harvard University, 1909-15; Professor of Anthropology, and Director of the Anthropological Museum, University of California, 1903-09; Professor Emeritus, University of California, 1909-15.

To the above should be added his major appointments to museum positions: Curator of Ichthyology, Boston Society of Natural History, 1859-68; Curator of Anthropology, American Museum of Natural History, New York, 1894-1903. He was Chief of the Department of Ethnology at the World's Columbian Exposition, Chicago, 1891-94.

Besides this, he was interested in the Essex Institute and in the East Indian Marine Society of Salem; and he was Permanent Secretary of the American Association for the Advancement of Science from 1873 to 1898, as well as its President in 1898, — a record of which he could be particularly proud.

For his archæological researches he received the Drexel gold medal in 1903, and was decorated with the Cross of the Légion d'Honneur in 1896.

More than thirty learned societies counted him a member. Of these, perhaps the Phi Beta Kappa, Harvard Chapter, holds the ranking position. Among the foreign societies are represented Canada, Peru, Argentina, England, Scotland, France, Belgium, Germany, Sweden, and Italy.

In the Bibliography<sup>1</sup> compiled by Miss Frances H. Mead are more than four hundred titles, besides those of many editorial publications.

In 1864 Professor Putnam married Miss Adelaide Martha Edmands of Cambridge, who died in 1879. He was married again in 1882, this time to Miss Esther Orne Clarke of Chicago, who survives him. Two daughters and a son are living.

Professor Putnam was the dean of American anthropologists. He lived to see his pupils and younger contemporaries carry and spread his influence and training all over the land. San Francisco, Chicago,

<sup>1</sup> Putnam Anniversary Volume, *ad fin.*

Washington, Philadelphia, New York, and, above all, Cambridge, are beholden to him. However they, the younger generation, may differ among themselves, all of them (and the author counts himself one) delight in calling themselves his "boys" and in referring lovingly to "the Professor," as if there were really only one.

He liked immensely to inaugurate things; he could become quite tart over a dusty erudition that would learn stones from sermons and running brooks from books; he started movements, societies, methods, plans, — anything to help anthropology, anything to help our knowledge of man and his works. He was a great believer in associations and congresses, and many the unwilling foot sent hurrying to Christmas Convocation Week by the insistence of the quiet man in Cambridge.

In Miss Mead's Bibliography we find this record for 1879 (No. 183): "Circular letter proposing to establish a society for the purpose of furthering and directing archæological investigation and research, by Charles W. Eliot, Alexander Agassiz, W. Endicott, Jr., W. W. Goodwin, Augustus Lowell, F. W. Putnam, Martin Brimmer, T. G. Appleton, E. W. Gurney, Henry P. Kidder, C. C. Perkins, C. E. Norton. This is the Archæological Institute of America." This is interesting from the great weight and authority of the names famous in classical archæology, and from the fact that from the beginning the Archæological Institute of America has recognized American archæology. Up to that time such recognition of the subject as an independent science and as a handmaid to the history of art had been slow in coming. The classical archæologists, enamored of the Aphrodite of Melos, would have little of Quetzalcoatl, — delighted with *Corpora Inscriptiōnum* and with *Corpuscula Marmorea*, they cared not at all for pictographs and rock-scratchings, nor for little chips that can be found in every back-yard, — yet at this time George Peabody, Frederick W. Putnam, Jeffries Wyman, had the foresight and the ability to see and settle the importance of this side of anthropology.

With all his loyalty to the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and to Section H, of which he was very proud, he yet was present at the gathering-together of the inner circle that became the American Anthropological Association.<sup>1</sup> He was one of the forty "invitees" who formed the Association in the Oakland Church in Pittsburgh, June 30, 1902. In 1905 he was its President at the California meeting.

On Dec. 12, 1889, the members of the American Folk-Lore Society, which had been organized but a short time, met at the house of Miss A. L. Alger, and the ancestor of the Boston Branch came into existence. Four months later Professor Putnam became the head, and until his

<sup>1</sup> American Anthropologist, 1903, pp. 185 *et seq.*



death there was thought of no other. The following are those charter members of the Society living in and around Boston who in 1914 were still on the rolls: George L. Kittredge, Clarence J. Blake, Charles P. Bowditch, Albert Matthews, Crawford Howell Toy.

While speaking of his love for the new and untried, it is pleasant to recall that in 1903, at the opening of the Department of Archæology of Phillips Academy, Andover, he delivered the address of honor. Teaching prehistoric archæology in a boys' school, and building up a museum almost under the nose of Harvard University, might cause a prudent curator to hesitate. Not at all. He gave the young institution all his best wishes and advice, and, as a member of its first Advisory Committee, kept its younger directors in the right way.

In research, the results of the excavation of the Ohio mounds during the eighties, and in particular the Turner group, remain to his lasting honor and credit. Whence came the Americans, who were the Mound-Builders, when was the advent of man on this continent? — these were the obsessing questions; and if they are not yet solved, it is not because he did not put his whole heart into their solution. The work in the middle West, undertaken with the co-operation of Dr. C. L. Metz, Marshall H. Saville, and others, shed for him new light on the vexed ethnology of that region, and led him to the conclusion that the "race and culture of the Southwest extended to the Ohio Valley, but was subsequently overwhelmed by the invasion of a distinct race proceeding eastward."<sup>1</sup> He deliberately opposed any theory excluding the possibility of more than one aboriginal race in America. The best evidence of man in America contemporary with the glacial epoch is presented by the human femur found in the Trenton gravel by Ernest Volk in 1899, and by the quartz chips from the glacial gravels of the vicinity. It is purely Professor Putnam's dogged determination in the face of disappointment and ridicule that has made possible the Trenton work for nearly thirty years.

His desire to answer the last of the three questions prompted his interest in the excavations of the Potter Creek Cave in California, and led to his taking testimony from both sides of the Atlantic on the question of the human origin of the perforations in the bone fragments found there. It is highly likely that at Trenton or in some unexplored cave the answer will yet be found.

In pure folk-lore he directed his attention principally to the American mythological field, especially to the theory of conventionalization in art, and he was the first to bring out the idea of progression by degeneration.<sup>2</sup>

Again, perhaps first, he instituted the "wedding-cake" method of

<sup>1</sup> This Journal, vol. viii (1895), pp. 263-264.

<sup>2</sup> C. W. Mead, Putnam Anniversary Volume, p. 129.

excavating mounds and sites, whereby slice by slice the whole mass is cut through, examined, and replaced. No one liked to return with a record of mere "trenching," and report to the Professor. Thoroughness and direct attempt in work, and an utter disregard for all but the truth, were the sure but only means to his scientific favor.

But of him as a personality how shall one speak? How may we recall his tact, his advice "always to have smooth water to swim in," his counsel to those in difficulties, his assistance to the legion who needed help? Who, like him, had the breadth of vision and the encyclopædic knowledge necessary to add a constructive something to every paper presented at a congress?

He noted the colors and the flight of gulls in San Francisco Bay; he was wise in the last theories of Schiaparelli's Canals; he was well advised as to the dangers of exploration in the Fly River country, and not ignorant of the string figures of the Navaho.

The eolithic problem made him send the author hasting over Europe to collect for the Museum those problematical flints; he regularly attended a lecture on the history of the flute in Music 6, at Harvard; an hour could be profitably employed in selecting the right word from a list of synonymes; and a visit to the Art Museum showed his appreciation of ancient Egypt.

But best of all was it of a Sunday afternoon, late, to "stop by" and find him with his family and friends before the fire. He would always welcome with the words, "How are you, my dear fellow? What's the good word?" That was the "good word" he was always so eager and able to give.

PEABODY MUSEUM OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY,  
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

## LOCAL MEETING.

## TEXAS FOLK-LORE SOCIETY.

THE annual session of the Texas Folk-Lore Society was held in Carroll Chapel of Baylor University at Waco, May 21 and 22. The programme, consisting of papers read and songs sung, was as follows: "Cowboy Songs and Ballads," by Professor John A. Lomax, University of Texas; "Cowboy Ballad," sung by H. C. Payne; "German Fairy Tales," by Dr. Clyde Chew Glasscock, Rice Institute; "South African Folk-Lore," by G. J. Rousseau, Baylor University, formerly of Transvaal, South Africa; "Stories of the Choctaw Indians," by Mrs. L. T. Shaver, San Marcos, Tex.; "Mexican Folk-Song," sung by Miss Lois Upshaw; "Brazilian Superstitions," by Adrian Bernardo, Bahia, Brazil; "Japanese Folk-Tales," by E. W. Provence, Baylor University, formerly of Japan; "Wild-Horse Stories of Southwest Texas," by W. P. Webb, University of Texas; "European Tales found among the American Indians," by Dr. Stith Thompson, University of Texas; "Indian Folk-Song," sung by Miss Irene McLendon; "Negro Ballads and 'Reels'" (presidential address), by Dorothy Scarborough, Baylor University; "Negro Folk-Songs," sung by students of Paul Quinn and Central Texas Colleges. In the afternoon of the 21st a reception was given to the delegates at the residence of Dr. A. J. Armstrong.

The meeting was well attended by visiting members and by the students and faculty of Baylor University. The negro folk-songs sung by the students of Paul Quinn College were especially enjoyed, and served to awaken an added interest in this rich field of folk-lore.

At the business meeting it was decided to meet in Austin next April. The following officers were elected: *President*, Dr. Clyde Chew Glasscock of Rice Institute; *Vice-President*, Miss Junia Osterhaut of Baylor Female College; *Second Vice-President*, Mrs. L. B. Harrison of Dallas; *Secretary-Treasurer*, Dr. Stith Thompson of the University of Texas; *Counsellors*, Dr. R. H. Griffith of the University of Texas, and Dr. A. J. Armstrong of Baylor University.

The Society plans to issue a volume of papers selected from those presented at the last four or five meetings. The preparation of this volume is progressing under the direction of the secretary.

STITH THOMPSON.



## NOTES AND QUERIES.

SECOND PAN-AMERICAN SCIENTIFIC CONGRESS, SECTION OF ANTHROPOLOGY. — In accordance with the resolutions of the First Pan-American Scientific Congress, held in Santiago, Chili, from Dec. 25, 1908, to Jan. 5, 1909, a Second Pan-American Scientific Congress will meet in Washington in December, under the auspices of the Government of the United States. The Congress will open on Monday, Dec. 27, 1915, and adjourn on Saturday, Jan. 8, 1916. The Organization officers are John Barrett, LL.D., Secretary-General; Glen Levin Swiggett, Ph.D., Assistant Secretary-General. The headquarters will be at the Pan-American Union, Washington, D.C.

The Pan-American Scientific Congress had its origin in the scientific congresses that had been held by the Republics of Latin America prior to the Congress in Santiago, and was established with the generous conviction that the United States should share in their undertaking. This conviction was splendidly shown in the unsolicited and voluntary action of the First Congress in the selection of Washington as the place of meeting of the Second Congress, the main purpose of which will be to increase the exchange of knowledge, and bring about a better understanding of the ways in which the several Republics can work to the advancement of science, the increase of culture, and the promotion of trade, commerce, and mutual helpfulness. In view of the fact that this Second Congress is to be held under the auspices of the Government of the United States, it is earnestly hoped that our foremost scientists, learned societies, and educational institutions will co-operate in every way possible in order to insure the success of the Congress.

The following persons will be members of the Congress: the official delegates of the countries represented; the representatives of the universities, institutes, societies, and scientific bodies of the countries represented; such persons in the countries participating in the Congress as may be invited by the Executive Committee, with the approval of the countries represented; all writers of papers. All members of the Congress shall be entitled to attend its sessions, to take part in the debates, and to receive a copy of such publications as the Executive Committee may issue. There will be no membership fee of any character.

The Section of Anthropology will discuss such subjects as relate to the origin, development, and distribution of mankind into ethnic, social, and political groups. Of particular interest are the topics which refer to the chronology of the American race and the evolution of its culture, and the complex of races and nationalities now constituting the Pan-American populations. The Chairman of this Section is Mr. William Henry Holmes, Head Curator of Anthropology, United States National Museum. Dr. Aleš Hrdlička, Curator of the Division of Physical Anthropology, United States National Museum, is the Secretary of this Section. In addition to the Chairman and the Secretary, a representative Committee has been placed in charge of the programme.

For this Section, some of the most distinguished scientists in Pan-America have been invited to prepare papers on the subjects described in the preliminary programme, edition of April 15, a copy of which may be obtained on request to the Secretary-General of the Congress. The following topic has been proposed by the Section for the series of Pan-American conferences: "The desirability of uniform laws throughout the Pan-American countries for the protection of antiquities, the systematic promotion of anthropological research, and the collection and scientific treatment of museum materials."

The Nineteenth International Congress of Americanists will meet in Washington during the same week as the Pan-American Scientific Congress, and joint conferences will be held for the discussion of subjects of common interest to members of the two organizations. This will be especially advantageous, since a large number of students from all parts of America, as well as from the Old World, interested in these branches, will thus be brought together on common ground.

SENECA TALES AND BELIEFS. — The following stories and beliefs were collected during a visit to the Seneca Reservation on Cattaraugus Creek, N.Y., in September, 1914, and are given exactly as related to me. Nos. 1, 3, 6, 7, and 8 were told by Mrs. Crouse; Nos. 2 and 5, by Mr. Ed. Spring; No. 4, first and second versions, by Mrs. Harry Logan and Mr. Ben Logan respectively. In the native names, *x* has the sound of *ch* in German *ich*; *ts*, of *z* in German *zählen*; *dj*, of *j* in English *judge*.

1. *Ga-nu's-gwa*. — There lived a man with his wife who went into the woods. He just put up a hammock for the child of two ropes, a blanket, and a stick on each side to stretch it out. He then went hunting. As it became noon, she went to gather wood for the meal. When she returned, she heard singing; so she proceeded slowly, and saw how *Ga-nu's-gwa* was rocking the child and sang, "Aowā' ni'ioḡa o'ngowaha" ("It is ever so good eating").

The wife turned back to meet her husband, and told him that they were going to lose their child, that *Ganu'sgwa* was rocking the baby to eat it.

He said, "Walk behind me." As they walked along, he hid behind a tree, so that *Ganu'sgwa* could not see him.

He picked up small stones and threw them over his head, so that he could shoot him from behind. He threw a second time: *Ganu'sgwa* let the cradle go to pick up the stone. As he bent over to pick up the stone, the man shot him directly through the back, he shot him with a bow and arrow.

It was a "She," and looked very fiercely with her big mouth and high cheek-bones.

2. *How to obtain a Strong Back*. — If a man wanted to get a strong back, he went into the woods and tried to find a black snake (*sh aiiades*). He went around her, and after a while the snake became angry and coiled up. He kept on walking around. The snake would rise two feet high. Continuing and coming nearer, the snake will jump on him, winding herself around him. The snake will try to look into his eyes. He holds his hands over his head while the snake tries to jump on him. The snake tightens her grip until he cannot stand it any longer. Somebody will now try to

stick the snake into her sides, and the snake will loosen up. He will so obtain a strong back.

3. *Da'tsō (a Bird)*. — An old woman had a hut in the woods, and a small grandchild. (The grandchild) was very hungry, and wanted something to eat; but she did not give him anything, and said to him, he should take his bow and go into the woods. He went out three times, and came back for the third time, and left again at once and could hardly walk. He came back and was a bird. He flew around the house, and said, "Axsoogi'otsai" ("Do you mean that breakfast is not ready?") and flew back into the woods. This bird sings at strawberry-time. His name is Da'tsō.

4. *Djagä'o<sup>n</sup> (First Version)*. — A man by the name of William Nephew of Cold Spring, Alleghany Reservation, met little children in the creek there, who kept him over night and gave him meals. Next morning they let him go again, and he met his parents, who told him that he was among the Djagä'o<sup>n</sup>.

(*Second Version*). — It was on the Cattaraugus Creek, just below Burning Springs, some hundred years ago, that a hunter saw several. He saw these "little people" in the Creek. The "little people" fled into a hole on the creek. He could not catch or kill them. This was the last time that the Djagä'o<sup>n</sup> were seen.

5. *How the Seneca Boys get Good Teeth*. — In olden times the boys used to catch a green snake (*ogéutsaosaï'sta*), and bit it with their teeth from one end to the other, then let the snake go again.

6. *The Thunderstorm*. — A man was "giving thanks" to "Haweni.io" for a thunderstorm, but the thunder became so loud that he dropped to the ground. (It was an old man from the Alleghany Reservation, and he probably became dizzy from too much smoking.)

7. *Hunting Frogs (in Olden Times)*.<sup>1</sup> — The folks went out in the evening with a rod of pine-wood, and went into the water of a swamp, calling, "Gulu, gulu, gō'ōwe!"

8. *A Pregnant Woman*. — A woman who expects a child should for ten days before not comb her hair, to prevent it from getting gray. Further, nobody should be near her during her meals; she should have her own food, the rest being burnt.

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THE WATER-FAIRIES. — The following story was related to me by Mrs. Florence Nicolay Shay, daughter of Joseph Nicolay, of the Penobscot tribe of Indians of Old Town, Me., as told to him in 1833 by Sauk Ketch of the same tribe, who was an old hunter. Stories of the water-fairies had always been told; and the Indians believed that they existed, for their works were often found, but for many years no one had seen one. The story as told by Sauk Ketch runs in this way:

After I, Sauk Ketch, grew too old to go off on hunts for the winter, I used to find some companions and hunt game nearer home. One day I asked Sock-beson (Neptune), an old man, to get a canoe and partner and go with me, as leader of the party. Neptune asked Sappeal Polesusep to

<sup>1</sup> This story was told to Mrs. Crouse by a nephew of Red-Jacket.



be in his canoe, and I took Nartarnass (Devil's Darning-Needle) with me. I, being the youngest bowman of the party, was chosen cook. After three days we were ready; and while standing on the shore near our canoe, we decided on our hunting-ground at Peequartook (Inlet Stream, now Lake Pushaw). We were surprised, on arriving there, to find that another party had chosen our ground. The ice in the south end of the lake had formed a jam, so they had been ice-bound for four days. Meanwhile they had taken all the game; so I made arrangements with Neptune to go down near the ice-jam to wait for its breaking-up. Fortunately for us, the wind, which had been from the northwest, changed to the east, and finally to the south, moving the ice away, and giving us a clear channel to the south. After an early breakfast, we started for that end of the Lake, made our camp, set our traps, and, finding game plenty, remained there three days. Then Neptune decided that our next hunting-ground should be on the banks of Kerdeskeag (Eel River, now the Kenduskeag at Bangor).

We started early one morning, rowing for some hours, then stopped for breakfast. While I was cooking it, the others went out to spot the trail for a carry. After a while we set out, the older men carrying the canoes, the younger the packs. When we reached the Kerdeskeag, we had dinner. On getting ready to start, Neptune wished to go down the river, but I wanted to go up. As we could not agree, we asked Sappeal and Nartarnass to give their opinions. They agreed with me; so we set off up the river, and began to look for chances to set our traps. The river was rocky and the banks high; so it was not until evening that we began to think of stopping, for we were near the bend of this river, where the mountains make a sort of bowl or lake. You look up, and you will be looking west; you look down, and you will be looking north.

It now being Saturday night (*kartowsanda*) and late, we built our camp on the shore. I began to cook the supper, while Sappeal and Nartarnass were scraping the squaw-bush (*nesspipermuque*) for our pipes. When all was ready, I poured the contents of the kettle into a large dish (*owerlardeh*), and we sat around, each one with his spoon; for in those days the hunters ate from the same dish, the oldest man having the first dip ("spoon," *emquem*). Suddenly, while we were eating, we heard a noise or rumbling, like water rushing down from the mountains which surrounded us. We all stopped eating to listen. The noises still continued, and then at intervals of about two minutes we heard what seemed to be millers driving their dogs into the logs and throwing their bars across them, then the filing of saws. We heard the sails of vessels flapping, the blowing of horns and drums (*puckjoolungun*) beating; then from the south came a rolling noise like thunder, and also one like a whistle heard through a tunnel; besides these, many strange sounds (forty-two every two minutes); and it seemed as if each one was louder and more distinct than the others. Finally we returned to our supper, rekindled the fire, and the kettle was swung, but we could not eat. We left our supper and went out to look about us, the noises still continuing, but we saw nothing. We could only think of what happened. We lighted our pipes and sat around the fire. After a long silence, Sappeal said, "I think the witches (*madasolunwock*) are on the mountains;" Nartarnass said, also, "The Devils (*marjahundoo*) are on the mountains;" while I said, "We ought to look to older people to explain it."

Then Neptune said, "This is not a dream, for here we are talking. I have always heard that the waters in this region were inhabited, and I wonder if these noises come from them! I have always been told that in the beginning of time our people were promised that neither we, nor any of our tribes, should be killed by earthquakes, unless we did not obey the rules and orders of our people. The only disobedience that ever occurred was at the mouth of 'Tertousaqu,' in the country of the Montagnais, or Hudson Bay. The tribes of Skimmowark and Montagnais tried to appease the jealousy of the *madasolunwock*, or witches, assembled here for a battle, when the earth opened, and swallowed all of them but two chiefs, — one from each side, — who shook hands over the chasm wherein they perished; and, although so many years have passed since then, their cries and shrieks may often be heard, as they are still shut up in the earth. They are thought to be able to tell of things that are to come, and their cries foretell misfortune."

After quietly listening and smoking, we prepared for the night. As I was lying on my bed of hemlock-boughs and about to sleep, I began to hear the noises of the evening repeated, and fancied a voice called me to get up. As it was not repeated, I fell asleep. After breakfast, in the morning, we all of us determined to take our canoes and cross the stream toward the mountain whence the sounds seemed to have come. Where we crossed, the stream was shallow and narrow, and opposite was a low point covered with grass that was partly dry and beaten down. It seemed to be covered with tracks or footprints. We followed the tracks over the point to some bushes, and on to a path going up a hill to the mountain. It was well worn, as if many feet had passed over it. When we reached the top, the rocks were smooth and bare, with only a few bushes here and there. On the south side of the mountain we came to the edge, and found that it was a precipice so high that the pines below looked like the small bushes near us. We also saw smoke coming out toward the ledge. This puzzled us, and, as we did not know of any hunters being near us, we determined to go at once to see where it came from. Sappeal went with me. We retraced our steps, and soon came to a little brook, nearly dry, and saw that rocks and stones had been moved from it; also that many trees had been torn up by their roots. These, we saw, farther on, were made into a wall around something. On looking into this enclosure, we saw in the centre a wigwam made of stone, its low door facing south. As we went to its east side, we found a ladder leaning against the wall. It was made of a whale's jaw-bones. The twelve rounds were made of the ribs of the whale. I went up and found a smooth, large, flat stone, in the middle of which was a hole, on which was a kettle. In the hole below the kettle, water was boiling, and the steam which came up around it hid from us what was cooking. Sappeal cut me a long pole with a hook on it. When I began to lift out something, we looked, and first saw a child's dress, then some leggings, then a child's arm, then a foot, and finally a head. We all looked at one another; and Neptune said, "We will go," and started, but Sappeal remained with me. We went to the other end of the rock, where we saw twelve spoons, each seven feet high, piled up; twelve knives, one for each spoon; then, on the west of the wigwam, we saw a great pile of bones, some as if put there recently, and others white and bleached by the sun. We then started for



our camp, and found the other two men. All seemed sobered by the sights we had seen; but we took our supper. We heard, during the evening, the same noises of the night before, coming from the mountains.

On Monday we rose early and went after our traps. When the sun was three hours high, we took our canoes and poled up the river. It was quite shallow here, and soon we came to a large sand-bed, which seemed to us to be covered with the tracks of the otter. Sappeal, on getting out to look at them, called for us to follow. On closer inspection, we saw they were not the tracks of the otter, but the marks of human feet, and very small, as if bare-footed children had been running in every direction over the sand. Neptune exclaimed, "The water-fairies (*Warnungmeksooark* or *W'nag'mes-wuk*) are near us!" Then he told how he had always heard that there were water-fairies, and that he had always hoped to see them or their works, which were believed always to predict events in the world; for they have a knowledge of all that is to come.

Again, moving along slowly in our canoes, we found at the next sand-bed that it was thrown up on the edge. When we looked, we found that a sort of wall had been built around it, and all about in every direction we saw the same footprints as on the other sand-bed. On going nearer to this little wall of mud or clay, we saw that it was built like a fort; and on the inside, pointing to the south, were small guns or cannons made of clay. We turned to Neptune to explain it: he only remained silent. Against his wishes, I took one of the guns, promising, however, to keep it carefully, and to return it to the water-fairies if I ever saw one of them.

Fearing some evil would befall us for what I had done, Neptune proposed that we leave the place at once. This we started to do, but discovered near us, in another direction, a sand-bed laid out with lines going across it, which, on looking nearer, seemed to be like a village with walls going across it. In the middle stood a wigwam about the size of a common flour-barrel, it was like a house, and near it stood what was like a stable. No glass was in the windows, and no door in the doorway. We found that it was all built of clay. When we looked into the stable, we saw three stalls; and in each stall was a horse. The first horse was lying down, the second horse was standing up eating, while the third horse turned his head toward us. All these were in clay. We were more surprised when we looked at the house. It had three rooms. In one room was a large fireplace in which a kettle was hanging on an iron bar. Beside the fireplace stood a woman in a long dress and ruffled cap. In another room a table was spread with plates and cups; and in the third was a long board table, behind which sat a fat man smoking his pipe. On some shelves behind him were rows of bottles. All this was of clay. In front of the house, in the sand, stood a high pole which, halfway up, had a piece of cedar-wood stuck in it horizontally. On this was hanging a square piece of clay, upon which we saw something written, but all the characters we could not make out. It seemed a strange language; but we saw "*Nasta-ee-oo-* (same here), *Asta-ee-oo-* (some here)."

After a while we determined to go on and find a camp. We entered our canoes and began to pole along the stream, not wishing to camp so near these strange things, when suddenly, in turning a bend of the river, we saw in front of us a sand-bed covered with a crowd of little people who were running over it in every direction. I dropped down at once, and cautioned



the others to be quiet. We shoved our canoes to shore; and when within half a stone's throw away, we could see them wrestling, jumping, and playing. There seemed to be a sentinel or captain standing in the middle of the little crowd, who, espying us, shouted, "Marjahundoo!" [the Devil]. I thought he might mean Martarnass (the Devil's Darning-Needle). Shouting this, he started to run for the water's edge. Here he gave a leap, and shouted, "Next Monday past noon one notch" (one o'clock). This gave the alarm, when all the little people began to run to the water, where, as soon as they touched, they sank into it; and, although we ran after them, we could not reach them. In a very short time they had all disappeared. Wondering what the words of the leader meant, we concluded, as we sat around after dinner smoking our pipes, to make our camp, and to hunt near here until the next Monday; for I was determined to try to catch one of these little folks, and I began to make my plans. I searched about until I found a dry stalk of milkweed, and then, taking Sappeal with me to the island of sand where we saw the little people, I made him bury me, I putting the milkweed-stalk into my mouth (it having no pith), and having it come just above the sand.<sup>1</sup> When Sappeal had buried me, he was to step on me and step away, and I was to spring up quickly to see if I could catch him. Finding I could easily do so, and everything being ready, I waited for Monday to come.

In order to find out at what time the little man had shouted to us, we made a thin piece of board, like a shingle, and stuck a knife in the centre of it. When the sun was highest, we made a notch in the upper edge, and then cut three notches on each side of this, making seven notches all around it. This is done in case there be a cloudy day. By sticking the knife in the smooth shingle, it will leave a shadow on the shingle, no matter how dark the day may be.

On Monday at noon, having eaten our dinner, we got our canoe ready to start, as the order was "one notch past noon." Our weapons we left behind. Neptune was to land us, and then keep with the canoe. Sappeal and Nartarnass were to hide, and at a signal from me were to wade across the stream. I was soon buried in the sand, with the stalk of milkweed in my mouth. Nartarnass and Sappeal went off. I heard the sound of their footsteps on the sand, and then I thought I heard the crickets begin to sing. Soon my arms began to feel strange, and I thought the others had gone away. Then I began to feel sleepy. When I was almost overcome by this, and thought I should perhaps die, I felt above me a sort of movement in the sand, as if some one were stepping lightly over me, and something seemed to drop heavily near my arm. At this I jumped up quickly and grasped what was near me. I found I was holding two small creatures. I called to my companions; and, although they ran quickly to the place and could see the little people running, the latter had disappeared in the water before they could be reached. Seeing what I held in my hands, my companions became frightened, and fell on the sand. Meanwhile I was holding the little creatures, who tried to get away from me and cover their faces with the sand. One of them begged me not to look at them. This I promised, but asked them to tell me where they came from, if they did which, I would let them go. After a moment one said, "If you will release me, I will tell

<sup>1</sup> See W. H. Mechling, *Malecite Tales* (Memoir 49, Geological Survey of Canada, p. 55).

you." When he turned to me, I saw that he had the most beautiful fine long hair; but his face was narrow, with so long a chin that it rested on his breast. His nose was so big and broad that you could see it on each side of his head when his back was toward you. His eyes were very narrow up and down; and his mouth was the shape of a sharp A, the point running up under his nose. He wore no clothing, and began to speak as soon as he was on his feet, saying, "To-day I cannot tell about our people, but next Sunday morning at the first notch (nine o'clock) we will meet you at the Lake, half a day's journey from here. In this lake you will see three islands, — one wooded, one partly wooded, and the third all rock. Go near to them, but do not land. Keep in your canoes until you see me." After this we released both of the little men, who ran quickly to the water's edge, and, jumping in, disappeared in the ripples.

We had all become eager now to learn more of this race of little men. While camping and waiting for Sunday to come, we explored the country, and found the Lake and its three islands as had been foretold us.

On Sunday we started early for the place, and waited quietly for the appointed time. Suddenly we saw a strange motion in the water, near one of the islands; and we heard strange noises like the puffing of a whale, but fancied it was made by the ducks and loons flying about. Presently we saw crowds of little people hurrying and running on the shore, all keeping their faces from us, but we did not move. At length we saw one step out from the rest, and, going on to a rock, turn and face us. Then he beckoned to us, and we moved toward the shore. We saw something ahead of us that we could not understand. We went nearer, and saw that it was a large man lying on his back on the rock, asleep, and the noise we had heard was his snoring. I began to move the canoe around to the end of the rock where his head was resting, but the little man motioned me back. We then landed from our canoes; and going near to the leader, who had beckoned for us, we saw before us, on the rock, a huge man. His gray hair was long and in ringlets. His neck was as large as a barrel. His feet were large, and he had on a strange sort of dress. On his feet were black shining moccasins with silver clasps. He had close-fitting leggings. His coat was olive-green outside, and bright blue and red inside. He had on an undercoat of bright red which covered his body. It was opened at the neck, and his long curls lay loose on the rocks. As his mouth was open, I saw he had two large teeth only, on his upper jaw, one of which was broken off.

The leader now beckoned for us to come to him, and we then noticed that all the little men were carrying in their hands small ladders, rakes, basswood-cloth, and buckets. The leader then said, "We belong to a race of little folks, but this (pointing to the sleeping man) is our king. There are twelve of them in the world. They can go through the air from place to place as easily as you walk or paddle your canoe. They live in the water or on the land. When children fall into the water and no one tries to save them, they catch them and take them to a place of safety. Once a year all the twelve kings meet to hold a council, east of here a half-day's journey, when they cook these children in a great kettle and eat them. They are called "water-kings or spirits" (*Nodumkenwaite*), and we are called "water-fairies" (*Warnungmeksooark*). Now we are twelve tribes, and each tribe has a ruler. We are scattered over the earth. They say that when the



earth was divided, there were twelve tribes and a half, and the half having transgressed the laws was lost. We believe you belong to these people, for they have no real king. The earth is your mother, and you are born and die; but the water is our mother, and we live with her always. During seven months of the year we are allowed to come on the earth twice a week, for one notch at a time. One day we have our sports, and Sunday we pay tribute to our king for his protection. We have long wanted to have you see us and our works, which, if you understand them, will show you many things that are to come, and brought about by whom we do not know. This is the first time any of our tribe was ever caught by your people, but those of other tribes have been. Fortunately you released us when we asked, or our king would have had his revenge and you would have been killed. But now we ask you, after we have showed you how we spend this notch in caring for our king, to go your way."

He gave the signal, and immediately all the little people began to work. Some ran with their ladders and placed them up against the large man to climb up on him; others ran to get their buckets filled with water, and then ran up the ladders and began to wash the face of the king; others took their rakes and combed out his hair; some took off his shoes, which were so large that they got into them to brush the dust out of them. We watched for some time, then the leader came and motioned for us to go away. We all turned in silence and went back to our canoe. We never again saw them; but stories tell us many times that strange works have been seen which are said to have been done by the water-fairies (*Warnungmeksooark*).

HARLEY STAMP.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

THE ENGLISH FOLK-DANCE SOCIETY AND ITS WORK. — Professor Cecil J. Sharp, Honorary Director of the English Folk-Dance Society, has been passing several months in America. He has come to this country to superintend the incidental dances in Mr. Granville Barker's production of "Midsummer Night's Dream" at Wallack's Theatre, New York. He has taken occasion to visit other cities, including Boston and Pittsburgh, where he has lectured on English folk-song and folk-dancing, and has given instruction in the latter, with the skillful assistance of Miss Kay.

Folk-dancing easily proves itself of æsthetic worth, but it has been found of great service in the work of "social betterment." Many "Branches" have been established in England, and it is not impossible that similar organizations may be attempted in America.

Mr. Sharp's great title to our gratitude lies in the results of his persevering effort, whereby he has been able to "unearth" many folk-dances and melodies of very ancient origin, or on the ground where they have of themselves persisted. Beyond this original research, he has the acumen of the scholar in publication, and the enthusiasm of the teacher in instruction.

Director of the "Summer School" at Stratford-on-Avon, he "gives students a practical and theoretical knowledge of English folk songs and dances, which will enable them to qualify as teachers or performers in these subjects." "The English Folk-Dance Society's Journal," of which the initial number was recently issued, gives an encouraging suggestion, in words and music, of what is going on and what may be done. The publication address is 73, Avenue Chambers, London, W.C.



For two seasons classes in Boston, Cambridge, and Lincoln, Mass., and in Chocorua, N.H., have been practising Country, Sword, and Morris dancing, getting as near to the spirit and exercise of bygone centuries as the age and disposition of the participants permitted. Mr. Claude Wright of the Stratford School has been the instructor, and demonstrations in public have been given. A performance in presence of the Boston and Cambridge Branches of the American Folk-Lore Society was held last May in the open.

The enthusiasm and increasing skill of those who have tried this dancing are contagious. The Secretary of the General Society, himself an ardent devotee, will gladly give any details or encouragement in his power.

CHARLES PEABODY.



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## NEW-MEXICAN SPANISH FOLK-LORE.

BY AURELIO M. ESPINOSA.

### IX.<sup>1</sup> RIDDLES.

THE following collection of New-Mexican Spanish riddles is far from being complete. It is very interesting, however, and complete enough to demonstrate the vigor and vitality of the old Spanish riddle tradition in New Mexico. As we state later in the comparative notes, the New-Mexican riddles are for the most part traditional, and date from the time when the New-Mexican territory was colonized by the Spaniards. A comparison with the riddles of the modern collections from Chile, Argentina, and other Spanish-American countries, as well as with the collections from Spain, leaves no doubt about this matter. It is for the sake of such comparative studies, and the interesting results and conclusions which we can obtain for the benefit of Spanish folk-lore studies, that I venture to publish from time to time my New-Mexican Spanish folk-lore material, however incomplete it sometimes seems to be.

In Argentina, Lehmann-Nitsche<sup>2</sup> has collected over a thousand Spanish riddles; and in Chile, Flores<sup>2</sup> has collected some eight hundred. In New Mexico we have collected less than two hundred, but I am of the opinion that with patience and time one could easily collect twice that many. As incomplete as it is, the New-Mexican collection now printed is the third important collection of American-Spanish riddles.

The riddles are transcribed in the standard Spanish orthography, as far as possible. For the benefit of the philologist, I give at the end of this article the phonetic transcription of all the New-Mexican riddles, that are studied from the viewpoint of versification, showing the exact pronunciation, all cases of hiatus, synalepha between words and between verses, etc., and of Nos. 99, 100, 101.

<sup>1</sup> See this Journal, vol. xxvii, pp. 105 *et seq.*; vol. xxiv, pp. 397 *et seq.*

<sup>2</sup> See p. 320.



I have been able to consult only four important collections of Spanish *Adivinanzas*, — the old collections of Spain, by Rodríguez Marín, "Cantos Populares Españoles," Vol. I (Sevilla, 1882), pp. 187-407; Fernán Caballero, "Cuentos, Oraciones y Adivinas" (Colección de Autores Españoles, XL (Leipzig, 1878), pp. 120-154 and pp. 235-268; the important collection from Chile by Eliodoro Flores, "Adivinanzas Corrientes en Chile" (*Anales de la Universidad de Chile*, 1911), pp. 137-334; and the great work of Lehmann-Nitsche, "Folklore Argentino, I Adivinanzas Rioplatenses" (Buenos Aires, 1911). The basis for the following notes is therefore two important Peninsular-Spanish collections and two more important American-Spanish collections. I have not been able to consult the third Spanish collection of any importance, — Demófilo, "Colección de Enigmas y Adivinanzas," etc., Sevilla, 1880.

The two American-Spanish collections of riddles above cited, the one from Chile and the other from Argentina, furnish a new basis of work and study for the Spanish folk-lorist. We see in this most interesting branch of popular knowledge the vigor and vitality of Spanish tradition at its best. The *Adivinanzas* are certainly the most popular of popular products. Young and old know them, and enjoy them. They lack, as a rule, the serious character of the proverbs, as well as the semi-learned character of popular poetry and tales.

The following abbreviations are used:—

Lehmann-Nitsche, "Adivinanzas Rioplatenses," above mentioned. Cited Argentina.

Eliodoro Flores, "Adivinanzas corrientes en Chile" (see above). Cited Chile.

Fernán Caballero, "Cuentos, Oraciones y Adivinas." Cited Fernán Caballero.

Rodríguez Marín, "Cantos Populares Españoles, I." Cited Rodríguez Marín.

Franz Boas, "Notes on Mexican Folk-Lore" (*Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xxv, pp. 227-231). Cited Mexico.

Rodolfo Lenz, "Cuentos de Adivinanzas corrientes en Chile" (*Anales de la Universidad de Chile*, 1912, 337-384). Cited Lenz Cuentos.

Our present New-Mexican collection of riddles. Cited New Mexico.

"Colección de Enigmas y Adivinanzas." Cited Demófilo. References to this work are taken from Lehmann-Nitsche, Flores, and Rodríguez Marín.

#### A. RIDDLES OF A GENERAL CHARACTER.

- |                               |    |                            |       |
|-------------------------------|----|----------------------------|-------|
|                               | 1. | (b) ¿Qué es? ¿Qué es       |       |
| (a) ¿Qué es? ¿Qué es,         |    | lo que te tragas y no ves? |       |
| que te lo tragas y no lo ves? |    |                            | Aire. |

1. Argentina 645; Chile 22; Rodríguez Marín 277. The New-Mexican version is a very close parallel to the Spanish of R. Marín;

¿Qué es, qué es,  
que te da en la cara y no lo ves?

2.  
Jesucristo, Dios del cielo,  
por pintar su maravilla,  
pintó una rosa en el suelo,  
que por dentro tiene el pelo  
y por fuera las costillas.

La planta de Algodón.

3.  
En alto vive, en alto mora,  
y en alto teje la tejedora.

Araña.

4.  
Compraron madera y se hizo  
y el que lo hizo no lo quiso.  
El que lo compró no lo usó,  
y el que lo usó no lo supo.

Ataúd.

5.  
De la tierra soy nacida,  
después soy puesta en el fuego.  
Mi hermana es una bebida,  
y todo se vende luego.

Azúcar.

6.  
Como Adán, de barro fuí,  
nunca cometí pecado;

y no hay papa ni prelado  
que no ponga el ojo en mí.

Bacín.

7.  
Soy mujer, pero en valor  
ningún hombre me aventaja;  
que en el campo del honor  
yo soy la que voy más alta.

Bandera.

8.  
(a) En las manos de un anciano  
me ves por necesidad;  
y en manos de los gomosos  
tan sólo por fatuidad.

Bastón.

(b) En manos de los ancianos  
me ves por necesidad;  
y en manos de los gomosos  
tan sólo por vanidad.

9.  
Sé que en el cielo no lo hubo,  
siendo Dios quien lo inventó:  
y si el mismo Dios lo tuvo,  
fué un hombre quien se lo dió.

Bautismo.

3. Argentina 294; Chile 62, 63; Fernán Caballero 52; Rodríguez Marín 438. New Mexico, Chile 63, Fernán Caballero, Rodríguez Marín, are exactly identical. The riddle is undoubtedly one of the short and common ones brought from Spain. The Argentine version is also the same riddle, but has new additions:

Maravilla, maravilla  
que se pueda adivinar,  
¿qué será?  
En el aire anda,  
en el aire mora,  
en el aire teje  
la trabajadora. 294c.

4. Argentina 687; Chile 69, 70, 71; Fernán Caballero 26 (11); Rodríguez Marín 808, 810. All these versions are essentially the same in thought and structure. Mexico 29 is somewhat different.
6. Rodríguez Marín 706.
7. Argentina 756; Chile 79, 80. The Argentina and Chile versions are essentially the same, and both must be traditional. The New Mexico version seems to be fragmentary.
9. Argentina 656 (four complete versions almost identical); Chile 82-84 (versions almost identical in all respects to the Argentina versions); Rodríguez Marín 894. Argentina 657, Rodríguez Marín 893, and Chile 85, 86, are different versions with the same solution. In this form the riddle is current also in France and other countries (see Rodríguez Marín, note 197).

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>10.<br/>Destendido<sup>1</sup> no alcanza,<br/>y doblado hasta sobra.<br/>Brazo.</p>                                       | <p>14.<br/>En el llano está Mariano;<br/>tiene cruz y no es cristiano.<br/>Burro.</p>   |
| <p>11.<br/>(a) Remendado y no cosido;<br/>buey pinto es.<br/>Buey pinto.</p>  | <p>15.<br/>Largo y peludo<br/>y en la punta un ñudo.<br/>Cabestro.</p>  |
| <p>(b) Remendado y no cosido;<br/>buey pinto es.<br/>El que no me la adivine<br/>buen tonto es.</p>                           | <p>16.<br/>Largo y tendido<br/>y en la punta un vivo.<br/>Cabestro y caballo.</p>   |
| <p>12.<br/>Un pelado y dos peludos,<br/>un zámpote el nabo<br/>y un pícode el culo.<br/>Bueyes, arado, topil.<sup>2</sup></p> | <p>17.<br/>Redondito y redondón,<br/>sin agujero<sup>3</sup> y con tapón.<br/>Calabaza.</p>   |
| <p>13.<br/>Sin ser altar tengo velas,<br/>carga sin ser cargador;<br/>camino sin tener piernas.<br/>Buque de vela.</p>        | <p>18.<br/>No tengo un pelo de tonta<br/>ni tampoco de talento.<br/>Estoy en el camposanto<br/>donde tengo mi aposento.<br/>Calavera.</p> |

10. Argentina 554; Chile 100-102; Rodríguez Marín 303-306. The closest parallel to New Mexico is Argentina 554c.

11. Argentina 336 (ten complete versions, answer *gallina*); Argentina 3360 (answer *vaca*); Chile 286, 287 (answer *gallina*); Mexico 25 (answer *gallina*). The variation in the solution is the interesting development here. In Argentina 3360 the answer is the same as in New Mexico.

12. Chile 118, 119. The Chile versions seem complete, as one may judge from the form, but they are the same as the New-Mexican, although this is decidedly more *picaresque*.

13. Argentina 152 and 184 are entirely different versions; but the element *camino sin tener pies* appears, and the solution is the same.

15. Chile 135-137, 216, are somewhat similar in form, but have different solutions. No. 216 has almost identical form:

Largo i peludo,  
pa tu poto.  
Cuero o pellejo.

For the meaning *camino*, see also Argentina 593.

17. This New-Mexican riddle seems to be a new formation based on a similar riddle with a different solution. Argentina 489 (eleven versions, answer *huevo*), Rodríguez Marín 372.

<sup>1</sup> *Extendido*.

<sup>2</sup> *Vara, palo, garrote*. In Mexican and New-Mexican Spanish, *topil* has usually the meaning *alcalde, alguacil*, hence applied also to the cane or club which he carried, then to club in general.

<sup>3</sup> *Agujero*.



19.

Una vieja, con un solo diente  
recoge a toda su gente.  
Campana.

20.

De ver mi altura me admiro;  
de mis voces me alimento.  
Doy que sentir, doy contento,  
y siempre vivo en retiro.

21.

Coloradita colgando  
y peludito llorando.  
Carne y gato.

22.

Soy blanca como la leche  
y negra como la pez;  
hablo sin tener boquita  
y corro sin tener pies.

Carta.

23.

(a) Fuí a la huerta y truje de ella;  
fuí a la casa y lloré con ella.

Id. (b) Fuí a la huerta, corté de ella;  
fuí pa mi casa y lloré con ella.

(c) Fuí a la plaza y compré de ella;  
volví a mi casa y lloré con ella.

Cebolla.

- 
19. Argentina 380 (ten complete versions); Chile 141; Rodríguez Marín 611, 612; Fernán Caballero 142. All versions are identical with the New-Mexican, the last excepted, which has a different introductory formula:

Entre pared y pared  
hay una santa mujer  
que con el diente  
llama á la gente.

21. Argentina 572 (eleven four-verse versions, and one of two); Chile, 163, 164; Rodríguez Marín 361. The New-Mexican and Chile versions are identical. The others belong to a different class. The Argentina versions are the most interesting, as they represent such a variety of purely made-up vocables for the objects in question. In the Chile and New-Mexican versions the meat is *coloradita*, and the cat is *peludito*. In Argentina the meat is *tenga*, *tenga tango tango*, *tengue tengue*, *mengue mengue*, *tingui tingui*, *tingo tingo*, *lango lango*, *tingue tingue*, *largo largo*; while the cat or dog is *mango mango*, *tengue tengue*, *ñango ñango*, *mira mira*, *manco manco*. Version 5721 is identical with Chile and New Mexico. The Argentina versions are longer, and consist of two rhymed couplets:

Tenga tenga está colgando,  
Mango mango está mirando,  
Si tenga tenga se cayera,  
Mango mango lo comiera. 572a.

In the Spanish version of Rodríguez Marín the cat has a still different name:

Pingo-pingo está colgando,  
Mango-mango está mirando;  
Si Pingo-pingo se cayera,  
Mango-mango lo recogiera.

22. Argentina 620 (various versions); Chile 166-168; Rodríguez Marín 795; Fernán Caballero 129, 128 (11); Mexico 10. Argentina 21 is a longer and somewhat different version. Argentina 620a, 620h, 620i, New Mexico, Mexico, Rodríguez Marín, Fernán Caballero, and Chile 166 are essentially the same version.
23. Argentina 296 (four versions); Chile 182.

24. Capita sobre capita,  
capote sobre capote.  
El que no me la adivine  
se quede para camote.<sup>1</sup>  
Cebolla.
25. Sombrero sobre sombrero,  
sombrero de rico paño.  
El que no me la adivine,  
ni en todo el año.  
Id.
26. Ando de talones,  
corro de costillas,  
como por abajo  
y cago por arriba.  
Cepillo de acepillar.
27. (a) Entre más lejos, más cerca.  
Pasa, bobo, al otro lado.  
(b) Entre más cerca más lejos;  
y entre más lejos más cerca.  
Cerca.
28. (a) ¿Qué será? ¿Qué sería,  
lo que una vieja decía?  
Ciruela.
- (b) ¿Qué será? ¿Qué sería,  
lo que una vieja tenía  
en una escudilla?  
Cerilla del oído.
29. Mi madre tenía una sábana  
que no la podía doblar;  
mi padre tenía tanto dinero,  
que no lo podía contar.  
Cielo y estrellas.
30. Liso y pelau  
y en la punta colorau.  
Cigarro.
31. Tres encuerados  
cargan un muerto,  
de hábito blanco  
y corazón prieto.  
Id.
32. Tengo amarilla la sangre  
y la piel como la grana;  
y es mi corazón tan duro,  
que en el no me cala nada.

---

24, 25. Argentina 547 *g, h, i* (three versions); Chile 177-181; Rodríguez Marín 511-514; Fernán Caballero 186. See also New Mexico 35, Argentina 547 (*a, b, c, d repollo, e lechuga, f lachiguana*).  
26. Rodríguez Marín 749:

Bicho bichongo,  
come por la barriga  
y c. . . . por el lomo.

27. Rodríguez Marín 593.

29. Argentina 555 (ten complete versions). The New-Mexican version is incomplete, and lacks the third object of the Argentine versions, which are complete:

Mi madre tiene una sábana  
que no se puede doblar,  
mi padre tiene un dinero  
que no lo puede contar,  
y mi hermana tiene un espejo  
que no se puede mirar. (555a.)

30. Argentina 355 (nine versions); Chile 193.

<sup>1</sup> Tonto, estúpido.

33.

Soy moro, con cabeza,  
sin barriga y con un pie.  
Yo cruzo todos los mares,  
y al mismo Dios sujeté.

Clavo.

34.

Nací con calentura,  
con cal y no me empacho.  
Me azotan como a muchacho,  
y tengo la cabeza dura.

*Id.*

35.

Montera sobre montera,  
montera de rico paño.  
El que no me la adivine,  
ni en todo el año.

Col. (See 25.)

36.

Soy de lana, y no borrego.  
Soy de pluma, y no soy ave.  
Aguanto más que cualquiera,  
pues cargo cuanto me cabe.

Colchón.

37.

Hermanos semos los dos,  
y padres no conocemos.  
Abrazados trabajamos,  
y para medir sirvemos.<sup>1</sup>

Compás.

38.

Arca del cielo  
de buen parecer,  
que no hay carpintero  
que la pueda hacer;  
sólo Dios del cielo  
con su gran poder.

Cuerpo humano.

39.

Yo tengo un caballo blanco  
que sabe de manea,  
con las patas para arriba,  
y asina galopea.

Cuna colgante.

40.

En una sala cuadrada  
se paseaba el hombre Lines;  
por ser un hombre tan grande  
quiero que me lo adivines.

Chapulín.

41.

Blanco salí de mi casa  
y en el campo enverdecí,  
y para entrar a mi casa  
de colorau me vestí.

Chile.

42.

Yo nació en oscura peña,  
soy quemado y no por pillo;  
y en caprichosos adornos  
es deslumbrador mi brillo.

Diamante.

33. Argentina 154 (four versions). 154a is almost identical with the New-Mexican version:

Tengo la cabeza dura,  
me sostengo sobre un pie,  
y soy de tal fortaleza  
que a Dios hombre sujeté.

35. See 24, 25.

38. Argentina 485 (ten versions, answer to all *la nuez*); Chile 501-503 (answer *la nuez*); Rodríguez Marín 564 (answer *la nuez*). All these are clearly versions of the same riddle. The only point of interest is the New-Mexican different answer, a very natural one.

40. Do we have here an echo of the Delgadina Ballad, so popular in New Mexico? The riddle seems a parody of the first verse of the ballad as recited in New Mexico (see "Romancero Nuevo Mejicano" *Révue Hispanique*, 1915, No. 1):

Delgadina se pasaba por una sala cuadrada. . . .

<sup>1</sup> *Servimos* (see Studies II. § 105).



43.

Es tanto lo que me quiere  
el hombre en su necio orgullo,  
que hasta crímenes comete,  
sólo por hacerme suyo.  
Dinero.

44.

El enamorado  
que fuere advertido  
hallará mi nombre,  
color del vestido.  
Elena Morado.

45.

Señores, vamos a ver,  
para ver las maravillas;  
por dentro tiene los pelos,  
y por fuera las costillas.  
Elote.

46.

Ando de costillas,  
corro de talones;  
topes y topes  
por los rincones.  
Escoba.

47.

Mi comadre, la narizona,  
se come todo lo que hay en la  
loma.  
Estufa.

48.

Olla de carne,  
carne de hierro;  
y hierve sin fuego.  
Freno y boca de caballo.

49.

Soy una mina en dos pies,  
si tú sabes exprimirme.  
Gasto muy poco en comer,  
y no tienes que vestirme.  
Gallina.

50.

Entré a la iglesia  
y pisé una grada;  
voltié pa atrás  
y no vide nada.  
Granada.

51.

Colgando, colgando,  
cae en la calle brincando.  
Granizo.

52.

Para que oigan mi voz  
pueden hacerme cosquillas.  
A veces cantan conmigo  
cuando me rascan las tripas.  
Guitarra.

53.

¿Quién, cebado, es más injusto?  
El Gusto.

54.

(a) Rita, Rita,  
que en el monte grita,  
y en su casa calladita.

(b) Rita, Rita,  
en el monte grita,  
pero en su casa calladita.

Hacha.

44. Argentina 796 (nine versions); Chile 250; Rodríguez Marín 937 and note; Fernán Caballero 39 (11).

45. Rodríguez Marín 529 is almost identical, but the answer is *alcachofa*:

El alto Señor del cielo,  
por mostrar su maravilla,  
crió una planta en el suelo  
que por dentro tiene pelos  
y por fuera las costillas.

46. Argentina 148, 517; Chile 254. These versions are only indirectly related to New Mexico.

48. Argentina 553 (five versions); Chile 280-282. All these are clearly versions of the same original.

54. Argentina 145, 146 (six versions); Chile 323, 324; Rodríguez Marín 738. The New-Mexican version is in all respects the best, and is probably a faithful version of the primitive original.

55.  
Yo obligo al hombre más rudo  
a ser hombre de talento,  
y pongo a todos los seres  
en continuo movimiento.  
Arrebato a los mortales  
las últimas esperanzas,  
y hago que algunos se metan  
a escribir adivinanzas.  
Hambre.

56.  
Blanca flor esta tendida,  
y una negrita bailando arriba.  
Harina y amasadora.

57.  
Métolo duro,  
sácolo blando,  
coloradito  
y relampagueando.  
Herrero y hierro caliente.

58.  
En un llano está un cabrital,  
con cien costillas y una patita.  
Hongos.

59.  
Redondito y redondón,  
con agujero y con tapón;

que tiene su saca y mete  
y también su lambedor.  
Horno, tapa y barredor.

60.  
Cien redonditos  
en un redondón,  
un saca y un mete,  
un quita un pon.  
Horno, pan.

61.  
(a) Entre dos paredes blancas  
está una cuenta amarilla.  
El que no me la adivine  
será una tarabilla.  
Huevo.

(b) Entre dos paredes blancas  
hay una cuenta amarilla.  
Id.

62.  
Redondito y redondón,  
sin agujero y sin tapón.  
Id.

63.  
Ya sea de humilde varita  
o de precioso metal,  
huyen de mí con presteza  
los que aman su libertad.  
Jaula.

55. This may be an original New-Mexican riddle. It is a good example of the native inventive talent, and shows very clearly the popular attitude towards the folk-lore collector.

57. Chile 275.

59. Argentina 558 (three versions); Chile 338. See also 537.

60. Chile 339; Rodríguez Marín 618 and note (*cf.* Demófilo 392); Fernán Caballero 165.

61. Argentina 468 (a dozen complete versions); Chile 344; Fernán Caballero 71, 141. The last two verses of New Mexico seem a late addition. Argentina 468*a* and Fernán Caballero 141 probably represent the oldest forms of this riddle:

Entre dos paredes blancas  
hay una flor amarilla  
que se puede regalar  
a la reina de Castilla.

Entre unas paredes blancas  
hay una rosa amarilla,  
que se puede presentar  
al mismo Rey de Castilla.

62. Argentina 489 (eight versions); Fernán Caballero 27; Rodríguez Marín 372 and note. Cf. also the Asturian version cited by Marín from Demófilo 378:

Un tarreñín de bom, borom, bom,  
non tien tapa nin tapón.

This version is almost identical with Argentina 489*c*:

Un barrilito de pon porón pon,  
que no tiene tapa ni tapón.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>64.<br/>Muy blanca soy en color,<br/>soy producto de animal,<br/>y me toma con amor<br/>el público en general.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">Leche.</p>  | <p>69.<br/>Me dió la vida el acero;<br/>pero es tal mi condición<br/>que golpeo sin compasión<br/>a mi padre verdadero.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">Martillo.</p>  |
| <p>65.<br/>¿Quién causa deshonor y men-<br/>gua?</p> <p style="text-align: right;">La Lengua.</p>   | <p>70.<br/>Por un agujero se empieza<br/>y por otro se acaba,<br/>y queda techada.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">Media.</p>  |
| <p>66.<br/>(a) Entre dos paredes lisas<br/>está una cuenta mojada.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">Id.</p> <p>(b) Entre medio de dos paredes<br/>lisas<br/>hay una cuenta mojada.</p>   | <p>71.<br/>(a) Peludo por fuera<br/>y peludo por dentro.<br/>Alzo mi pie<br/>y lo pongo adentro.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">Id.</p> <p>(b) Peludo por fuera<br/>y peludo por dentro.<br/>Alza la pata<br/>y métela adentro.</p> |
| <p>67.<br/>(a) Sin mí no se sabe nada;<br/>conmigo se sabe todo.<br/>El que en tomarme es muy ducho<br/>es en ciencias aprobado.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">Libro.</p> <p>(b) Sin mí no se sabe nada;<br/>conmigo se sabe todo.<br/>El que en tomarme es muy ducho<br/>tiene una ciencia aprobada.</p> | <p>72.<br/>Méteme el cuchillo,<br/>verás que amarillo.<br/>Échame en el pozo,<br/>verás que sabroso.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">Melón.</p> <p>73.<br/>Adivíname ésa.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">Mesa.</p>                |
| <p>68.<br/>Ya ves,<br/>cuan claro es.<br/>El que no me la adivine<br/>buen tonto es.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">Llaves.</p>  | <p>74.<br/>Entre dos paredes azules<br/>está un difunto tendido.<br/>para comer todos los días<br/>le tallamos el ombligo.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">Metate y piedra.</p>  |

66. Argentina 471 (six complete versions); Chile 388-393 (*cf.* also refer-  
ences to Demófilo 589, 591, 593, 595); Rodríguez Marín 310-313.

68. When this riddle was invented, *ll* was pronounced *y*, *llaves* = *ya ves*.  
This does not necessarily prove, however, that the riddle is of New-  
Mexican origin. The change of *ll* into *y* is very old in Spanish. In  
the Leonese and Asturian dialects it began long before the discovery  
of America (see Espinosa, *Studies*, I, § 156).

70. Chile 442; Fernán Caballero 18 (11); Rodríguez Marín 635.

71. Chile 792 (but answer is *zapato*); Rodríguez Marín 633 (answer  
*pantalón*):

Peluz por de fuera,  
peluz por de dentro,  
alza la pata  
y métela dentro.



75.  
De lo alto cae,  
a las corbas da.  
El que me la adivine  
se la comerá.

76.  
Aja, gaja, migaja,  
¿cuál será el ave  
que anida en la paja?

77.  
Soy una pobre mujer,  
que de negra estoy vestida;  
y nadie me puede ver,  
sólo por entremetida.

78.  
Un corral redondo,  
vacas en el fondo:  
un toro rabioso,  
y un pastor hermoso.

79.  
Yo soy un ser racional,  
pero que ando en cuatro pies.

M — .

Id.

Mosca.

Con el tiempo es natural  
que en dos ande yo después.  
Niño gateando.

80.  
Subir y bajar,  
llenar y vaciar,  
y nunca acabar.  
Noria y cubos.

81.  
Una vaca josca  
pasó por el mar,  
pegando bramidos,  
sin ser animal.  
Nube.

82.  
Cajita de Dios benerita,<sup>1</sup>  
que se abre y se cierra  
y no se marchita.  
Ojo.

83.  
En la cama o en el suelo,  
A cada hora, a cada momento,  
se junta pelo con pelo,  
y el pelón cae adentro.  
Ojo y pestañas.

76. Rodríguez Marín 369 is almost the same, but the answer is *gallina*:

Adibina, adibinaja.  
¿Cuál es el abe que pone 'n la paja?

From Demófilo 382 Marín cites another version from Ribagorza, which also points to *gallina* as the correct solution:

Divineta, divinalla.  
¿Cuál es la que pone en la palla?

81. The archaic words and assonances show that this riddle is very old. Chile 701 is a very close version, but the solution is different:

Una vaca negra  
se entró a la mar  
i un ternero cuyano  
la entró a sacar.  
Sol i niebla.

Compare also Chile 495 (*la noche*), Mexico 23.

82. This is certainly an old traditional riddle, as the language shows. Compare Argentina 487a and Rodríguez Marín 298.

83. A somewhat *picaresque* riddle. It is probably not original. A very similar version exists in Chile (*cf.* 557):

Vamos, niñas, a la cama  
a hacer lo que Dios manda  
a juntar pelo con pelo  
i al pelaito en el medio.

<sup>1</sup> From Old Spanish *benedita* (see Studies I, § 135).

84.  
La iglesia de barro,  
el sacristán de palo  
y la gente menudita.  
Olla de frijoles y meneador.
85.  
Mi comadre la negrita  
va subida en su burrita.  
mi compadre el pinicute  
le va picando el ojete.  
Olla y meneador.
86.  
Después de darme puñetes  
me ponen en gran calor;  
y luego me despadazan,  
como si fuera un traidor.  
Pan.
87.  
No soy toro y me colean  
cuando me encuentro en el aire;
- y subo a grandes alturas,  
sin alas, pues no soy ave.  
Papalote.<sup>1</sup>
88.  
De un gran santo fui fortuna;  
y es mi suerte tan indina,  
que me veo sentenciada  
a vivir en la cocina.  
Parrilla.
89.  
Una viejita, murre<sup>2</sup> arruga-  
dita.  
Pasa, bobo, y no lo digas.  
Pasa.
90.  
(a) Un pastor salió de mañana  
con su poco más uvel (sic.).  
El pastor vió en la montaña  
lo que Dios no pudo ver.  
Pastor vió a otro pastor.  
Dios no vió otro Dios.

---

84. Chile 525 has retained only the first two verses. Rodríguez Marín 530 is probably the more complete version of the original, although the solution is entirely different:

Ilesia chiquita  
gente menuita,  
sacristán de palo.  
¿ A que no me l'aciertas en un año?  
El Pimiento.

It is remarkable that the New-Mexican and Chilean versions should agree not only in the form but also in the solution, and yet differ from the peninsular version in the solution.

85. Argentina 378 is almost an exact parallel:

Mi comadre la negrita  
está parada en tres patitas,  
mi compadre, el colorado  
le galopa al costado.  
La olla y el fuego.

Compare also Argentina 377 (four versions), Rodríguez Marín 685, Fernán Caballero 197. The introductory formula *Mi comadre le negrita* appears in almost all the versions.

89. Argentina 758 (six versions), Chile 559-563 (*cf.* also Demófilo 781 and Correas 435, 1); Rodríguez Marín 471. Demófilo gives also various versions from Asturias, Mallorca, Valencia, Cataluña, Galicia (*cf.* Rodríguez Marín, note 83).

90. Argentina 721 (four versions); Rodríguez Marín 917, 918. See also note 208 in R. M. New Mexico and Argentina are both traditional versions, almost identical with each other and with that of Rodríguez Marín.

<sup>1</sup> Cometa, "kite."

<sup>2</sup> Muy re.

- (b) Ve el pastor en la montaña  
lo que el rey no ve en España,  
ni el Pontífice en su silla,  
ni el que gobierna esta villa,  
ni Dios con ser Dios lo ve.  
Pastor ve a otro pastor.  
Rey no ve otro rey, etc.
91.  
Debajo de mi camisón  
tengo mi tieso parado;  
lo meto en un agujero  
y lo saco muy aguado.  
Pecho y niño que mama.
92.  
Zumbido salió del nido  
a avisar que era nacido.  
Pedro.
93.  
No lo has visto  
ni lo verás,  
y si lo topas  
lo conocerás.  
Id.
94.  
No mata conejo  
ni mata perdiz;  
apunta a las corbas  
y da en la nariz.  
Id.
95.  
Espera, traidor, espera,  
espera y no aguardes más.  
Espera, que te lo digo  
por delante y por detrás.  
Pera.
96.  
Una pera en un peral  
no espera cuando se cae.  
Id.
97.  
¿Quién será aquél que nació  
y nunca supo pecar,  
y que al tiempo de espirar  
misericordia pidió,  
y no se pudo salvar?  
Perico.
98.  
Nací en un espeso bosque,  
en donde soy soberano.  
Visto de varios colores,  
y hablo bien sin ser cristiano.  
Id.
99.  
Patio encharcau,  
cielo emborregau,  
sale un negrito empinau.  
Pinacate.<sup>1</sup>
100.  
Un gavilán lleno de plumas  
no se pudo mantener;  
y un escribano, con una,  
mantuvo hijos y mujer.  
Pluma.
101.  
Con los despojos de un ave  
a mí me verás lucir.  
Soy enemigo del polvo,  
a quien me hacen sacudir.  
Plumero.

92, 93, 94. Chile 568-580; Rodríguez Marín 330-334.

95. Argentina 751-753; Rodríguez Marín 541, 542 (*cf.* also note). All these versions are somewhat different from New Mexico, but all have the play on the words *espera*, *es pera*.

96. See 95. Unlike all above versions, but with same play on words.

97. Argentina 284; Chile 409; Rodríguez Marín 387; Demófilo 469. The New-Mexican version is the best of all these, although all are evidently from the same original. In Demófilo and also in Fernán Caballero 124 the answer is *gallo*.

99. Argentina 347 (answer *chinche*); Chile 429. New Mexico and Argentina are the same. Mexico 9 is also like these, but the answer is *el sapo*.

<sup>1</sup> *Escarabajo*, "black beetle."



102.  
(a) Entre más le quitan, más grande.  
Pozo.  
(b) Cuando le quitan se hace más grande.  
*Id.*  
(c) Entre más le quitan, más grande se hace.  
*Id.*
103.  
Cuando es aplicado el niño  
y de rudez no adolece,  
y se granjea el cariño,  
¿qué cosa es lo que merece?  
Premio.
104.  
Caballito de banda a banda,  
que no come ni bebe ni anda.  
Puente.
105.  
Soy la desgracia mayor  
que al hombre puede aquejar;  
pues en humos convertido  
suelo dejar su caudal.  
Quemazón.
106.  
¿Quién es el que te desvela  
y te turba tu reposo,  
con un ruido escandaloso,  
mirando lo que pepena?  
Ratón.
107.  
Estudiantes, que estudiáis  
los libros de teología,  
¿cuál será el ave que vuela,  
y que tiene chiches y cría?  
Ratón volador.<sup>1</sup>
108.  
Sin mí no pueden vivir,  
pues tengo el tiempo medido,  
para nacer y morir  
en un tiempo indefinido.  
Reloj.
109.  
De ti soy la semejanza;  
si te mueres yo me quedo,  
como un recuerdo en privanza  
de tu casa y de tus deudos.  
Retrato.
110.  
Soy asquerosa y temida,  
causo terror y disgusto,  
y suelo matar, a veces,  
al que por su mal me tuvo.  
Roña.
111.  
Cuatro rueditas  
van para Francia,  
camina y camina,  
y nunca se alcanzan.  
Las Ruedas del carro.
112.  
Señores, vamos a ver  
una que nació sin brazos.  
Pa sacarle el corazón  
la están haciendo pedazos.  
Sandía.
113.  
Soy una fruta exquisita  
que causa satisfacción,  
y llevo en mí los colores  
del nacional pabellón.  
*Id.*

102. Argentina 870 (seven versions); Chile 20; Rodríguez Marín 916.  
For various European versions of this very popular riddle see note  
of R. Marín.

104. Argentina 223 (answer *el banco*):

Un caballito bamba  
que no come ni anda.

107. Argentina 979 (six versions, the first five essentially the same as New  
Mexico); Rodríguez Marín 364; Fernán Caballero 62 (11).

111. Argentina 265 (thirteen versions with various solutions); Chile 662;  
Rodríguez Marín 670 (see also note); Fernán Caballero 128.

112. Argentina 389 (eight versions, all essentially the same as New Mexico);  
Chile 676.

113. This riddle is evidently of Mexican origin. The colors of the Mexican  
flag are red, green, and white.

<sup>1</sup> *Murciélago*.

114.

Santa soy sin ser nacida,  
santa sin ser bautizada.  
Santa me dice la iglesia,  
santa soy santificada.

Semana Santa.

(b) ¿Qué será la cosa  
maravillosa  
que pasa el agua  
y no se moja?

Id.

121.

Soy un cuerpo, al parecer,  
que sin comer se mantiene;  
cuerpo tengo, sangre no,  
porque su carne soy yo,  
de la que su cuerpo tiene.

Id.

115.

Ante mí todo es parejo,  
La humildad y el orgullo,  
y a aguardar me constituyo  
tanto al niño como al viejo.  
Sepulcro.

122.

Soy lo primero en el hombre  
que va en dirección al cielo,  
y tan sólo por respeto  
suelo indinarme hasta el suelo.  
Sombrero.

116.

Cuenta el mundo que por mí  
se perdió la humanidad:  
pues dicen que origen dí  
a la primer liviandad.  
Serpiente.

123.

¿Cuál es aquello que el niño  
ve por la primera vez,  
y con ardiente cariño  
lo ha aprendido en su niñez?  
Silabario.

Yo soy como Dios me crió,  
un hombre muy alto y grueso,  
si carne ni coyunturas,  
sin sangre, ñervos ni huesos.  
Sueño. (See also 164.)

118.

Me verás en el estrado  
sacudida y bien cuidada,  
y en el campo me verás  
sobre un caballo amarrada.  
Silla.

124.

El que tenga habilidad  
descúbrame este secreto,  
y el que se hallare sujeto  
hábleme con claridad.  
Soy viejo y de tierna edad:  
yo no sé quien me parió.  
Cuando el mundo se formó  
yo vide formar la luna:  
y sin vanidad ninguna,  
yo soy como Dios me crió.  
Id. (See also 164.)

119.

De tierras morenas vengo,  
traigo a mi padre, un pintor.  
Pinto cajas y cadenas  
sólo con el replandor.  
Sol.

125.

(a) ¡Qué cosa  
tan maravillosa,  
que pasa el agua  
y no se moja!

Sombra.

Atrás de una estaba  
una vieja estaba.  
El que me la adivine  
me dirá que estaba.

Taba.

119. Compare Argentina 372; Chile 345, 346 (answer to all *el huevo*).

120. Argentina 107, 320 (various versions); Chile 705, 706; Demófilo 935; Rodríguez Marín 899.

123, 124. See 164. These two fragments of the riddle in the form of *décima* are very well known as separate riddles.

125. Argentina 754, 755 (fifteen versions); Chile 713; Demófilo 953; Rodríguez Marín 328.

126.

Soy un conducto cabal,  
tan rápido como el viento.  
Penetro en el pensamiento.  
Adivina que será.

Telégrafo.

127.

Dos hermanas competentes  
caminan a un compás,  
con las piernas por delante  
y los ojos por detrás.

Tijeras.

128.

Blanco salí de mi casa  
y en el campo enverdecí,  
y para entrar a mi casa  
volví a entrar como salí.

Trigo.

129.

Un hombre muy panzón,  
culo arriba y lengua de hierro,  
se queda bailando dormido.

Trompo.

130.

En pies y manos me encuentro  
como cosa indispensable,  
y le soy muy agradable  
al que toca un instrumento.

Uña.

131.

¿Qué será? ¿qué sería,  
con la cabecita amarilla?

Vela.

132.

Si la matan vive,  
si la dejan muere.

Id.

133.

Ventana sobre ventana,  
sobre ventana un balcón;  
sobre el balcón una dama,  
sobre la dama una flor.

Virgen (estatua).

134.

¿Quién los sentidos conquista?  
La Vista.

135.

De día con la boca llena de  
carne,  
y de noche con la boca al aire.

Zapato.

136.

Somos dos seres iguales,  
y los dos tan desgraciados,  
que por el suelo nos vemos  
constantemente pisados.

Zapatos.

## B. RIDDLES WHICH CONTAIN JESTS, PLAY UPON WORDS, ETC.

137.

¿Cuántas vueltas se da un perro  
cuando se va a echar?  
[Todas las que le da gana.]

139.

¿Porqué menea el perro la cola?  
[Porque la cola no puede menear al  
perro.]

138.

¿De qué pesa menos una olla llena?  
[Llena de agujeros.]

140.

¿En qué se parece el gato al padre?  
[En que los dos casan (cazan,  
casan).]

126. A new riddle, showing that the inventive age of riddles has not disappeared in New Mexico.  
127. Argentina 174, 175, 757, Chile 725-727, 729, 731, Rodríguez Marín 658, Fernán Caballero 26.  
133. Compare Argentina 563 (various versions). The Argentina versions have no doubt the correct solution, *mesa, candelero, vela y luz*.  
135. Argentina 8, Rodríguez Marín 639.  
137-147. Compare Argentina 861-975. There is no limit to the riddles of this character in all countries, and no doubt they are invented all the time. On reading the long list of Nitsche, one easily recalls



141.

¿Qué hace el buey cuando sale el sol?  
[Da sombra.]

142.

¿Cuántas varas sube un cuete?<sup>1</sup>  
[La que lleva prendida.]

143.

¿En qué se parece el agua a las  
liebres?  
[Las dos corren.]

144.

¿De qué edá (qué da) vino Dios al  
mundo?  
[De la uva.]

145.

¿Cómo se hace la cuaresma más  
corta?  
[Se pide un peso prestado el Miér-  
coles de Ceniza, con promesa de  
volverlo el Domingo de Resurrec-  
ción.]

146.

¿Cuántos pecaus comete un p — ?  
[Cómete dos.]

147.

¿Qué hay de la empa-?  
-Nada; toda se volvió pastel.  
[Empanada.]

## C. RIDDLES WHICH INVOLVE ARITHMETICAL PROBLEMS.

148.

Contador que cuentas bien,  
y sabes bien lo que pones,  
complétame veinte reales  
con cinco números nones.

[?]

conio de vacas vendió.  
Número y cuenta perdió,  
y sólo a decir se atreve,  
que ciento sesenta y nueve  
reales de ocho recibió.  
¿Cuántas vacas vendió, y a qué  
precio cada una?

149.

Con éstas y otras tantas de éstas  
y la mitad de éstas, soy pastor de  
veinte ovejas.  
¿Cuántas ovejas tengo?

[Ocho.]

[Trece vacas, a trece reales de ocho  
cada una.]

150.

En una sala están cien ventanas,  
en cada ventana cien viejos;  
en cada viejo cien bolsas,  
en cada bolsa cien pesos.  
¿Cuántos viejos eran?

[10,000].

152.  
Diez aves salieron volando,  
diez cazadores cazando.  
Cad' uno mató la suya  
y las demás siguieron volando.  
¿Cuántas siguieron volando?  
[Caduno (nombre) mató la suya, de  
manera que nueve siguieron  
volando.]

151.

Uno sus vacas vendió,  
recibiendo por fortuna,  
tantos reales por cada una

153.  
Seis pájaros salieron volando,  
seis cazadores cazando.  
Cad' uno mató el suyo  
y los demás siguieron volando.  
¿Cuántos siguieron volando?  
[Cinco.]

many similar versions heard and read in various places. Even here, however, one finds many that are no doubt traditional and very old; e.g., 138 (Argentina 872), 140 (Argentina 911), 141 (Argentina 899), 144 (Argentina 866).

149. Compare Rodríguez Marín 936 and note.

152. Argentina 768 (eleven complete versions); Rodríguez Marín 920, 921; Lenz Cuentos 16.

<sup>1</sup> Cohete.

## D. RIDDLES WHICH INVOLVE SHORT ANECDOTES OR FOLK-TALES.

154.

Dúrmilis Dúrmilis está durmiendo,  
Mártiris Mártiris está llegando.  
Si no fuera por Cóminis Cóminis  
Dúrmilis Dúrmilis estuviera muerto.

[Un hombre (Dúrmilis Dúrmilis) estaba durmiendo bajo la sombra de un manzano, y una víbora (Mártiris Mártiris) se acercaba a picarle. Al tiempo que ya iba a picarle cayó una manzana (Cóminis Cóminis) y despertó al hombre, y así se salvó.]

155.

Primero fuí hija,  
y luego fuí madre.  
Adivínamela, buen rey,  
y si no, dame a mi padre.

[Éste era un hombre que estaba encarcelado y el rey no lo quería libertar. Su hija fué a ver al rey para pedirle como favor que diera libre a su padre, y el rey le prometió que si le echaba una adivinanza que no pudiera adivinar lo daba libre. Entonces ella se fué para su casa y se puso a pensar que adivinanza echarle. Otro día volvió a donde estaba el rey y le echó la adivinanza. El rey no pudo adivinarla y tuvo que darle libre a su padre. Entonces le preguntó el rey que si que quería decir su adivinanza, y ella le respondió:—Primero fuí hija, hija de mi padre. Cuando mi padre estaba en la cárcel y que iba a visitarlo, me decía que tenía hambre y yo le daba el pecho para que mamara. Así fuí madre.]

156.

Tortillita mató a Bella  
y Bella mató a dos.  
Tiré a quien vide,

154. Argentina 577 (see also note to Demófilo, etc.), Ramón A. Laval (*Del Latin en el Folklore Chileno, Anales*) 945, Lenz Cuentos 24. The versions from the various separated regions of Spanish America as well as the Spanish version are essentially the same. The conclusion is, therefore, that the riddle is very old and traditional.

155. Argentina 696, 697, Rodríguez Marín 945, Lenz Cuentos 4, *La Hija de Aldana*, Demófilo 238. This narrative riddle involves a traditional tale found even in classic antiquity (see note of Nitsche). The Peninsular and American-Spanish versions now known furnish material for an attempt at a reconstruction of the original Spanish version or versions. An historical incident may have given wider diffusion in Spain to a story already known in popular tradition.

156. Argentina 702; Rodríguez Marín 942 (see also note, p. 395 fol.); Lenz Cuentos 2. This narrative riddle is one of the most interesting and puzzling. Without the tale that accompanies it, the solution is well-nigh impossible. The various versions thus far found in

y maté a quien no vide.  
 Comí carne criada  
 pero no nacida,  
 en palabras asada;  
 y bebí agua, no del cielo  
 ni de la tierra.

[Un rey tenía una hija muy bonita que estaba ya de edad pa casarse, y prometió dársela como esposa al que le echara una adivinanza que no pudiera adivinar, y que si la adivinaba lo mataba.

Cerca del palacio del rey vivía un pobre muchacho que vivía solo con su agüelita, y cuando oyó decir lo que había dicho el rey fué y se lo platicó. Ella le dijo que el que fuera a los palacios del rey penaba su vida, porque era muy buen adivinador. Pero él dijo que él mismo iba a ver al rey pa echarle una adivinanza que no pudiera adivinar, pa casarse con la princesa.

La agüelita creía de cierto que el pobre muchacho iba morir y antes de que se fuera le echó unas tortillas y se las envenenó pa que se muriera antes de que el rey lo matara.

Se fué con sus tortillas y acompañado de su perrita que se llamaba Bella. En el camino el muchacho le dió las tortillas a la perrita y se envenó y se murió. Por eso dice la adivinanza, "Tortillita mató a Bella." Entonces dos cuervos comieron de la carne muerta de la perrita y también se murieron. Por eso dice, "Bella mató a dos."

Siguió el muchacho su camino, y vido una ardilla preñada y le tiró y la mató junto con la cría. Por eso dice, "Tiré a quien vide, y maté a quien no vide." Entonces se comió la cría, asada en palabras, porque hizo lumbre con un libro que traiba. Y por eso dice también, "Comí carne criada, pero no nacida." Y bebió agua del sereno, que no es ni del cielo ni de la tierra. Es del aire.

Después de que le sucedió todo esto, fué y le echó la adivinanza al rey. El rey no la pudo adivinar y se vido obligado a darle la princesa en matrimonio.]

---

Argentina, Chile, Spain, and New Mexico, are sufficient proof of its popularity and wide diffusion. All these versions are in all respects alike, differing only in length. The Chile version given by Lenz (24) has the best tale as a solution. The riddle itself is better preserved in the New-Mexican version, which completes the fragmentary Argentine version. The minor differences show that the original (if we assume that there was one Spanish original, with all or most of the various elements of the modern versions) was a very long and complicated riddle-tale, which differed essentially from the similar riddle-tale of Demófilo (see Nitsche, 445 fol.), although some of the incidents are the same. The version of Demófilo, with its very long solution, may be a much older and more widely diffused tale (compare the notes of Nitsche, and Lenz). In any case, the Spanish versions above referred to are not directly related to the one discussed by Demófilo. The various elements of a long and complicated original could be very easily considered as separate riddles, as can be seen in New Mexico 157.



157.

Comí carne no cruda sino asada,  
y en palabras de santos consagrada.

[Éste era un cura que viajaba pa un lugar y tuvo que pasar por un desierto donde no había leña. Llevaba carne y pa asarla tuvo que hacer lumbre con una Biblia que llevaba.]

158.

Apéese, señor,  
y quítese lo que le cuelga;  
tomará manjar de culo  
y leche de la entre-pierna.

[Éste era un viajero que venía muy cansado y con hambre, y llegó a pedir posada a una casa. Salió a recibirlo una mujer, y cuando él le dijo lo que quería, le dijo ella:—Apéese, señor y quítese las espuelas; comerá huevos y beberá leche.]

159.

Un pastor fué una vez a ver al padre de su lugar porque quería que le dijera una misa. Era muy tonto, y le dijo al padre:—Quiero pagar por una misa tutanada (con toda pompa), con alaridos en el palo hueco (púlpito), con regaños en el tapanco (sermón), y jumaderas en la ollita del cuajo (incensario).

160.

Una manzana me dieron,  
pero no me la dieron dada;  
cinco me dieron con ella,  
y diez para que guardara.

[Dios crió al hombre y le dió la vida, y ésta es la manzana. Pero no le dió la vida dada porque cada uno tiene que pagar por la vida con penas y trabajos. También Dios le dió al hombre los cinco sentidos. Los diez que le dió para que guardara son los diez mandamientos de la ley de Dios.]

#### E. RIDDLES IN THE FORM OF DÉCIMAS.

161.

El día en que yo nací  
ese día me bautisaron;  
ese día pedí mujer,  
y ese día me casaron.

---

158. Compare 12, 91, etc.; Chile, *Introducción* 149, etc.

161-165. These riddles in the form of *décimas* are very popular in New Mexico, although not numerous. They also seem to be traditional; but a comparison is impossible, since I have not seen any similar compositions from other Spanish countries printed. These enig-

Confieso que soy criatura,  
 y de la tierra nací;  
 y antes de formarme a mí  
 hicieron mi sepultura.  
 Y me vide en tal altura  
 que muchos me respetaron.  
 Con cuatro letras me hablaron;  
 y para más entender,  
 luego que yo tuve el ser,  
 en la hora me bautisaron.

Mi madre es una criatura  
 que no tiene entendimiento  
 ni luz ni conocimiento;  
 ni sabe hablar porque es muda.  
 Mi padre es imagen pura,  
 incomprensible, y así  
 que habiéndome criado a mí  
 con su poder sin segundo,  
 me nombró solo en el mundo  
 en el día en que nací.

Fuí en el nacer admirable,  
 porque no soy engendrado,  
 ni tampoco bautizado  
 en la iglesia, nuestra madre.  
 y para que más les cuadre,  
 tres y uno solo me criaron;  
 por mi nombre me llamaron,  
 y para más entender,  
 luego que yo tuve el ser,  
 en la hora me bautisaron.

Yo soy padre de mi hermana  
 y me tuvo por esposo;  
 pues Dios, como poderoso  
 me la dió por desposada.  
 Pues ella no fué engendrada,  
 Dios la crió con su poder.  
 De mi edad la quiso hacer  
 con su poder infinito;  
 y yo, por no estar solito,  
 ese día pedí mujer.

[Adán.]

---

matic *décimas* are called in New Mexico *décimas a lo adivino*, *décimas del adivino*, and sometimes *décimas a lo divino*, *adivinanzas en décimas*. They are not known by all those who recite (and sometimes sing) the current shorter riddles, but by the popular *puetas* or versifiers. *Décimas* of various classes are very popular in New Mexico (see Romancero Nuevomexicano, *op. cit.*, Nos. 54-56).

162.

Vivo en 'l agua del bautismo,  
aunque no estoy bautisado;  
también los tres clavos tengo,  
pero no sacramentado.

Yo soy un leve animal  
que a las borrascas no temo,  
que como nave sin remo,  
navego y no me hago nada.  
Mi casta es muy delicada,  
que no consiente guarismo.  
Hoy, pues he estado yo mismo  
en el Congreso Apostólico;  
y también sin ser católico  
vivo en 'l agua del bautismo.

Yo en el Congreso no estuve,  
pero estuve en el favor.  
Y para asombro mayor,  
diré que nací encarnado,  
en vino y pan regalado.  
También de escama me visto  
en manos del mismo Cristo,  
aunque no estoy bautisado.<sup>1</sup>

El planeta rubicundo  
hizo dos palacios bellos;  
yo sinifico uno de ellos.  
Adivine el sin segundo.  
Soy querido de todo el mundo,  
y en esto pongan cuidado.  
No hay palacio que no he entrado,  
pues soy una cruz que abisma;  
que yo también tengo crisma,  
aunque no sacramentado.

Con los ángeles anduve,  
aunque yo no me consagro.  
Sin ser santo hice un milagro,  
que a un ciego vista he dado,  
sin estar purificado.  
El porvenir les provengo,  
que si en algo vivo errado,  
vivo en espinas clavado;  
también los tres clavos tengo,  
pero no sacramentado.

[Pez.]

163.

Yo en la ostia <sup>2</sup> soy la primera,  
de Dios en tercer lugar,

<sup>1</sup> There are two verses missing.

<sup>2</sup> The initial *h* being silent, the letter *o* is considered the first one.



y me embarco en el navío,<sup>1</sup>  
pero no estoy en la mar.

Estoy en Dios y en su reino  
tengo el último lugar.  
En misa no puedo estar,  
y estoy con el padre eterno.  
En lo último del infierno  
estoy, y así considera;  
aunque no es esa mi esfera,  
pues te he dado en que pensar,  
si sabes adivinar.  
Yo en la ostia soy la primera.

Yo en el caliz no me he visto  
porque soy de la oración.  
Soy de la consagración  
y siempre vivo con Cristo.  
Y aunque de negro me visto,  
en el mundo me has de ver.  
Y para satisfacer,  
pues me he llegado a explicar,  
en el cielo me has de ver  
de Dios en tercer lugar.

Siempre y sin ningún placer  
vivo aunque estoy en la gloria.  
Si te precisa el saber,  
búscame allá en tu memoria.  
Yo no sé lo que es querer,  
porque no es ésa mi esfera;  
y en el punto considera  
que soy parte en el amor;  
y me verás con primor  
en el cielo la postrera.

No soy de la Trinidad,  
aunque te parezca encanto.  
Sirvo al Espíritu Santo,  
aunque es más dificultad.  
Hasta aquí mi potestad  
te pondero singular.  
En fin para no cansar,  
yo en el punto no porfío,  
pues me embarco en el navío,  
pero no estoy en la mar.

[La letra o.]

164.

Yo soy como Dios me crió,  
un hombre muy alto y grueso,

<sup>1</sup> Variant: en el cielo la postrera.

sin sangre ni coyonturas,  
sin carne, ñervos ni huesos.

Mi nombre llamo patente,  
pero yo a ninguno enseño;  
soy muy alto y soy trigueño,  
soy humilde y soy valiente,  
pero de mí no hay quien cuente  
que me haya tenido preso.  
También hay veces que rezo  
y no he llegado a ofrecer;  
y me veo por mi querer  
un hombre muy alto y grueso.

El que tenga habilidad  
respóndame este secreto,  
y el que se hallare discreto,  
hábleme con claridad.  
Soy viejo y de tierna edad,  
y no sé quien me parió.  
Cuando el mundo se formó  
yo vide formar la luna;  
y hoy, sin vanidad ninguna,  
yo soy como Dios me crió.

Yo vide formar el sol,  
pero diré de que suerte.  
Soy hermano de la muerte;  
yo la fuí a bautizar  
y ella me quería matar;  
pero no me halló pescuezo.  
Luchamos, no hay duda en eso,  
pero al fin, yo le gané;  
y de esta suerte quedé  
sin carne, ñervos ni huesos.

A tanta dicha he llegado  
que a todo el mundo alimento,  
criaturas, aves del viento  
y todo lo que está nacido.  
Con el pincel más pulido  
hizo Dios a mi figura.  
Ya hago esta pregunta pura  
a todo el género humano.  
Soy gentil y soy cristiano,  
sin sangre y sin coyonturas.  
[El Sueño.]

165.

Señores, los que adivinan,  
o tratan de adivinar,  
díganme una adivinanza  
que les voy a preguntar.

Yo no estudié y aprendí,  
y con habilitación,  
las letras de un Salomón  
y otras que se hallan en mí;  
tanto que al mundo le dí,  
con provechosa dotrina,  
los claustros de disciplina,  
de la iglesia documento.  
También supe dar aumento  
a su esencia divina.

Es mi saber tan arcano,  
y sin tener albedrío,  
que a un tiempo vino a ser mío  
mi padre, primo y hermano,  
y todo el género humano.  
Y cuando joven nací,  
Todos me vieron a mí  
sin asombro y sin espanto;  
que para mayor quebranto,  
nací después que nací.

Teniendo ojos yo no veo,  
teniendo lengua soy mudo,  
y traigo el cuerpo desnudo.  
Ando, como y me meneo,  
soy el blanco del deseo,  
y no de pocos antojos.  
Yo a nadie le doy enojos,  
ya soy hombre, ya mujer;  
y siendo capaz de ver  
llegan a cegar mis ojos.

Como los pies traigo el pico,  
todos deben de advertir,  
que lo que quiero decir  
sólo con los pies lo esplico.  
Con los pasos multiplico  
las manchas del fino amor,  
manchas de puro candor,  
que la niña mayor es.  
Y si me cortan los pies  
entonces ando mejor.

[?]

## COMPARATIVE NOTES.

A comparative study of Spanish riddles leads one to the following important considerations:—

1. The Spanish riddles of to-day, whether from Spain or Spanish America, are for the most part traditional. Probably more than



three-fourths of all modern Spanish riddles have come down from oral tradition, and date from the thirteenth to the sixteenth centuries. All collections are incomplete, and exact statistics are not available. Modern social conditions are not favorable to a creative period in this branch of Spanish folk-lore. Occasions may arise that may give origin to isolated cases of new inventions; but these are very few, and are of no importance, since these are usually constructed on old models.<sup>1</sup> Flores finds that about sixty per cent of the *Adivinanzas Chilenas* are not found in the collections from Spain.<sup>2</sup> This alone is significant. Even if we knew nothing at all of other American or Spanish collections, these figures would lead one to conclude that most of the Chilean riddles are traditional in their origin. One must not consider here only exact parallels. The old riddles are preserved in their entirety, or changed in various ways to form new ones. In any of these cases the material is to be considered as traditional (see 2, below). We must give more evidence, however, in support of the above statements. Considering all the cases of similarity of words and structure which warrant the conclusion that the riddles in question are traditional and old, I should be inclined to consider the Chilean collection of Flores fully one-half or fifty per cent traditional in its relation to the Spanish collections.<sup>3</sup> The remaining riddles of Flores, however, are not all Chilean, not even American-Spanish. Most of them are also traditional and of Peninsular-Spanish origin. There are many riddles common in both Argentina and Chile which are not found in the collections from Spain. The fact that they are found both in Chile and Argentina is evidence that they are Spanish in origin. Further evidence is found in support of this theory when we see that some of those are also common in New Mexico and Mexico. In other words, all riddles that in language and structure are Pan-American (Spanish) are very probably of Peninsular-Spanish origin. The fact that some of these riddles are not found in the riddle collections from Spain is of no importance here. The complete material is yet to be collected, even in Spain.

As to the New-Mexican collection, statistics would not be conclusive, because the collection is not complete. Of the entire one hundred and sixty-five riddles, some seventy-five, or about forty-five per cent, are found in the Spanish and American-Spanish collections; some

<sup>1</sup> See Flores, 143-144.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, 141.

<sup>3</sup> Lehmann-Nitsche believes in precisely such figures with respect to the relation of the Argentina collection to the Spanish collections, although only about thirty-three per cent of the Argentine riddles have European-Spanish parallels (*op. cit.*, p. 20): "Por defectuosa que sea la comparación, resulta que de las mil veinte adivinanzas de los grupos I a XV, trescientas cuarenta y seis o sea una tercera parte, también se hallan en Europa, y no dudo de que se llegaría a la mitad, si pudiésemos consultar toda la literatura enigmática o si se explotasen mejor aquellas regiones de donde derivan con civilización y lengua: la península ibérica."

sixty, or about thirty-six per cent, are found in the Chilean and Argentine collections; and some fifty, or about thirty per cent, are found in Rodríguez Marín and Fernán Caballero. It is interesting to note that the New-Mexican collection has more parallels in the American Spanish collections from Chile and Argentina than in the Spanish collections. This fact might lead one to suppose that the riddle tradition of Spanish America has remained more faithful to its origins, and that less new material has been added, than in the Pensinular riddle tradition.

However that may be, one thing is certain, — the riddle material of Argentina, Chile, New Mexico, and probably all of Spanish America, is traditional and of Peninsular-Spanish origin. I am inclined to believe that more than seventy-five per cent of the material is of direct Peninsular-Spanish origin.

2. The riddle material is not very abundant. It is abundant in proportion to the number of visible and tangible objects known to the people, but limited in comparison with other popular folk-lore material. Dr. Lehmann-Nitsche, in his "*Adivinanzas Rioplatenses*," the most important publication on the subject for the Spanish work thus far published on Spanish riddles, is of the opinion that his collection is about ninety per cent complete.<sup>1</sup> It numbers a little over one thousand riddles.<sup>2</sup> The Chile collection of Flores numbers nearly eight hundred. The total number of Spanish riddles of Spain and Spanish America are probably not more than twenty-five hundred. Of the Peninsular-Spanish collections known to me, that of Rodríguez Marín has some seven hundred, and that of Fernán Caballero a little over three hundred. The last two collections together have not as many as the Argentine collection alone.

The riddle material not being very abundant, the same riddles have been often applied to different objects. Part of an old riddle is used, and the end is somewhat changed to apply to the different object. I have noticed that this process of constructing riddles is not new. It began long ago in Spain, as can be seen from the numerous examples of Spanish and American-Spanish riddles which give abundant evidence of its frequency. Of course, such repetitions are frequent in all branches of folk-lore, and all the more so when the material is very abundant (for example, in the popular *coplas*); but in the limited riddle material it occurs so frequently, and the parallelism is so exact, that the poverty of new inventions becomes evident as one reads the large collections. Power of description is necessary for riddle invention, and this faculty is precisely the weakest among the ignorant classes who invent riddles. General descriptions are sufficient, and a general description may have

<sup>1</sup> *Op. cit.*, 18.

<sup>2</sup> There are published one thousand and thirty. A small part, "*Grupo Erótico*," was not published.

a very general application. The solution of a riddle of such a character once forgotten, a new solution could easily be applied. This accounts for the relatively large number of riddles which have identical form in Spain, Argentina, Chile, and New Mexico, but often with different answers.

I will call attention to a few examples of this repetition in the process of Spanish riddle-formation.

(a) Any round and smooth object is described in essentially the same language. The change of solution is often caused by this confused and vague way of describing objects.

Redondito y redondón,  
sin agujero y con tapón.

Calabaza.  
(New Mexico 17.)

Cien redonditos  
en un redondón,  
un saca i mete,  
un quita i pon.

Horno, pan.  
(Chile 339.)

Redondito y redondón  
con agujero y con tapón,  
que tiene su saca y mete  
y también su lambedor.

Horno, etc.  
(New Mexico 59.)

Un barrilito de Samborobón  
que no tiene tapa ni tapón.

Huevo.  
(Argentina 489a.)

Un barrilito de pon pon,  
que no tiene bujero ni tapón.

Huevo.  
(Rodríguez Marín 372.)

(b) Vegetables of similar structure may be described in exactly the same manner, difference in appearance, size, etc., notwithstanding.

Capita sobre capita,  
capote sobre capote.  
El que no me la adivine  
se queda para camote.

Cebolla.  
(New Mexico 24.)

Capilla sobre capilla,  
capilla del mismo paño;  
si no te lo digo yo,  
no lo aciertas en un año.

Cebolla.  
(Rodríguez Marín 511.)

Montera sobre montera,  
montera de rico paño.  
El que no me la adivine,  
ni en todo el año.

Col.  
(New Mexico 35.)

Tela sobre tela,  
pañó sobre paño;  
como no lo aciertes  
no te lo digo en un año.

Cebolla.  
(Chile 181.)

(c) Riddles of entirely different character and form have similar introductory formula, such as *una vieja*, *una niña*, *un hombre*, and the like.

Una vieja larga i seca,  
todos la chupan i todos la dejan.

Bombilla.  
(Chile 105.)

Una vieja, con un solo diente  
recoge a toda su gente.

Campana.  
(New Mexico 19.)



Una vieja mui encorvada,  
corre lomas i quebradas.

Hoz.  
(Chile 327.)

Una vieja jorobada  
con hijo enredador,  
muchas niñas bonitas  
y un nieto predicador.

Viña.  
(Argentina 453b.)

Soy un viejo enamorado,  
perseguidor de mujeres,  
con los hilos de baba colgando,  
arrimado á las paredes.

Estropajo.  
(Rodríguez Marín 677.)

Una señorita  
muy señoreada,  
con muchos remiendos,  
ninguna puntada.

Gallina.  
(Rodríguez Marín 370.)

Una vieja caliente  
que compone toda su gente.

Plancha.  
(Argentina 352c.)

Comparisons with the use of such words as *dama*, *señora*, *señorita*, are especially frequent.

(d) The introductory formula *Entre dos paredes* is especially frequent.

Entre dos paredes blancas  
está una cuenta amarilla.  
El que no me la adivine  
será una tarabilla.

Huevo.  
(New Mexico 61a.)

a las mozuelas,  
con los cormiyos  
a los chiquiyos.

Campana.  
(Rodríguez Marín 613.)

Entre dos peredes lisas  
está una cuenta mojada.

Lengua.  
(New Mexico 66.)

Entre paré y paré  
hay dos tarritos de mié.

Ventanillas de la nariz.  
(Rodríguez Marín 301.)

Entre dos paredes azules  
está un difunto tendido.  
Pa comer todos los días  
le tallamos el ombligo.

Metate y piedra.  
(New Mexico 74.)

Entre paré i paré  
hay una súrsula echá,  
llueva o no llueva  
siempre está mojá.

Lengua.  
(Chile 388.)

Entre paré y paré  
hay una santa mujé  
que con er diente  
yama á la gente,  
y con las muelas

Entre dos paredes blancas  
hay una flor amarilla  
que se puede regalar  
a la reina de Castilla.

Huevo.  
(Argentina 468a.)

Introductory formulæ similar to the above both in language and idea are frequent in all the collections. There are also many other introductory formulæ that are very frequently repeated, and their frequency in the various collections from both Spain and America is positive proof that they are old and traditional. Such formulæ as *mi comadre la negrita*, *mi cuñada la negrita*, *mi compadre el negrote*, *mi compadre el piriquete*, *mi comadre la narizona*, are very frequent in all the collections.

3. By far the largest number of Spanish riddles employ as objects of comparison and description anatomical; physiological, psychical, and social characteristics and peculiarities or functions, referring both to men and to animals. Such a procedure seems natural and logical, and reveals in a positive manner the fact that the invention age of riddles knew the animal kingdom best of all, beginning with an intimate knowledge of the ordinary functions and characteristics of the human body. The Spanish proverb, "*Lo conozco como a mis manos*," is another example of this. All riddles of the above character may be classified under three principal groups, as Dr. Lehmann-Nitsche has done in his epoch-making "*Adivinanzas Rioplatenses*:" I. Biomorphic group; II. Zoomorphic group; III. Anthropomorphic group. Lehmann-Nitsche considers these three groups as somewhat different, and applies our general description of these groups especially to group I. I have used his same words, but I would apply them in a general way to all three groups. In the riddles, which may be more accurately classified, as Lehmann-Nitsche does, as belonging only to group I, the biological element is always important.

The Argentina collection may be taken as a basis for statistical comparisons. Of the entire one thousand and some odd riddles of the collection, some four hundred and sixty, or about forty-five per cent, belong to the above class. In the New-Mexican collection a little over fifty per cent belong to this class.

4. The riddles that may be classified as vulgar and even indecent and improper, some with a very innocent and ordinary solution, but with words and images of double meaning and interpretation, are numerous and very popular. A discussion of these riddles here may be dispensed with. It is only necessary to point out that most of them are also traditional, and are common both in Spain and America. It is to be regretted that the Argentina collection had to be published without the last group. The folk-lorist should have the benefit of all the material. In the New-Mexican collection there are quite a few that may be called decidedly vulgar, such as 75, 76, 92-94; but there are none that can be called indecent, unless one takes those involving double meanings as such, for example, 15, 30, 57. References to the physiological functions are frequent in many riddles that do not involve any of the above ideas, in all the Peninsular and American-Spanish collections, as we have already pointed out in 3.

5. Metrically considered, the *Adivinanzas* reveal the most imperfect class of Spanish popular poetry. In the popular Spanish poetry of Spain and all Spanish countries, the most common metre is the octosyllabic, or *pie de romance*. This is the common metre of the old and modern ballads, popular *coplas*, etc. In the riddles this metre is also common; but, aside from this, there is a metrical variety which de-

serves the special attention of the students of Spanish metrics. Not only is there a metrical variety worthy of special study, but there are also evidences of an early Spanish non-metrical poetry, where assonance and rhythm are the fundamental factors. The Spanish riddles are very old, and probably date from a time when Spanish non-metrical verse, but rhythmic and assonanced, was used in Spain side by side with regular metrical verse. In New Mexico many of the riddles are sung or recited in sing-song fashion, and rhythm is a strong factor.

The following examples will serve to show the metrical variety and metrical imperfections in the Spanish riddles. The metrical structure is in all essential respects the same in Spain and Spanish America.

(a) Of the shorter metres, the hexasyllabic, with a fixed accent on the fifth, is very common: —

Ando de talones,	1 ˘ ˘ ˘ 5 ˘	
corro de costillas,	1 ˘ ˘ ˘ 5 ˘	
como por abajo	1 ˘ ˘ ˘ 5 ˘	
y cago por arriba.	1 ˘ ˘ ˘ 5 ˘	(New Mexico 26.)

Tela sobre tela,	1 ˘ ˘ ˘ 5 ˘	
pañó sobre pañó;	1 ˘ ˘ ˘ 5 ˘	
como no lo aciertes,	˘ ˘ ˘ ˘ 5 ˘	
no telo digo en un año.	˘ ˘ ˘ 4 ˘ ˘ 7 ˘	(Rodríguez Marín 512.)

Cuatro monjitas	1 ˘ ˘ 4 ˘	
en un corredor,	˘ ˘ ˘ ˘ 5	
ni las pega el aire,	˘ ˘ 3 ˘ 5 ˘	
ni las pega el sol.	˘ ˘ 3 ˘ 5	(Argentina 405.)

Arquita chiquita	˘ 2 ˘ ˘ 5 ˘	
de buen parecer;	˘ 2 ˘ ˘ 5	
ningún carpintero,	˘ 2 ˘ ˘ 5 ˘	
la ha podido hacer,	˘ ˘ 3 ˘ 5	
etc.		(Chile 503.)

(b) Shorter metres are also used: —

Métolo duro,	1 ˘ ˘ 4 ˘	
sácolo blando, etc.	1 ˘ ˘ 4 ˘	(New Mexico 57.)

Tronco de bronce,	1 ˘ ˘ 4 ˘	
hojas de esmeralda,	1 ˘ ˘ ˘ 5 ˘	
flor de plata,	1 ˘ 3 ˘	
fruta de oro.	1 ˘ 3 ˘	(Argentina 481a.)

Soi de lana	1 ˘ 3 ˘	
mui redondita,	1 ˘ ˘ 4 ˘	
siempre se pone	1 ˘ ˘ 4 ˘	
en la cabecita.	˘ ˘ ˘ 4 ˘	(Chile 303.)



(c) The octosyllabic metre is very common, as in all Spanish popular poetry, as we have already stated. The riddles which use this metre are probably not the oldest, because in these we find various rhyme arrangements which cannot be the product of a very primitive system of Spanish versification. Assonance, and no rhyme, appears first in Spanish versification, and the riddles in assonance or blank verse are for the most part non-metrical.

(d) Riddles with octosyllabic and hexasyllabic or heptasyllabic verses mingled are not rare. These are sometimes arranged in the fashion of the hexasyllabic and heptasyllabic verses of the familiar *redondillas*:—

Yo tengo un caballo blanco	^2^^5^7^	
que sabe de manea,	^2^^^6^	
con las patas para arriba,	^^3^^^7^	
y asina galopea.	^2^^^6^	(New Mexico 39.)

Cuatro viejos narigones	1^3^^^7^	
levantan una torre	^2^^^6^	
a poquito i a pocones.	^^3^^^7^	(Chile 530.)

Una vieja remolona	^^3^^^7^	
tiene un diente en la corona,	^^3^^^7^	
y con aquel diente	^^^^5^	
llama a la gente.	^^^^5^	(Rodríguez Marín 612.)

Yendo por un caminito	1^^^^7^	
encontré un animalito,	^^3^^^7^	
le saqué el cuerito	^^3^^6^	
y lo largué vivito.	^^^4^6^	(Argentina 200.)

(e) Among the longer metres, the most common seem to be those with fixed final accents on the ninth or tenth, and with a fixed cæsura after the fourth tonic:—

Tres encuerados cargan un muerto,	^^^4^-6^^9^	
de hábito blanco y corazón prieto.	^^^4^-^^^9^	(New Mexico 31.)

En los jardines bellos se crían:	^^^4^-^^^9^	
en todo campo se les divisa:	^^^4^-^^^9^	(Chile 109.)
etc.		

Para bailar me pong <sup>o</sup> la capa	^^^4^-^^^^9^	
por que sin capa no puedo bailar,	^^^4^-^^^^10 <sup>1</sup>	(Argentina 287a.)
etc.		

<sup>1</sup> This is a regular Old-Spanish *endecasílabo*, the *endecasílabo à minori* of Rajna (see Menéndez y Pelayo, *Antología de Poetas líricos*, XIII, 184 fol.), similar in structure to the metre of the "Chanson de Roland," etc. Juan Ruiz used this type of *endecasílabo* in his *Cantiga de loores de Santa María*; and Alfonso el Sabio had used it before in his Galician lyrics.

Una señora con muchas basquiñas 00040-000010<sup>1</sup>  
y que se pone la peor encima. 00040-000010 (Rodríguez Marín 510.)

Llorín lloraba                  ♪♪♫  
i al pie de la torre callaba.    ♪♪♫♪♫♫ [Iambic]  
(Chile 225.)

Ratón porongo,                  ˘2˘4˘  
si no te mato, te descompongo. ˘˘˘4˘-˘˘˘9˘ [Iambic]  
(Chile 615.)

Pica i escucha	1 0 4 0	
i saca una presa largucha.	0 2 0 5 0 0 8 0	(Chile 794.)

Tras tras,  
con los ojos para atrás.

(China 794.)  
 $\sim^2$   
 $\sim\sim 3 \sim \sim \sim \sim 8$   
(Argentina 174a.)

Un animalito                      ~~~~5~  
que camina con el lomo.        ~3~~~~8~

(Argentina 208*a.*)

Casita blanca,  
sin puerta ni ventana.

[Iambic]  
(Argentina 503*a*.)

Largo, largo, 1 3 6  
maldito lo que valgo. 2 6 6 6 (Rodríguez Marín 383.)

¿Cuál es el bicho curioso  
que no tiene párpados en los ojos?

Largo y peludo 10040  
y en la punta un ñudo. 203050 (New Mexico 15.)

Rita, Rita,  
que en el monte grita,  
y en su casa calladita.

[Trochaic.]  
(Ibid. 54.)

Cajita de Dios benerrita	2258	
que se abre y se cierra	25	
y no se marchita.	4	(Ibid. 82.)

<sup>1</sup> See footnote 1, p. 350.

## PHONETIC TRANSCRIPTIONS.

In the phonetic transcription of the following New-Mexican Spanish riddles, I employ the phonetic symbols used in my "Studies in New-Mexican Spanish" (see especially "Part I, Phonology," §§ 13-33 and §§ 98-117; for additions and corrections, see also "Bulletin de Dialectologie Romane," Vol. IV [1912], p. 97).

26.

[ãndõ de talõņs  
kõrõ dẽ kõstĩas  
kõmõ põr ăvaxũ  
kago por ărĩvã]

57.

[mẽtõlõ duro  
sãkõlõ vlãndõ  
kõlorãditũ  
rẽlãmpagĩãndõ]

39.

[ĩõ tẽŋũ kavajõ vlã: kõ  
kẽ savẽ dẽ mãņã  
kõ lah patãh parã rĩvã  
ĩasĩnã ǵãlopeã]

31.

[trẽs ẽŋ kuẽradõh kargã nũ muẽrtõ  
dĩãvĩtõ vlã: kõĩ kõrãsqẽmpriẽtõ]  
Also [vlã: kũĩ]

15.

[largũ pẽludõ  
ĩẽ lã pũn: tũñudõ]

54.

[rĩtã rĩtã  
k'ẽ nẽl mõ: tẽ ǵritã  
ĩẽ: su kasã kajãdĩtã]

82.

[kãxĩtã dẽ dĩoz vẽnẽritã  
kẽ sãavrĩ sẽ sĩẽrĩ  
nõ sẽ mãrçĩtã]

99.

[pãtĩõŋ ǵarkãũ  
sĩẽlõmbõrẽǵãũ  
sãĩũ nègrĩtõmpĩnãũ]

100.

[ũŋ ǵãvĩlã iẽnũ plumãs  
nõ sẽ pudõ mã: tẽnẽr  
ĩun ẽhkriũaõ kõ nũa  
mã: túvũixõs i muxẽr]

101.

[kõ: lõ zẽspõxõ zĩũ navẽ  
ã mi mẽ verãs lỹsir  
sqĩẽ nẽmĩgõ dẽl põlvõ  
ã kĩẽ mĩasẽ: sãkudĩr]



## SOME ANIMAL FABLES OF THE CHUH INDIANS.

BY J. KUNST.

THE Chuh Indians (pronounced "Choog") occupy that corner of the Republic of Guatemala where the boundary-line between it and Mexico bends toward the southwest, after having run due west from the great Usumacinta River. Thanks to the hospitality of Mr. Gustav Kanter, the owner of the hacienda of Chaculá, — famous among Americanists for the important excavations of Indian antiquities made there by Professor Eduard Seler, — I had an opportunity to live for some six weeks among that people, and to collect the interesting fables I give below. I gathered them partly from the sons of Mr. Kantler, who were born among the Chuh and speak their language better than any other, partly from two Chuh Indians and a *ladino* (*mestizo*) living among them. With the latter I made a six days' journey from Chaculá to Quexaltenango.

All of the animal fables that I heard deal with the Rabbit, who takes in them a rôle corresponding to that of the Fox in the legends of the Germanic peoples. I was told that there were no fables referring to other animals. I give them as I heard them, regardless of the lack of logic sometimes to be found.

### I. HOW THE RABBIT ARGUED WITH THE LION ABOUT THE DIGNITY OF THE KING OF THE ANIMALS, AND HOW HE VANQUISHED THE ALLIGATOR, THE TIGER, AND THREE MONKEYS.

Once the Rabbit argued with the Lion as to which of them was worthier to be King of the Animals, and they brought the case before God. God said to the Rabbit, "The Lion is very strong, but you are very clever. If you will bring me the skins of an alligator, a tiger, and three monkeys, I will acknowledge you to be King of the Animals."

Rabbit went away and procured a ball. While playing with it, he sat down on the bank of a river where lived many alligators. Soon one of them appeared, and asked Rabbit, "What are you doing there?" — "I am playing very nicely," answered Rabbit. "Come out and play with me!" The Alligator came to the bank, and for a while they played together. Suddenly Rabbit struck Alligator on the head with a stick. Then Alligator said to Rabbit, "I shall not play with you any longer, for, if you strike me thus on the tail, I shall die." Then Rabbit went to another river, and again began playing with his ball. Soon appeared another Alligator, who was invited to participate. While doing so, Rabbit struck him a heavy blow on the tail, and thus killed him and secured his skin.

Then Rabbit set out to kill a tiger. He fastened some hollow calabashes to the branches of trees in the woods where Tiger lived, and turned their openings towards the wind, so that the wind made a great noise in them. Then he met the Tiger, and said to him, "Do you hear that howling of the wind? There is going to be such a storm as we have never before experienced, — one that will blow us away." The Tiger, afraid, answered, "Yes, I hear it; but what can we do to protect ourselves from the storm?" — "We must tie ourselves to the trees," said Rabbit. "Then be so kind as to tie me very fast to that tree," answered Tiger. So Rabbit tied all four claws of Tiger very fast to a tree. After having done so, however, he took a big stick and killed Tiger and secured his skin.

To catch the three Monkeys, Rabbit sat down under a tree with a guitar and began to play very nicely. After having listened to the music for a long time, the Monkeys, delighted with it, asked Rabbit, "What can we do for you to reward you for your delightful playing?" Rabbit replied, "I have bought a new net, and should like very much to see it. Please help me to spread it out on the ground." The Monkeys descended from their tree, and began spreading out the net. While doing so, their claws became entangled in the meshes of the net, and Rabbit took a stick, killed them, and obtained their skins.

Now Rabbit went to God with the required skins, in order to receive acknowledgment as King of the Animals. God, however, after having heard his story, seized Rabbit by the ears, gave him a sound shaking, and said, "You are very clever, but you are a great rogue, and not worthy to be King of the Animals." For that reason the rabbit up to this day has very long ears, and is not King of the Animals.

## 2. HOW RABBIT FREED A WOMAN FROM THE CLUTCHES OF THE MIZACLIC.<sup>1</sup>

The Mizaclic of the Chuh Indians is a phantom known among the *ladinos* of Guatemala as the "Sombrerón," or "Big-Hat." He is spoken of as a short but strong man, with an enormous hat on his head. In the belief of the Chuh Indians, he takes the same part as the goddess Diana in ancient mythology; viz., that of a protector of game, who inspects his kingdom mounted on a deer with golden horns. The *ladinos* (at least, the lower classes of the countryside) believe as firmly in the reality of the Sombrerón as the Indians. The one above referred to as the companion of my travels swore to me that once he himself saw the Sombrerón in broad daylight. He was a short man, and was seen leaning over the back of his horse, with a goître so enormous that it hung over to the other side of the horse's back. He had on a very small hat, however, not a large one. After a while the phantom suddenly disappeared. The same *ladino* told me that once a man of

<sup>1</sup> Pronounced "Meezacleec."

San Antonio Huista, a village near the frontier of Mexico, had wounded a deer at night, but that the animal fled. Next morning the man followed the deer's trail with a dog, and was led into a big hole, through which he entered the courtyard of a fine house. The Sombrerón was there, swinging in a hammock; and when the man asked for the dog, which had disappeared, the Sombrerón bade the man follow him, and led him to another courtyard where there were plenty of deer. Then he showed him the wounded deer, and said, "Kill it and take your dog with you; but another time shoot better, and do not torture my creatures."

The story of Rabbit's combat with the Sombrerón runs as follows: Once there was a poor man who lived alone with his wife on a lonely spot outside the village. One day when he had gone to the village, the Sombrerón came and carried away his wife and took her to his cave. The husband, on his return, traced their footprints to the cave and reclaimed his wife; but the Sombrerón beat him so, that he went back to his home weeping. On the way he met Lion, who asked him why he was weeping, and promised to free the woman. The Sombrerón, however, beat him too, so that he also went off weeping. Then Rabbit met the husband, and told him that he would go and rescue his wife; but the man answered, "How can you do what Lion with all his strength has not been able to do?" Rabbit, however, insisted on his purpose. He first procured a bottle, on the inside of which he placed some honey. Then he put it near a wasp's nest. When many wasps had entered the bottle, he closed it and took it with him, and, besides that, another bottle filled with treacle, and a lump of dough. Armed with these things, he requested the Sombrerón to release the woman. The Mizaclic aimed a furious blow at Rabbit; but Rabbit leaped high up, and thus avoided the stroke, while at the same time he broke the bottle containing the wasps on the Sombrerón's head. The wasps attacked the Sombrerón fiercely; but nevertheless he aimed a second blow at Rabbit, who avoided it in the same manner as before. Now the bottle filled with treacle broke on the head of Mizaclic, who exclaimed, "Though blood is streaming from my head, yet you shall pay for that!" Again he struck at Rabbit, who again escaped, and who now threw the lump of dough upon his enemy's head. The Mizaclic stretched out his hand, and put it to his head to ascertain what was there. On seeing his hand besmeared with the white paste, afraid, he cried out, "That animal is going to kill me, for it has already hacked out my brain!" and he ran away; and Rabbit took the woman out of the cave and gave her to her husband.



3. HOW RABBIT MOCKED AN OLD WOMAN, WAS CAUGHT BY A PRIEST,  
AND THREE TIMES DECEIVED COYOTE.

Once there was an old woman who owned a garden full of fine melons. Every night Rabbit would come and eat the contents of one and put in its place his excrement. Then he would close the melon-rind over it. One day the woman presented some melons to a priest, who, on finding only excrement in them, cried out in anger, "Rabbit has done this, but I shall punish him!" He made a doll of wax and placed it on the path that Rabbit was in the habit of taking. When Rabbit came to the doll, he ordered it to get out of his way. As the doll gave no answer, he struck it with one of his fore feet, but the claws became fastened to the wax. The same happened with the other fore foot and with the two hind feet. When he became still more enraged, he struck the doll with them too. Now, furious, the Rabbit gave a blow with his head, but that too became fastened in the wax. So he was caught by the priest and held in custody.,

One day Coyote passed by, and, on seeing Rabbit, asked, "Why are you there?" — "Oh, I am here with a very good man, who entertains me with excellent meals; it is a most agreeable life." — "Then permit me to partake a little and to put myself for a while in your place." — "With a great deal of pleasure," said Rabbit; and he went away, while Coyote took his place. When the priest came, he burnt Coyote with a red-hot iron between the legs; and since that day the coyote has been a mortal enemy of the rabbit, and hunts it whenever he has a chance.

One day Coyote caught Rabbit, and said to him, "Now I will kill you!" But Rabbit replied, "Let me live, and I will gather for you those excellent prickly-pears which are on that tuna-tree." Coyote consented; and Rabbit climbed up the tree and threw the fruit down into the wide-open mouth of Coyote sitting below, after having removed the spines from the skin. Suddenly he threw down a prickly-pear, spines and all, so that Coyote could neither close his mouth nor bite, and then Rabbit ran away.

Another time Coyote seized Rabbit again, and threatened to kill him; and Rabbit again begged for his life, saying, "I will show you a place where you will find an excellent big tortilla." They went together to a pond, on the surface of which the moon was shining, and, showing Coyote the image of the moon on the water, Rabbit told him, "There is the tortilla; you have only to drink up the water to get it." And the greedy Coyote drank and drank until he burst.

The latter story is due in part, perhaps, to Spanish influence, as the same is told in Germany, only the Fox, the Wolf, and a cheese replace respectively the Rabbit, Coyote, and a tortilla. Not in all fables of

the Chuh Indians does the Rabbit play the rôle of an animal of unrivalled shrewdness. Thus, for instance, it is told that in olden times he had horns, and one day was asked by the Deer to lend them to him for a little while to promenade in. The Deer, once in possession of the horns, however, did not think of restoring them to their owner.

I stated above that the fables deal with the Rabbit only; and that is true so far as animal fables, properly speaking, are concerned. There is, however, another tale of some legendary birds, which too may conveniently find place here. It runs as follows: Once some Indians, on a journey, had to pass the night on a mountain near Cuilco, called Ixlahunben. They dug holes to lie in, and, besides, covered their faces with masks, for there live on that mountain birds that come during the night to peck out the eyes of sleeping men. Only one of the men did not take these precautions, in spite of the grave warnings of his companions. The next morning, when the sun had risen and all were getting up, this man did not do so, and asked his companions why they rose when it was still so dark. Then it was seen that the birds had come during the night and had pecked out his eyes without awakening him. His companions said one to another, "What shall we do with this man? He will be a great drawback to us on our journey." And they led him to the brink of a *barranco* and threw him down, so that he died.

Certainly this latter tale does not put the Indian character in a favorable light, selfishness of a most unscrupulous kind being exalted therein as prudence. But that is not the case with the other tales, the underlying ethical principles of which are no worse than those found generally in the fables of other nations. In originality of invention they certainly stand well in comparison with those of any other nation, being superior to many.

## SOUTH-AMERICAN POPULAR POETRY.

BY RUDOLPH SCHULLER.

## I.

THE following stanzas were collected by me in 1905, in the Villa Dolores, also named San Salvador, a small town situated in the triangle formed by the River Uruguay<sup>1</sup> and its tributary the Rio Negro, in the "Departamento"<sup>2</sup> of Soriano in Uruguay.<sup>3</sup> They are improvisations of an Uruguay *payador*,<sup>4</sup> and a kind of commercial advertisement composed especially for a fair held at the aforesaid town.

En un flete escarciador,  
Después de una larga ausencia,  
Dentré<sup>5</sup> con gran resolencia<sup>6</sup>  
Al pueblo San Salvador;  
De ay<sup>7</sup> buscando lo mejor,  
Como paisano escamado,<sup>8</sup>  
Agarré por de contado<sup>9</sup>  
Para gastar bien los cobres<sup>10</sup>  
Al *Almacén de los Pobres*.  
Tan conocido y mentado.<sup>11</sup>

No bien sujeté en la esquina  
Me quedé más que triston  
Viendo sólo un barracón

<sup>1</sup> Probably of Tupí-Guaraní origin. The etymology "river of the carrion-vultures" (from *urubú-gua-y*, given often by South-American students) lacks proof. The name, however, still appears in the earliest documents concerning the history of the River Plate (cf. the letter of Diego García, map of D. Ribero, etc.).

<sup>2</sup> Corresponding to the "Department" of France, whose political division was adopted in that South-American Republic.

<sup>3</sup> "República Oriental del Uruguay" is the official name.

<sup>4</sup> A special type of the Hispano-American republics, and identical with the *tenzon* of the old Provençals. *Payador* is of Quechua origin, according to Rodolfo Lenz, *Diccionario Etimológico*, etc., II. Parte (Santiago de Chile, 1910), n. 1002, pp. 549-551. Lenz gives *pallador*. I have adopted, however, the pre-palatal *y*, as it is pronounced by the peasants of Uruguay. *Payador*: "el campesino que va recorriendo las reuniones populares, improvisando cantares y leyendas chistosas al son de su guitarra," is the definition given by the authors of the *Diccionario de la Real Academia* (Madrid).

<sup>5</sup> For *entré*, "I stepped in."

<sup>6</sup> For "courage," "resolution," "deliberation," but only used by the peasants.

<sup>7</sup> For *ahí*, "there," "in that place."

<sup>8</sup> *Escamado*.

<sup>9</sup> *Contado*.

<sup>10</sup> Money (copper money).

<sup>11</sup> *Mentado—renombrado*, "famous."



Como pá<sup>1</sup> trigo y harina;  
 Pero por suerte una *china*<sup>2</sup>  
 Me dijo con vos *machasa*:<sup>3</sup>—  
 Que se había mudao<sup>4</sup> la casa  
 Mesmo<sup>5</sup> en la esquina de Ruiz.—  
 Y contándome feliz  
 Enderecé a la otra plaza.

Vieran negocio afamado<sup>6</sup>  
 ¡Con el que vine a toparme  
 Y ansina<sup>7</sup> que pude apiarme  
 Me hizo quedar abobao,<sup>8</sup>  
 Grande y todo abarrotao<sup>9</sup>  
 De tienda y lomillería,<sup>10</sup>  
 Almacén, ferretería  
 Y un completo beverage  
 Mil cosas para el hembraje<sup>11</sup>  
 Y algo de zapatería.

De ay (ahí) un mozo algo cantor,  
 Después de darme una copa,  
 Comenzó a mostrarme ropa  
 De toda clase y valor.  
 Y arriba del mostrador  
 Fué amontonando fatura  
 Desde la manta peluda  
 Hasta el sombrero y guitarra,  
 Cantándome<sup>12</sup> a lo chicharra  
 El precio y la baratura.

¡Barbaridá!<sup>13</sup> si hay de cosas  
 En la casa mencionada  
 Y justamente afamada  
 Entre hombres, viejos y mozas;  
 Allí ay<sup>14</sup> cristales y lozas,  
 Prendas de acero y de plata,  
 De oro, de fierro y de lata,

<sup>1</sup> For *para*, "for."

<sup>2</sup> From the Quechua *china*, "female of the animals," "a little servant," "a young girl;" in a fuller sense, also *concubina*.

<sup>3</sup> Seems to be a synonyme of *ronca*, "raucous" (?).

<sup>4</sup> *Mudado*, "changed," "moved."

<sup>5</sup> For *mismo*, generally employed by the lower classes.

<sup>6</sup> *Afamado*, "famous."

<sup>7</sup> For *así*, "thus."

<sup>8</sup> *Abobado*, "stupefied."

<sup>9</sup> *Abarratado*, "cheaper."

<sup>10</sup> A store where they sell *lomillos*, "saddles and trappings of horses."

<sup>11</sup> Women; in fuller sense, *concubinae* and also "orgy."

<sup>12</sup> "Singing me," a synonyme of "telling me."

<sup>13</sup> *Barbaridad!*

<sup>14</sup> "There are."

Y hasta un tigre ya enseñao<sup>1</sup>  
 Que al que es amigo del fiao<sup>2</sup>  
 Lo enseña con la pata.

Luego se encuentra también  
 Pa<sup>3</sup> el que yá *jiede*<sup>4</sup> de pobre  
 Desde galleta de a cobre  
 Hasta fariña<sup>5</sup> a vintén;<sup>6</sup>  
 Y un brillante keroséne  
 Casi al precio de la vela  
 Yerba,<sup>7</sup> azúcar y canela  
 Muy barata y bien pesada  
 Y una grande *porotada*<sup>8</sup>  
 Como pá maestros de escuela;

Café, arróz y bacaláo  
 De lo *güeno*<sup>9</sup> y bien barato,  
 Seco,<sup>10</sup> carlón<sup>10</sup> y priorato,<sup>10</sup>  
 Francés,<sup>10</sup> ginebra y guindao<sup>11</sup>  
 Rico tabaco picao,<sup>12</sup>  
 Caña<sup>13</sup> y anís superior,  
 Cigarrillos de mi flor  
 Y una mistela tan fina  
 Que si la prueba una *china*  
 Se deja hacer el amor.

Diré en fin y en conclusión  
 Que hasta los mozos da gusto  
 Vendiendo lindo y sin susto  
 Al *gaucho*<sup>14</sup> más pobretón.

<sup>1</sup> *Ensenado*, "instructed."

<sup>2</sup> *Fiado*, "buying on credit."

<sup>3</sup> *Para*, "for."

<sup>4</sup> *Hiede*, "smells."

<sup>5</sup> Mandióca flower.

<sup>6</sup> A copper coin of twenty *réis* (unit, one *real*, but only imaginary).

<sup>7</sup> *Ilex Paraguayensis*, the Paraguay tea.

<sup>8</sup> Popular term for "a great stock of beans" (*Poroto*, of Quechua origin [see Lenz, *op. cit.*, No. 1158, pp. 627-634]).

<sup>9</sup> For *bueno*, "good."

<sup>10</sup> Different kinds of wine.

<sup>11</sup> *Guindado*, a drink of mazard-berries.

<sup>12</sup> Popular term for *picado*, "minced."

<sup>13</sup> Sugarcane brandy, but not rum.

<sup>14</sup> Cowboy, in former times also applied to adventurers in the vast Argentine plains termed "Pampas," often also a synonyme of "outlaw." On the origin of this nickname (pronounced *gaúcho* in Brazil), see "Gaúcho" (Origen probable de este nombre y su significación), por Daniel Barros Grez, in Primera Reunión del Congreso Científico Latino-Americano, etc., vol. v (Buenos Aires, 1898), pp. 17-25; and R. Lenz, *op. cit.*, I, No. 523, pp. 344-348.

¡Que pucha,<sup>1</sup> qué quemazón!  
 ¡Qué despachar tan barato!  
 Se mira allí a cada rato  
 De lo lindo a lo mejor,  
 Si en todo San Salvador  
 ¡No hay casa de mejor trato!

¡Conque a la carga, paisanos,  
 Mujeres grandes y chicos  
 Puebleros,<sup>2</sup> pobres y ricos,  
 Naciones y americanos!  
 Don<sup>3</sup> Sanguinetti y hermanos  
 Con la mayor atención  
 Para vender a montón  
 De todo lo que se quiera  
 En su casa los espera  
 Y hasta otra nueva ocasión.

ANICETO GALLARETA.

Dolores, Julio de 1881.

## II.

The second composition of an Argentine *payador* in Entre-Rios refers to one of those periodical revolutions in the Uruguay Republic which, since the political emancipation of the so-called "Orientales" of the former "Provincia Cisplatina," have constituted the typical struggle between the two political factions<sup>4</sup> named *Colorados* ("red party") and *Blancos* ("white party").

Prepárense Entre-rianos.<sup>5</sup>  
 Que el Oriental ya invadió;  
 Dicen que desembarcó  
 Allá en Landa o en Galiano,  
 Y trae triunfo en la mano  
 Porque trae muchos aliados;  
 Muchos de aquí se han pasado  
 Y es porque están resentidos.  
 Es jefe muy aguerrido  
 Ese general gatiado

<sup>1</sup> See Rufino José Cuervo, *Apuntaciones Críticas sobre el Lenguaje Bogotano con frecuente referencia al de los Pueblos Hermanos de América*, Quinta Edición muy aumentada, etc. (Paris, 1907), pp. 483-484.

<sup>2</sup> Popular term for "inhabitants of a small country town."

<sup>3</sup> Not used in Spanish; but we say "Don Enrique," "Don Juan," etc.

<sup>4</sup> Formed by the late General Rivera; and General Artigas is the idol of the white party. Rivero and Artigas were two prominent political leaders during the war of the independence of Uruguay. I could never learn, however, what are the real political principles of these two parties.

<sup>5</sup> The natives of the Argentine province of Entre Rios (between the Uruguay and Paraná Rivers).



Es jefe muy subalterno  
 El Cuadril Blanco, señores;  
 Si tiene algunos honores  
 Se los debe a su gobierno;  
 Lo han metido en este infierno.

Dice que los va a pelear  
 Y también piensa triunfar  
 El día de la batalla  
 Porque el que pisa en sus playas  
 En el campo lo ha de hallar.  
 Esto dice el Colorado: —  
 Soy segundo general  
 Y he sabido ejecutar  
 Las órdenes que me han dado;  
 Yo nunca atrás he mirado,  
 En esto pienso mirar  
 Porque el bayo va a quedar  
 Cuidando mi retaguarda.  
 Como jefe de vanguardia  
 En la raya he de triunfar.  
 El bayo es muy aguerrido  
 Y un general muy valiente,  
 Tiene reunida su gente,  
 Los espera prevenido.  
 No quiere ser destituido,  
 No demuestra cobardía,  
 Descando que llegue el día  
 Para darles la batalla  
 El bayo dice en la raya  
 La batalla va a ser mía.

Goyo AGUILAR.

Gualeguaychú,<sup>1</sup> Febrero 1.º de 1878.

### III.

#### A PARÁ PROVERB.

The following proverb may contribute to the study of the genuine Pará mind:—

Vida do Pará  
 Vida de descanso  
 Comer de arremeço  
 Dormir de balanço.

Life of Pará  
 Life of Repose  
 Eating by approaching  
 Sleeping in rocking-chair.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The name of a river, and also of a small town, in Entre-Rios. *Guale-guaychu* (and also *Guale-guay*), a river name of Yaro (Charrúa) origin.

<sup>2</sup> Or, in *hamaca*, called simply *maca*.

## IV.

A PORANGABA.<sup>1</sup>

Minha gentil *Porangaba*,  
 Imagem, visão querida,  
 Só teu amor me conforta  
 Nos agros transe da vida.

Quando ouço o jurity  
 Soltar saudosa um gemido,  
 Saudoso pensando em ti  
 Respondo com um ai dorido.

Si alli na vizinha matta  
 Terno sabiá gorgeia,  
 Desse amor que me inspiraste  
 Vorza a chama se ateia.

Ou procure o provoadado,  
 Ou divague na espessura,  
 Mostra-me a mente abrazada  
 Tua elegante figura.

Estando de ti ausente,  
 Da saudade eu sinto a dôr,  
 Serão teus os meus suspiros,  
 Minha afeição, meu amor.

Da vida o doce prazer  
 Em mim fenece e se acaba,  
 Só esse amor não fallece,  
 Minha gentil *Porangaba*.

## V.

These *cantares* in Quechua were given me in 1907 in Santiago de Chile by the Franciscan monk Fray Mariófilo W. Villegas, who emigrated from Bolivia.

## QUECHUA POPULAR SONGS OF BOLIVIA.

Iscay cauac kareka  
 Kinsa cauac kareka  
 Ichha chay ucninuam  
 Konkaykinam kareka.

<sup>1</sup> From Tupí *porá*, "nice," and *abá*, "man" (or perhaps *ába*, "head"). Composed by Laurival Açucena, the famous representative of popular poetry in Brazil; and published for the first time in the newspaper Oasis (Natal, Rio Grande do Norte, 1898). Açucena is also the author of the "Canto do Potiguara," published in the Echo Miguelinho. *Potiguára* were the Tupí Indians found by the first Portuguese discoverers in the territories comprising to-day the above-quoted state of northeastern Brazil.

Munakuiki niuarcanki,  
Maipin chay munakuiniki,  
Kkakapichu orckopichu  
Chayri runac llactanpichu.

DESPEDIDA (GUACKASPA).

Ripuyta yuyarispaña,  
Con el alma enternecida,

Paran paranta guackaspa,  
Quiero hacer la despedida.

Imaynan tucucapunña,  
Tan pronto tanta alegría,

Sonckoymin llocsinayaguan  
Al dejar tu compañía.

CHICAGO, ILL., March 20, 1915.



## NATIVE POETRY OF NORTHERN BRAZIL.

BY RUDOLPH SCHULLER.

BRAZIL is undoubtedly one of the richest fields for gathering folkloristic materials. This is due to the circumstance that its present population is composed of very different ethnic and linguistic elements, — chiefly Portuguese, Indian, and Negro. Their influence, especially on the Portuguese language as spoken to-day, is quite noticeable, and it is apparent also in all manifestations of the social life of the genuine "Brazileiros."

The curious territorial conformation of Brazil, with its varied topographical and climatic conditions regenerating distinctive regions each with a fauna and flora all its own, has in part brought about a regional individualization of the people. Therefore it is not quite correct to speak of a folk-lore of Brazil.<sup>1</sup> Nearly every one of the twenty states or regions has its own special provincial terminology,<sup>2</sup> derived from native Indian languages, its typical manners and customs, traditions, legends, superstitions,<sup>3</sup> popular festivals, dances,<sup>4</sup> songs, etc., which differ one from another sometimes even in the same state.

The first of the songs here published (p. 367) is used especially during the Carnival. I have often heard it in Rio de Janeiro. It seems, however, to be a *modinha* of northern origin called "*Toada Sertaneja*."

*Sertão* (for *desertão*) is an abbreviation and at the same time an augmentative of *deserto*. In the earlier Jesuit chronicles,<sup>5</sup> *sertão* is a synonyme of *matto* ("virgin forest"). In Matto-Grosso, *Sertão*

<sup>1</sup> See Folk-Lore Amazonense, a very useful book, published by Dr. José Verissimo of Pará, the title of which has been chosen with good reason.

<sup>2</sup> For instance, the term *maca-šêra* is applied to non-poisonous *mandiôca*-root (*mandiôca mansa* is equivalent to *yuca* of the Carib-Aruác linguistic stock) only by the half-blood natives of the Jurúa and other southern tributaries of the upper Amazon. *Maca-šêra* is equivalent to *aypí* (a Tupi word) of the southern and eastern states of Brazil. *Mandiôca* or *mandiôca brava* (poisonous) is the *boniata* of the Taino of Ilayti and other West-Indian islands. In Paraguay, however, *mandiôca* is applied to both kinds of roots indiscriminately. *Maca-šêra* is an Aruác word, probably of Páno-Aruác origin; cf. *ixêr* ("yuca") of the Chayma-Carib, a word whose origin seriously puzzled Von den Steinen (*Die Bakairi-Sprache*, Leipzig, 1892).

<sup>3</sup> Superstições Rio-Grandenses, by the Rev. Father Carlos Teschauer, S.J.

<sup>4</sup> The *Sairé* is typical of the Amazon basin. The *Mašise*, however, is of African origin. It is the favorite dance of the former negro slaves of Brazil, especially on the 13th of May, the day of their final liberation from slavery (1888), and in some Broadway cafés too.

<sup>5</sup> See, for instance, Father João Felipe Bettendorf, *Chronica da Missão da Companhia de Jesus no Estado do Maranhão* (1698), published in Rio de Janeiro in 1910 (*Revista Trimensal do Instituto Historico e Geographico do Brazil*, Tomo lxxii, Parte 1<sup>a</sup>: cf. "Os descimentos de Indios do Sertão").

means the high plains, partly campo and partly bush.<sup>1</sup> This designation is also applied in the state of Goyáz. In northern Brazil — Bahia, Pernambuco, Piauí, Ceará, Maranhão, etc. — the term *Sertão* includes also the plains of the "Hinterland," especially those partly covered by the extensive *Catinga*,<sup>2</sup> an impenetrable thicket formed mostly of *Leguminosæ*, comprising an area that is larger than that of Germany and France together. This *Sertão* is, even at the present time, the least-known region of Brazil.<sup>3</sup> In former times it was the habitat of the Carirí Indians, — the "Tapúya" tribes so called, who were the allies<sup>4</sup> of the Dutch during their occupation of a large portion of northeastern Brazil in the seventeenth century.

The term *Cabóca de Caxangá* refers to a young half-blood Indian girl of the small village Caxangá, in the interior of the state of Pernambuco. *Cabóca*, or *Cabócla*, is the feminine form of *Cabôco* or *Cabôclo*. This word is of Tupí-Guaraní origin. *Cabócla* and *Cabôclo* are corruptions of the former. The phonetic system of the Tupí-Guaraní lacks *l*; and a number of sound-clusters, like *c* and *l*, are unknown in that Indian language. *Cabôco* (feminine *Cabóca*) is a synonyme of *mestiço* (a half-breed of Portuguese and Indian blood). The translation as given by Koenigswald,<sup>5</sup> "descended from a white man" (derived from the Tupí word *cari-boc*), is more than hypothetical. Marcgrav uses *cariboca* for half-breeds of Indian and negro blood.<sup>6</sup> In spite of all that has been said on the origin of *Cabôclo*, it seems to me to be simply a corruption of *cariboca*, a Tupí word signifying "the white man's house" (i. e., where white men are settled), derived from *cari* or *carib(a)*, "foreigner" (not *abá*, the Tupí for "Indian"), and *óca*, "house." Thus *carib-óca* means "born at the white man's house" (descended from a Portuguese). There is no doubt that this form, *caribóca*, is etymologically connected also with the nickname "Carióca,"<sup>7</sup> at the present time applied by the natives of the city of Rio de Janeiro to

<sup>1</sup> *Capôcs*, from *capão* (Tupí [?]) of the "Brazileiros." Compare *Capão*, *Capoeira*, *Restinga*, in "Estudos lexicographicos do dialecto brasileiro," by A. J. de Macedo Soares (Revista Brasileira, 2<sup>a</sup> Epoca, Tomo iii, Rio de Janeiro, 1880, pp. 224-233).

<sup>2</sup> Perhaps from Tupí-Guaraní *caú* ("wood").

<sup>3</sup> Dr Ph. von Luetzelburg, a noted German botanist of Munich, entrusted by the Brazilian Government with the study of the curious vegetation mentioned above, is preparing a large memoir on his journey across the *Sertão* of northern Brazil.

<sup>4</sup> Gasparis Barlaei, *Rerum per octennivm in Brasilia, etc.* Amstelodami, 1647.

<sup>5</sup> "Die landesüblichen Bezeichnungen der Rassen und Volkstypen in Brasilien," by Gustav von Koenigswald (Globus, Bd. xciii, No. 12, Braunschweig, 1908, pp. 194-195).

<sup>6</sup> *Historia Natur. Brasiliae*, 1658.

<sup>7</sup> Unfortunately I could not obtain a copy of Nogueira's "Etymologias Brazilicas, II. Carioca, O que significa." (in *Annaes da Bibliotheca Nacional do Rio de Janeiro*, Tomo ii, Rio de Janeiro, 1877). *Tapúya* is to-day a synonyme of *Cabôco*, especially in the Amazon basin; while in earlier times it was applied only to Indians of Carib-Aruác origin, such as the Carirí of the *Sertão* of Pernambuco and Parahyba do Norte.

themselves in contrast to the natives of the Federal district called "Fluminenses" (from *rio—flumen*, "river").

*Caxangá*, the name of an *aldeia* in Pernambuco, is of Carirí-Carib origin, and belongs to the typical geographical nomenclature of Indian origin still existing and in use in that state of Brazil. This nomenclature is an important criterion in the study of the former territorial extension of the Carib-Aruác Indians in northern Brazil.<sup>1</sup> All my attempts to find out when and why this song was introduced into Rio de Janeiro for special use during the Carnival were unsuccessful.

The second *modinha* (p. 371) is typical of Bahia, the capital of the state of the same name in northeastern Brazil. It is undoubtedly of African origin, or at least derived from an African source of the same type.

*Valapá* is a favorite meal of all "Bahianos," and of course of African origin too.

The alleged African origin of *yôyô*, *iôîô*, or *nhô-nhô*, chiefly applied to children by their negro nurses, is unsupported. It seems to be an abbreviation of *Senhor* ("sir," "master"). *Nhô* reduplicated becomes *nhô-nhô*.

The third song (p. 372) is used mostly in the "Hinterland," the aforesaid *Sertão* of Pernambuco.

*Xixi* is the familiar abbreviation of *Maria* ("Mary").

The songs *A Cousineira* (i.e., "The Female Cook" [p. 374]) and *Caro Bem* (i.e., "Dear Sweetheart" [p. 375]) may be of Portuguese origin, but I am not sure on this point.

#### I. TOADA SERTANEJA — CABÓCA DE CAXANGÁ.

Ao Pernambuco — o insigne violãonista.

Cabóca de Caxangá  
minha caboca vem cá

Laurindo Punga  
Chico <sup>2</sup> Dunga,  
Zé <sup>3</sup> Vicente  
essa gente  
tão valente  
do sertão de Jatobá <sup>4</sup>  
i o damnado

<sup>1</sup> "Zur Affinität der Tapúya-Indianer des Theatrum Rerum Naturalium Brasiliae," in *Internat. Archiv für Ethnographie*, Bd. xxi (Leiden, 1912), Separat-Abzug, p. 21.

<sup>2</sup> For "Francisco."

<sup>3</sup> For "José."

<sup>4</sup> Tupí word. "a tree" (*Hymenaea*); also a small town in the interior of the state of Pernambuco, probably so named because of the great number of Jatobá-trees in its neighborhood.



do afamado  
Zéca <sup>1</sup> Lima,  
tudo chora numa prima  
tudo qué <sup>2</sup> ti conquistá.<sup>3</sup>

Cabóca de Caxangá  
minha cabóca vem cá.

Quiria <sup>4</sup> vê  
si essa gente  
tambem sente  
tanto amô <sup>5</sup> como eu senti,  
quando ti vi  
em Carirí! <sup>6</sup>  
atravessava  
um regato  
no quartão  
i escutava  
lá no matto  
o canto triste do urutáo!<sup>7</sup>

Cabóca, demonio máo,  
som triste, como o urutáo!

Ha muito tempo  
lá nas moita(s)  
das taquara(s) <sup>8</sup>  
juncto ao monte  
das coivara(s),  
não te vejo tu passá!<sup>9</sup>  
Todos os dia(s), inte <sup>10</sup> a bocca  
da noite,  
eu te canto uma toada  
lá debaixo do Indayá.<sup>11</sup>

Vem cá, cabóca, vem cá,  
rainha de Caxangá.

Na noite santa  
do natá,<sup>12</sup>

<sup>1</sup> For *Zeferino* (?) or *Candido*.

<sup>2</sup> *Quer*, "wishes."

<sup>3</sup> *Conquistar*, "to conquer."

<sup>4</sup> *Queria*, "I wished."

<sup>5</sup> *Amor*, "love."

<sup>6</sup> Carirí, a place in the interior of the state of Pernambuco; also a small town and a chain of mountains in the same state. Carirí is also the name of a Carib-Indian tribe of the river São Francisco (*cf.* Martin de Nantes, *Mission chez les Cariris* [Rome, 1889]).

<sup>7</sup> A night-bird, *Nyctibius* sp.? *Urutáo* is a Tupí word.

<sup>8</sup> Tupí name of a cane.

<sup>9</sup> *Passar*, "to pass."

<sup>10</sup> *Até*, "until."

<sup>11</sup> "Palm-tree" (*Attalea humilis*, Mart.) *Indayá* is a Tupí word.

<sup>12</sup> *Natal*, "Christmas."

na encruziada,  
 eu ti isperei <sup>1</sup>  
 i discantei  
 inté o rompé <sup>2</sup> da manhã!  
 Quando eu sahia  
 do arraiá <sup>3</sup>  
 o só <sup>4</sup> nacia <sup>5</sup>  
 i la na grota já se ouvia  
 pipiando a jassanã.<sup>6</sup>

Cabóca frô <sup>7</sup> da manhã,  
 som triste como a acauã.<sup>8</sup>

Vinha trotando  
 pela estrada  
 na mujica <sup>9</sup> . . .  
 Vi-te embaixo da oitica,<sup>10</sup>  
 conversando com o Manoé<sup>11</sup>  
 Sinti, caboca istremecê<sup>12</sup>  
 dentro do couro  
 arreliado,  
 atrapaiado <sup>13</sup>  
 o coração do meu quicé.<sup>14</sup>

Cabóca, inda <sup>15</sup> tenho fé,  
 de fazê <sup>16</sup> figa ao Manoé!

Disapiei-me da mujica . . .  
 andei a tóa,  
 lá ná beira da logôa  
 chorei mais do que um chorão!  
 Vinha de ionge<sup>17</sup>  
 dos ataio  
 da baixada

<sup>1</sup> *Esperei*, "waited."

<sup>2</sup> *Romper*, "to break."

<sup>3</sup> *Arraiá*, "town," "small village."

<sup>4</sup> *Sol*, "sun."

<sup>5</sup> *Nascia*, "rised" (arisen or risen).

<sup>6</sup> Tupí name of a certain bird.

<sup>7</sup> *Flôr*, "flower." The change of *l* to *r* and *r* to *l* is very common, especially in the spoken language of the lower social classes in South America. For instance: Chile, *es-parda* for *espalda* ("shoulder").

<sup>8</sup> *Avis inimica serpentum*; a falcon (Martius, Glossaria).

<sup>9</sup> Perhaps of African origin. I do not know what it means.

<sup>10</sup> A wild plant, *Soarezia nitida*, according to Freire Allemão.

<sup>11</sup> *Manoel*.

<sup>12</sup> *Estremecê*, "I trembled."

<sup>13</sup> *Atrapalhado*, "confounded."

<sup>14</sup> Of African origin, a bird, *quicê*, only used in northern Brazil.

<sup>15</sup> *Ainda*, "yet."

<sup>16</sup> *Fazer*, "to make."

<sup>17</sup> *Longe*, "distant."

o mugido da boiada  
que sahia do sertão!

Cabóca sem coração,  
ó rosa d'este sertão.

Eu n'essa noite  
no mucambo <sup>1</sup> do Zé <sup>2</sup> Mola  
suspirei n'esta viola  
i pru <sup>3</sup> via só di ti! . . .  
Laurindo, Pedro, Lucas Antonio. . .  
Nhô <sup>4</sup> Francisco;  
Zé Porteira  
i Zé do Visco  
um a um, eu lá venci!

Cabóca, eu morro pru <sup>3</sup> ti.  
só pra <sup>5</sup> ti amá eu nasci!

Em Pajaú, <sup>6</sup> em Caxangá,  
em Carirí, em Jabaotão,  
eu tenho a fama do cantô <sup>7</sup>  
i valentão  
Eu pego o touro  
mais bravio  
quando em cio  
como ponho em disafio  
em cantadô <sup>8</sup>  
logo no chão!

Cabóca, sem coração,  
ó rosa, deste sertão!

Cabra damnada, assubo  
pela gamelera  
como a onça mais matrera,  
o mais ligeiro *punage*! <sup>9</sup>  
Eu faço tudo.  
só não faço  
é mi querê <sup>10</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Mucambo*, of African origin. *Mucama* means "maid;" and *mucamo*, "waiter." In the Amazon basin, *mucambo* is a synonyme of *Quilombo*, or a place of meeting for escaped slaves, called *negre maron* in French Guiana (*cf. cimarrón* of the Spaniards).

<sup>2</sup> José.

<sup>3</sup> *Por*, "for."

<sup>4</sup> *Nhô* is an abbreviation of *senhor*, "sir" (*cf. ñô* of the "Rotos" or low classes of Chile).

<sup>5</sup> *Para*, "for."

<sup>6</sup> Pajaú or Pajahú, a small village in the interior of the state of Pernambuco.

<sup>7</sup> *Cantor*, "singer."

<sup>8</sup> *Cantador*, "singer."

<sup>9</sup> Probably of African origin. I am ignorant of its meaning in this combination.

<sup>10</sup> *Querer*, "to like."



teu coração  
mais buliçoso  
do que o *sacipererê*.<sup>1</sup>

Pru que te fez Deus, praque<sup>2</sup>  
da cô(r) das frô dos ipê<sup>3</sup>

Mas quando eu canto na viola  
a naturega,  
tu não vê eu mi a tristeza,  
me põe triste e jururù.<sup>4</sup>  
Assim eu canto  
a minha dô  
só quando a noite  
vem fechá<sup>5</sup> todas as frô  
i abre a frô  
do embirussú.<sup>6</sup>

Cabocá, um demonio és tu! . . .  
ó frô do embirussú.

## 2. O VATAPÁ.

(Cançoneta para duas pessoas.)

M. — O Vatapá  
H. — comida rara  
M. — E' assim. Yôyô que se prepara.

<p>O Vatapá comida rara E'assim yôyô que se prepara</p>	}	ambos.
---	---	--------

M. — Você limpe a panella bem limpa  
E o peixe lá dentro ha de estar  
Bote leite de côco e gengibre  
E pimenta da Costa e fubá

<sup>1</sup> A corruption of *yací-terêrê* ("a spectre"), similar to the *Tuntchi* (*tuntši*) of the Pano Indians of eastern Perú. Ambrosetti has published a very detailed account on the tale of the *yací-terêrê* among the Paraguay half-blood Indians in Bol. Inst. Geogr. Argentino, Buenos Aires. *Yací-terêrê* is a Tupí-Guaraní word, derived from *yací* ("moon") and *yaguãteré* ("tiger"). It is interesting to note the change of y to s (cf. *Yamundá* to *Samundá*, *Yurí* to *Surí*, *Joane* to *Soane*).

<sup>2</sup> *Porque*, "why," "what for."

<sup>3</sup> Water-plant (?); *ipê* in Tupí means "water-foot" (-duck).

<sup>4</sup> From Tupí: "melancholy," "sad."

<sup>5</sup> *Fechar*, "to close."

<sup>6</sup> *Embirassú*, Tupí, also *Imbirucú*, the plant *Bombax* (cf. *chambira*, "*astrocharium*"). *Embi*(?). *Assú*, *açú*, *guaçu*, "great in length, but not in height." The name "Embira" for a river in eastern Perú, however, is of Pãno-Aruác origin; as probably also *chambira*, which is applied to a plant and also to a northern tributary of the "upper Amazon."

Camarão com rabinho se ajunta  
Mas depois da cabeça tirar . . .

H. — Mas então a cabeça não entra?

M. — Qual cabeça seu moço, que nada.

Meche direito  
p'ra não queimar  
Meche com geito.  
O Vatapá!  
O Vatapá  
Para se comer  
E' quente yôyô  
Quasi a ferver

Vá mechendo de vagar, não pare:  
Junte o molho, que deve estar feito  
Depois ponha os pratinhos na mesa  
E a colher no centro e com geito.

H. — Mas o bom trovador bem precisa  
O dedo metter no *quitute*.<sup>1</sup>

M. — Mas yôyô o provar não se póde.

H. — Qual provar, bahiana, que nada.

Meche direito  
Bem devagar  
Meche com geito  
P'ra não queimar.  
Meche com geito  
O Vatapá!

H. — Assim, Bahiana  
Bem devagar.

### 3. AVE MARIA DO SERTANEJO.

I.

Oh! Xixi!  
Eu hoje inda <sup>2</sup> não te vi,  
Que é feito de ti,  
ó divina  
flor da campina!  
Sob os teus cafezaes  
não te vejo mais!  
Oh! Xixi! Oh! Xixi!  
Porque tu deixaste  
de passar  
por aqui?!

<sup>1</sup> *Quitute*, a word of African origin meaning "a delicate meal." *Quituteiro*, "a man of great experience in preparing delicate meals."

<sup>2</sup> *Ainda*, "yet."

Oh! Xixi!  
Eu hoje inda não te vi . . .  
Inda não te vi  
lá na matta  
cabocla ingrata . . .  
Não te vi por meu mal,  
lá na milhará!  
Que sertaneja tão mal  
te fez!  
Andas bem longe d' aqui . . .  
talvez.

II.

Tu que animas  
e consolas  
tantas rimas  
nas violas . . .  
tu que te fazes de mouca,  
por teu nome andar  
de bocca em bocca!  
Tu que deixas  
nos caminhos  
tantas queixas  
e carinhos . . .  
Foge de mim . . .  
Foge de mim,  
que inda hei de amar-te  
assim.

Quando á tarde,  
ó serrana,  
tu voltares  
á choupana,  
tem pena do desgraçado . . .  
Vem sentar te um pouquinho  
a meu lado! . . .  
Vem sem medo,  
n'um gracejo,  
dar-me um beijo  
em segredo! . . .  
Foge de mim! . . .  
Foge de mim,  
que inda hei de amar-te  
assim.

Quando á missa  
vaes n' aldeia,  
toda a egreja  
fica cheia. . . .  
Tu que os corações remocas,  
quando és dona das festás



nas choças!  
 Tudo chora  
 nestas mattas  
 a senhora  
 das ingratas! . . .  
 Foge de mim!  
 Foge de mim,  
 que inda hei de amar-te  
 assim.

Oh! meu bem!  
 Saudades de ti me vem!  
 Ouço agora!  
 Alem,  
 chora o dia  
 uma ave-maria.  
 Eu começo a chorar,  
 a rezar  
 tambem  
 a canção  
 da paixão  
 Oh! Meu bem!  
 Que magua  
 de ti me vem,  
 quando o sino, além,  
 deixa os meus olhos  
 razos d'agua!  
 Não me vês a chorar,  
 a rezar  
 tambem  
 nestes suspiros que vão d'aqui,  
 como saudades  
 atrás de ti.<sup>1</sup>

#### 4. A COUSINHEIRA.

Sei depenar qualquer franguinho  
 Amollecere um gallo duro  
 E com dois ovos, um pratinho  
 Fazer eu sei, tambem lhe juro.

Tenho limpeza na cosinha,  
 Tudo é lavado com cautella,  
 Brilha o fogão mais a biquinha,  
 A frigideira e a panella.

*Coro:* Bato bem batido  
 Separando a clara } Bis  
 Nada de misturas }  
 Que eu não sou Arara.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Tango indigena do Caronel Gasparino*, "Indigenous tango of Colonel Gasparino."

<sup>2</sup> Probably of Tupí origin, "makaw."

Quando apresento a meu patrão  
 Peixe de forno recheiado,  
 Elle diz logo: oh que peixão  
 Faça-me um molho apimentado.  
 E cheira emfim toda a travessa  
 Vai avançando no pitéo.  
 Come, repete e até confessa  
 Que cousa igual não tem ao céu.

*Coro:* Socco bem soccada  
           Uma pimentinha } *Bis*  
           Azeite e vinagre }  
           E uma cebolinha.

5. CARO BEM.<sup>1</sup>

Uma vez um sujeito  
 Muito namorador  
 Andava conquistando  
 A filha de um doutor;  
 O pobre namorado  
 Andava impressionado  
 Porque a menina assim que o via  
 Tremendo lhe dizia:

— Foge, meu caro bem!  
 Foge, que vem papá  
 Si elle te encontra cá  
 Dó <sup>2</sup> de ti elle não tem  
 Vae, meu caro bem.

Um dia foi pedir  
 A bella em casamento;  
 Mas o pae da pequena  
 Não deu consentimento;  
 E como é cabra máu  
 Depressa apanha um páu.  
 Vendo que o velho vae fazer fita  
 A namorado grita:

— Foge, meu caro bem!  
       *etc. ut supra.*

Si bem que o rapaz fosse  
 Namorado modelo  
 Amando muito a bella,  
 Amava mais o pello.  
 Por isso sem demora  
 Dalli foi dando a fóra  
 Mas a dez leguas ainda em surdina  
 Ouvia a voz da menina:

— Foge, meu caro bem!  
       *ut supra.*

<sup>1</sup> Cam a musica da *Caraboo*; seems to be an African melody.

<sup>2</sup> Dôr, "compaixão."

## TWO SONGS OF MEXICAN COWBOYS FROM THE RIO GRANDE BORDER.

BY JOHN A. LOMAX.

THE following two songs were given to me by George Biddle, a student of Harvard University, who spent his vacations on a ranch in the southern Rio Grande country. He says that he knew personally all the vaqueros mentioned in the song, and that the gray, the dun, and the sorrel are also known to him.

## I. LA CORRIDA DE LOS TOROS.

1.     Éstos eran dos mancebos  
       Que de arriba habían bajado;  
       Y en la hacienda de la Vega  
       Se habían acomodado.
2.     Esa tarde que llegaron,  
       Se quisieron a remudar.  
       Con eso otro día, martes,  
       Comenzaron a vaquear.
3.     Les decía el Caporal  
       Con alta voz y ufana:—  
       —Hombres, si no son de campo,<sup>1</sup>  
       No trabajaran mañana.
4.     —Por que aquí rifa la fama  
       Contada de mi vaquería.  
       Responde la causa fría:<sup>2</sup>—  
       —Segun lo que prometemos  
       De bajar trescientos toros,  
       O quinientos si se ofrece.
5.     El corazón se estremeció  
       De ver esa exageración.  
       El caporal los va guiando  
       De su caballo rabón.
6.     Cuando vieron venir  
       Diez toros, por la ladera,  
       Lo cortó ese valiaro,  
       Lo cortó un toro graniso;  
       Y con la cola en la mano  
       Del Caballo lo deshizo.

<sup>1</sup> Slang for "on to your job."<sup>2</sup> Slang, meaning, probably, "hot stuff."



7. Dando la primer coliada;<sup>1</sup>  
Le dió la primer' coliada  
Que las tripas le echó fuera  
Las tripas le echó fuera.
8. Naranjas y más naranjas  
Limonos y más limones  
Linda chinita, de que te veo  
Lo más bonita te pones.

2. LOS VAQUEROS DE LAS CATARINAS.

1. El mil nueve cientos ocho  
Esto fué lo que pasó  
Que a Güile Mac Mule<sup>2</sup>  
El tordo lo tumbó.
2. El veinticinco de julio,  
Presente lo téngo,  
Lo que también a Pancho Vásquez  
El alazán lo tumbó.
3. En el caballo tordo  
¡Ay! ¡se ve lo mas bonito!  
De veras que se hace miedo,  
Válgame el San Benito.
4. Ese Güile Mac Mule dejó  
Su tierra en los planes.  
Doroteo le decía: —  
Siento mucho tus afanes.
5. Güile, como apesarado,  
Le decía al caporal: —  
Y ese caballo tordo  
Es el que me va a matar.
6. Se decía al Caporal: —  
Me voy pa las Filipinas  
Para tener que acordarme  
Del Rancho de las Catarinas.
7. Se lo dieron a Guillermo,  
Le ofrecieron cinco pesos.  
— Yo yo le voy a subir,  
Aunque me quiebre los huesos.
8. Decía Guillermo Molina,  
Cuando yo lo iba a montar: —  
Ya lo que siento es una cosa  
Que yo dejé en Encinal.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Coliada* is the ranchman's expression for throwing a steer by the tail (*cola*).

<sup>2</sup> Willie Mac Mullen.

<sup>3</sup> His *muchacha*, with whom at the time he was much *enamorado*, lived at Encinal, Tex.

9. Decía Luis Martínez,  
Con su voz muy oprimida:—  
Diez y ocho pesos me pagan;  
Eso no vale mi vida.
10. Decía Reyes Ribera:—  
Yo soy un vaquero entero,  
Qu'ese caballo bayito  
Me dió en lo más duro del suelo.
11. Despedida no le doy,  
Porque no la tengo yo,  
Que más despedida quieren  
Que el tordo los tumbó.
12. El que compuso estos versos,  
No es poeta ni es trovador  
Se llama Chon Zaragoza,  
Su destino fué pastor.

Chon Zaragoza, Mr. Biddle says, was an old Mexican goat-herd who could neither read nor write, and who looked to be very nearly a pure-blooded Indian.

AUSTIN, TEX.

## FIVE MEXICAN DANCES.

BY ELEANOR HAGUE.

THE following group of little dances is familiar among the half-breeds of the state of Oaxaca, in southwestern Mexico. They were played for the transcriber by a burly giant of an Indian, a picturesque creature in a huge sombrero and immaculate garments. His combination of instruments was quite in character with his looks; for he had an extra large guitar, to the upper side of which he had clamped an harmonica. On these he played a melody with alto part, and a vibrant, forceful accompaniment. His courtesy was worthy of a blue-blooded Spaniard, but — and this was much to be regretted — he civilly but firmly refused to have his picture taken. The names of two of these dances — “Petenera” and “Malagueña” — are obviously of Spanish origin; but the Spanish Petenera is rightfully in six-eighths rhythm, while that in two-fourths time is strongly reminiscent of a danza in every way. This Malagueña is not so far removed, however, from its Spanish prototype. The other three examples seem to be pure Mexican, although the name “Chilena” would suggest a South-American origin; but of that the transcriber has been able to find no proof.

As to the steps which go with these tunes, the transcriber had no opportunity to see them danced. As a rule, however, the Indian dances are made up of shuffling steps, and have nothing of the grace or charm of the danza or of any of the real Spanish dances.

## I. LA CHILENA.

(From Oaxaca.)

*Presto.*

*FINE.*

*Repeat first section.*



## 2. LA PETENERA ZAPOTECA.

(Played by Maximilian Salinas.)

*Moderato.*

*Minor.*

*Major.*

*Repeat three times.*

The musical score for 'LA PETENERA ZAPOTECA' is written on three staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#), and a 2/4 time signature. It contains a melodic line with a triplet of eighth notes and a final double bar line with repeat dots. The second staff continues the melody, also in treble clef and three sharps, featuring a triplet of eighth notes. The third staff begins with a treble clef, three sharps, and a 2/4 time signature, and contains a melodic line with a triplet of eighth notes and a final double bar line with repeat dots. The tempo is marked 'Moderato.' and the mode changes from 'Minor.' to 'Major.' between the first and second staves. The instruction 'Repeat three times.' is placed above the third staff.

## 3. EL PALOMO.

(From Sierra Juarez.)

*Moderato.*

*Repeat from beginning ad libitum.*

The musical score for 'EL PALOMO' is written on two staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of two sharps (F#, C#), and a 4/4 time signature. It contains a melodic line with a final double bar line with repeat dots. The second staff continues the melody, also in treble clef and two sharps, and contains a melodic line with a final double bar line with repeat dots. The tempo is marked 'Moderato.' and the instruction 'Repeat from beginning ad libitum.' is placed above the second staff.

## 4. LA MALAGUEÑA.

(From Jamiltepec.)

*I. Con brio.*

*II.*

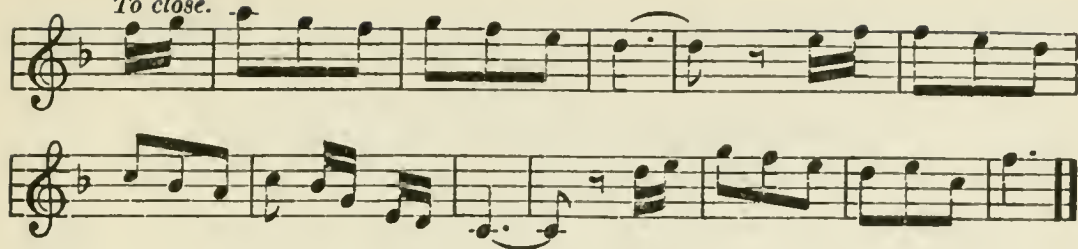
*III.*

*IV.*

*Repeat II, I, IV, once each.*

The musical score for 'LA MALAGUEÑA' is written on five staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (Bb), and a 3/8 time signature. It contains a melodic line with a final double bar line with repeat dots. The second staff continues the melody, also in treble clef and one flat, and contains a melodic line with a final double bar line with repeat dots. The third staff continues the melody, also in treble clef and one flat, and contains a melodic line with a final double bar line with repeat dots. The fourth staff continues the melody, also in treble clef and one flat, and contains a melodic line with a final double bar line with repeat dots. The fifth staff continues the melody, also in treble clef and one flat, and contains a melodic line with a final double bar line with repeat dots. The tempo is marked 'Con brio.' and the instruction 'Repeat II, I, IV, once each.' is placed above the fifth staff.

*To close.*



5. SAN DUNGA.  
(From Tehuantepec.)

*Moderato.*



*Con spirito.*



## FIVE DANZAS FROM MEXICO.

BY ELEANOR HAGUE.

ALL Mexico loves a danza, and, among the rhythms in use in that country, it seems to be the most popular. The danza (or "Habanera," as it is often called) originated in Havana, a hybrid form in an island of mixed races; for Spaniard and Indian and Negro have each brought their share to this music. From Cuba the Habanera travelled to Spain and to all parts of Spanish America, as well as to Brazil and Hayti. In Brazil it is used in its original form, and also in the more degenerate form of the tango. Throughout all Latin America it is found with its offspring the danzón and the tango more often than any other rhythm.

As a rule, the danza consists of two sections differentiated one from the other in key or mode, or in length of phrases, or in emotional character. Sometimes one finds a third section added. The same music is never used for both singing and dancing; but, besides the tunes meant for dancing, there are countless songs composed in this form.

The melody always follows the rhythm in its contour. The basis of the accompaniment is in  $\frac{2}{4}$  ( $\frac{3}{16}$   $\frac{1}{16}$   $\frac{1}{8}$   $\frac{1}{8}$ ), but many variations add to the interest in the better examples. The texts are apt to be on a higher level than the words of ordinary folk-songs, and at times rise to quite poetic flights. Emotionally, the danza as a song-form is made to express many kinds of feeling, — grave, gay, sad, amorous, tragic, and so on. This group begins with the cynical "Aunque ames mucho," continues with the cheerful, tender "La Casita," and ends with the intense "Reir cuando se tiene."

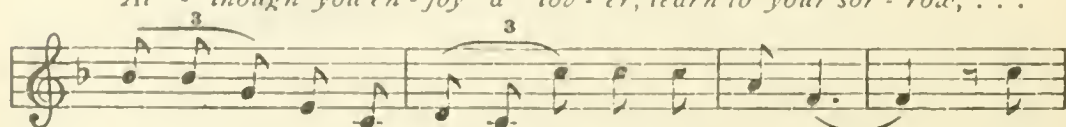
The dance is popular among all classes, and is performed in couples. Among people of refinement it is full of grace and charm of motion.

## I. AUNQUE AMES.

(Very familiar in Spain and Spanish America.)

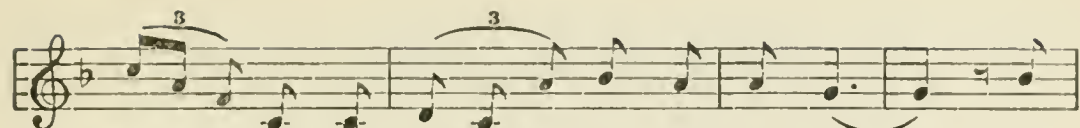
*Danza rhythm. Moderato.*

1. Aunque ames mucho a un hombre mas que a tu vi - da, . . .  
*Al - though you en - joy a lov - er, learn to your sor - row, . . .*



No se le ma - ni - fiestas que eres per - di - da. . . ; Ay!  
*Neu - er to let him know or he's gone to - mor - row. . . Ay!*





Mo - re - ni - ta mí - a, porque los hom - bres, . . . Cuan-  
 Mo - re - ni - ta mine, for that's their fash - ion, . . . Once



do se ven a - ma - dos, No co - re - spon - den. Tienen a  
 they have won the bat - tle, Then good-by pas - sion. They hold one



u - na, y a dos y a tres, ¡ay, ¡ay! Ya u - na do - ce - na,  
 mai - den, or two or three, ay! ay! Or e - ven a doz - en,



sin ca - ri - dad; Y cuando al - guna reclama el  
 all for their good; But should one ask for high - er



or - den, La qui - tan lue - go de la hermandad.  
 fa - vor, They cast her out of the sis - ter - hood.

1. Aunque ames mucho a un hombre mas que a tu vida,  
 No se le manifiestes que eres perdida.  
 ¡Ay! Morenita mía, porque los hombres,  
 Cuando se ven amados,  
 No coresponden.  
 Tienen a una, y a dos y a tres, ¡ay, ¡ay!  
 Y a una docena, sin caridad;  
 Y cuando alguna reclama el orden,  
 La quitan luego de la hermandad.

2. Yo amaba mucho a un hombre y el me decía  
 Que si yo le olvidaba se moriría.  
 ¡Ay! Morenita mía, eso no es cierto,  
 Pues yo le he olvidado, y el no se ha muerto.  
 Si son los hombres tan insufribles  
 Que nunca dicen lo que es verdad.  
 Suspiran, lloran, prometen, juran,  
 Y nada de eso es realidad.

1. Although you enjoy a lover, learn to your sorrow  
 Never to let him know, or he's gone to-morrow.  
 Ay! Morenita mine, for that's their fashion;  
 Once they have won the battle,  
 Then good-by passion.  
 They hold one maiden, or two or three, ay, ay!

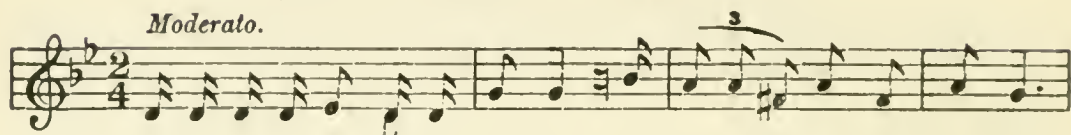
Or even a dozen, all for their good;  
But should one ask for higher favor,  
They cast her out of the sisterhood.

2. I once fell deep in love with a man who told me  
That if I could forget him, he would die surely.  
Ay! Morenita mine, that's not so certain,  
Since he continues living, although forgotten.  
But men are always so egotistical  
That they believe all the things they say;  
They sigh and groan and weep and promise,  
But change their minds on the self-same day.

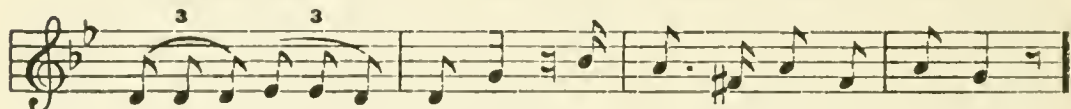
## 2. LOS OJOS MEJICANOS.

(From the neighborhood of Mexico City.)

*Moderato.*



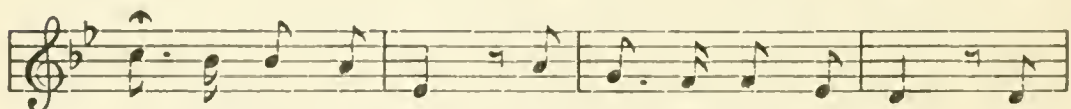
1. Dicen que los o - jos a - zu - les, los o - jos color de cie - lo,  
*It is said that eyes of az - ure, eyes shining with Heaven's col - or,*



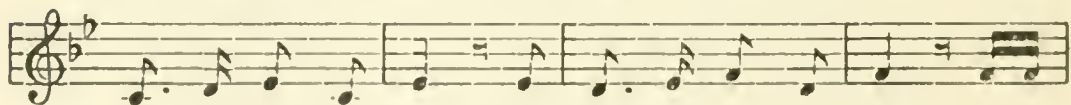
No di - cen na - da de a - mo - res, y sí, mu - cho de ce - lo.  
*Nothing can tell of love's pleas - ure, but on - ly jeal - ous fer - vor.*



Por e - so yo ja - más he de bus - car a - mor, En  
*And so for - ev - er - more my search for love I make, In*



u - nos o - jos que no bri - llen como el sol. Tus  
*eyes whose som - bre hue Heav'n's light can nev - er take. Thine*



o - jos ne - gros son, por e - so te amo a ti, Porque  
*eyes are black as night, therefore I love but thee, For*



los o - jos ne - gros son to - do co - ra - zón.  
*eyes as black as thine speak of true love for me.*

1. Dicen que los ojos azules, los ojos color de cielo,  
No dicen nada de amores, y sí, mucho de celo.

Por eso yo jamás, he de buscar amor,  
En unos ojos que no brillen como el sol.

Tus ojos negros son, por eso te amo a ti,  
Porque los ojos negros son todo corazón.

2. Dicen que los ojos verdes son emblema del olvido,  
Pues ellos prometen un alma, cosa que nunca han tenido.

Por eso yo jamás, etc.

3. Dicen que los ojos negros, para platicar de amores,  
En una mirada de ellos, le dicen a uno primores.

Por eso yo jamás, etc.

1. It is said that eyes of azure, eyes shining with Heaven's color,  
Nothing can tell of love's pleasure, but only jealous fervor.

And so forevermore my search for love I make  
In eyes whose somber hue Heaven's light can never take.  
Thine eyes are black as night, therefore I love but thee;  
For eyes as black as thine speak of true love for me.

2. It is said that green eyes promise a soul to each beholder.  
They ne'er fulfil that promise, forgetfulness they figure.

And so forevermore, etc.

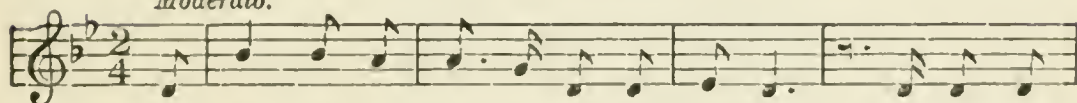
3. It is said that black-eyed glances show tenderness in loving,  
Fair days and hopes foretelling, sweet joys and fancies giving.

And so forevermore, etc.

### 3. LA CASITA.

(From Central Mexico.)

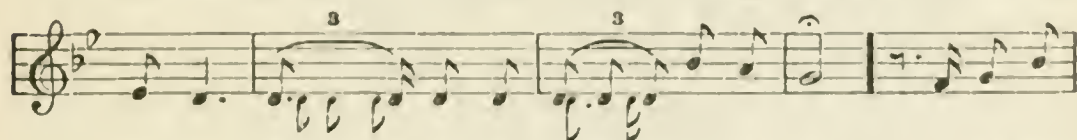
*Moderato.*



1. A - llá en el cam-po muy a la ori-lla, De un arr - oy -  
A riv - er with green and sha-dy bor-ders, I al - ways



i - to mur-mur-a - dor; U - na ca-si - ta lle - na de en -  
see in my fan-cy's dream; Near by a mag-ic house for thee I



can-to, Pa - ra ti ha puesto mi co - ra - zón. Juntó a su  
con-jure, Cast-ing its im-age in the gen-tle stream. A - bout its



puer - ta hay ma-dre - sel - va, A su de - re - cha  
por - tal the vines are wreath-ing, And hon - ey - suc - kle



se ve un jas - mán; Y ha - cia o - tro la - do muchas vio -  
*perfumes the air; jes - sa - mine, ro - ses, and mul - ti - tudes of*

le - tas, Y otras mil flo - res se ven a - llí.  
*blos - soms, Add to its love - li - ness ev - ery - where.*

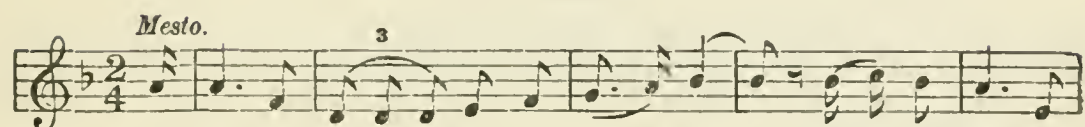
1. Allá en el campo muy a la orilla,  
 De un arroyito murmurador;  
 Una casita llena de encanto,  
 Para ti ha puesto mi corazón.  
 Juntó a su puerta hay madreselva,  
 A su derecha se ve un jasmín;  
 Y hacia otro lado muchas violetas,  
 Y otras mil flores se ven allí.
  2. El no-me-olvides sirve de alfombra,  
 Allí los lirios se ven lucir,  
 Y las violetas le dan su sombra,  
 Cuando en las tardes va el colibrí.  
 Está sombrada de muchas flores,  
 Que el arroyito baña, y el sol  
 Cuando en la tarde presta sus rayos,  
 Para alentarlas con su calor.
  3. Allí la calma nunca se pierde,  
 Nunca hay tristeza, nunca hay dolor,  
 Allí se goza la paz del alma,  
 Sin más testigos que el campo y Dios.  
 Si tú me quieres, con el cariño  
 Con que te adora mi corazón,  
 Vámonos juntos a esa casita,  
 A ser felices, mi bien, tú y yo.
1. A river with green and shady borders,  
 I always see in my fancy's dream;  
 Near by a magic house for thee I conjure,  
 Casting its image in the gentle stream.  
 About its portal the vines are wreathing,  
 And honeysuckle perfumes the air;  
 Jessamine, roses, and multitudes of blossoms  
 Add to its loveliness everywhere.
  2. Forget-me-nots make an azure carpet,  
 Snow-white lilies grow tall and fair,  
 And violets peep out from mossy shadows,  
 Calling the humming-birds to linger there.

The radiant sunlight caresses warmly  
The blooming flowers, and gives them force;  
And they are watered by the refreshing river,  
Which pauses lovingly in its course.

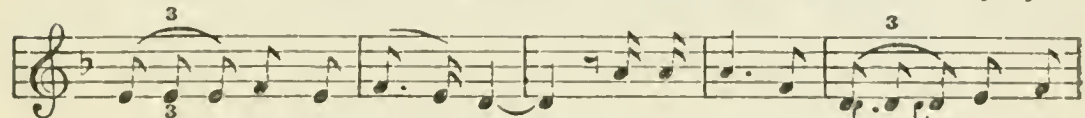
3. Here calm and repose are ever reigning,  
And grief always shall be unknown.  
Here thou shalt find, my love, the soul's contentment  
In the surrounding peace which is God's own.  
If thou canst love me with true devotion,  
And in the measure I thee adore,  
Come with me, darling, come with me to this cottage!  
We shall be joyful forevermore.

## 4. ANGEL DE MIS AMORES.

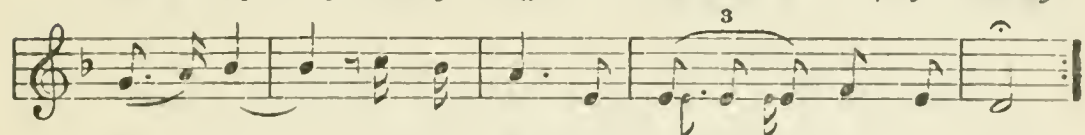
(From Oaxaca.)



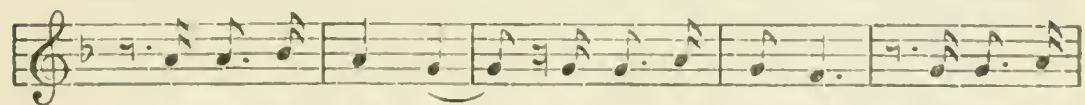
1. ¿Qué quie - res, Angel de mis a - mo - res,      Que te dé, en  
Be - lov - ed, Angel of all my dear-est dreams, What can I of - fer



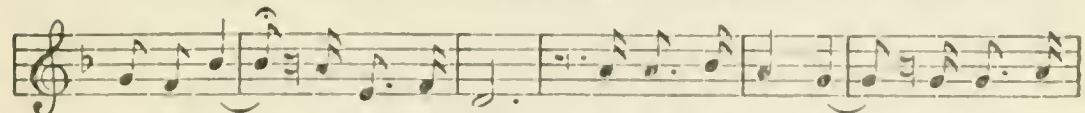
me-dio de mis can - ci - o - nes?      Te da - ré es - pi-nas por-que las  
thee in the place of this my song? Thorns must it be, for in my



flo - res,      Ya es - tán muer-tas en mi co - ra - zón.  
heart are dead      All the flow - ers that bloomed so fair ere long.



Si tú me a - ma - ras,      cual yo te ado - ro,      Tal vez tu -  
If thou but lovedst me, then would'st thou know, dear, How I do



vie-ras, ¡ay! pie-dad de mi.      Pe-ro no sa - bes cuanto te a -  
worship thee, and pit - y me. Thou canst not meas - ure, my heart's de-



do - ro,      Y cuan - to su - fro, ¡ay!      ¡no mas por tíl  
vo - tion,      And how I suf - fer, ah!      dear one, for thee.

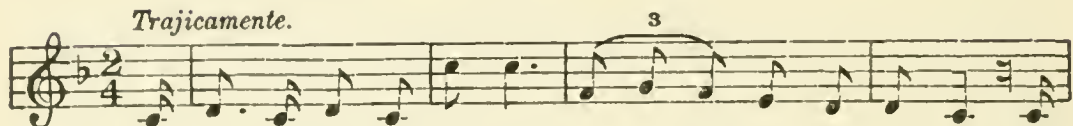
¿Qué quieres, Angel de mis amores,  
Que te dé, en medio de mis canciones?  
Te daré espinas porque las flores,

Ya están muertas en mi corazón.  
 Si tú me amaras, cual yo te adoro,  
 Tal vez tuvieras, ¡ay! piedad de mi.  
 Pero no sabes cuanto te adoro,  
 Y cuanto sufro, ¡ay! no mas por ti!

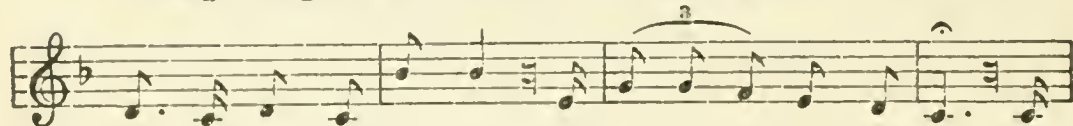
Beloved Angel of all my dearest dreams,  
 What can I offer thee in the place of this my song?  
 Thorns must it be, for in my heart are dead  
 All the flowers that bloomed so fair ere long.  
 If thou but lovedst me, then wouldst thou know, dear,  
 How I do worship thee, and pity me.  
 Thou canst not measure my heart's devotion,  
 And how I suffer, ah! dear one, for thee.

## 5. REIR ES NECESARIO.

(From Central Mexico.)

*Trajicamente.*

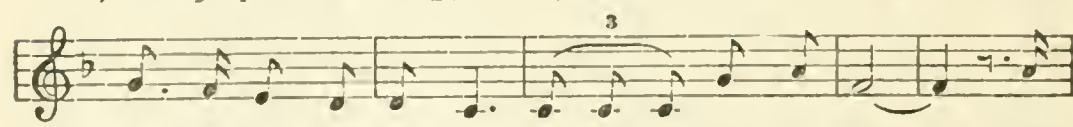
1. Re - fr cuando se tie - ne, el co - ra - zón he - ri - do; Te -  
*To laugh though in one's bos-om a wounded heart is hid - den; To*



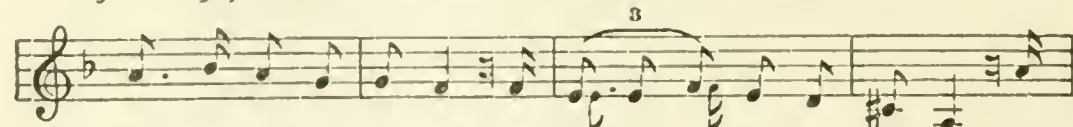
ner una es - pe - ran - za, y esa i - lu - sión per - der. Re -  
*love and hope un - bid - den, and lose that hope at last. I*



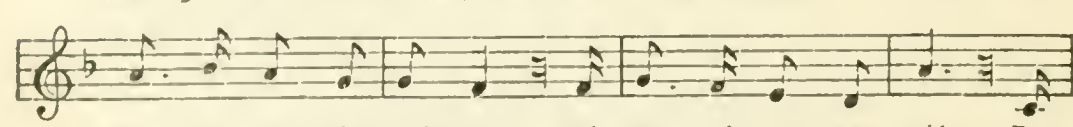
ir es ne - ce - sa - rio, el mun - do insulta - rí - a, La ho -  
*force my lips to smil - ing, lest if I showed my sad - ness, Be -*



ri - ble pe - na mí - a, mi amargo pa - de - cer. Bien  
*fore my poor heart's mad - ness the world would stand a - ghast. I*



sé que no me quieres, que nunca me has que - ri - do, Bien  
*know you do not love me, and that my hope - less pas - sion Not*



sé que no te in - spi - ro tal vez ni com - pa - sión; Por  
*cu - en sweet com - pas - sion in your breast can in - spire; And*



e - so ca - da dí - a mi ser se va extin - gui - en - do, Por  
so through ev - 'ry mo - ment my wounded heart is cry - ing, Be -

eso es - tá muri - en - do, de amor mi co - ra - zón.  
lov - ed, I am dy - ing in love's con - sum - ing fire.

1. Reír cuando se tiene, el corazón herido;  
Tener una esperanza, y esa ilusión perder.  
Reír es necesario, el mundo insultaría,  
La horrible pena mía, mi amargo padecer.  
Bien sé que no me quieres, que nunca me has querido,  
Bien sé que no te inspiro tal vez ni compasión;  
Por eso cada día mi ser se va extinguendo,  
Por eso está muriendo, de amor mi corazón.
2. Si porque el mundo ignore mi loco desvarío,  
Por eso canto y río, en medio del dolor.  
No importa que esta risa consume mi existencia,  
Si al cabo esta dolencia, la sufro por tu amor.  
Vivir más, ya no puedo, mi vida es de dolores,  
De amargo sinsabores, de angustia y de pesar.  
Yo llevo aquí en el alma un mar de acerbo llanto,  
Sufrir y sufrir tanto, y sin poder llorar.
1. To laugh, though in one's bosom a wounded heart is hidden;  
To love and hope unbidden, and lose that hope at last,  
I force my lips to smiling, lest if I showed my sadness,  
Before my poor heart's madness the world would stand aghast.  
I know you do not love me, and that my hopeless passion  
Not even sweet compassion in your breast can inspire;  
And so through ev'ry moment my wounded heart is crying,  
Beloved, I am dying in Love's consuming fire.
2. I sing and laugh with madness, my sorrow hiding ever;  
'Tis torture past all measure, and the world ne'er can know.  
It heeds not that my laughter burns to my inmost being,  
And that my life is fleeing through my love's ceaseless woe.  
I can exist no longer, I cannot face the morrow.  
The fulness of my sorrow within my breast I keep.  
A sea of pain o'erwhelms me, my life is past enduring,  
My grief beyond the curing, and yet I may not weep.

## FOLK-TALES FROM OAXACA.

BY PAUL RADIN.

EDITED BY AURELIO M. ESPINOSA.

I. EL LEÓN Y EL GRILLO.<sup>1</sup>

(Ixtlán, Ixtlán.)

EN un bosque espeso, un león, después de muchos días de no comer, andaba recorriendo las selvas, furioso de su mala suerte de encontrarse sin presa. Al pasar junto a un matorral esperó en donde se escondía un grillo hermoso que quiso burlarse del rey de los animales. Le hizo llamar la atención con un agudo chillido.

No bien hubo terminado, cuando el león dió la vuelta para ver quien era aquel que de una manera descarada le llamaba la atención, faltándole al respeto que se le tenía al rey de los animales. Pero el grillo, más audaz que el león, se acurrucó debajo de la hojazca del lugar, y el león no pudo dar con él. Indignado, dió la vuelta para continuar a buscar su presa, pero poco después, el grillo repitió su canto con más fuerza, que llamó más la atención. El león entonces se precipitó hacia aquel lugar dando fuertes manotadas en el suelo, pero todo fué en vano. El pequeño animal se colocó al pie de un pequeño árbol y nada le sucedió.

Viendo el león que no se repetía el canto y creyendo que se había muerto aquel que lo insultaba, se retiró tranquilo, con la creencia de haberse hecho respetar de sus inferiores. Mas no fué así. Pues el grillo, saliendo de su escondite, se colocó en la rama alta de un grueso árbol, y desde allí repitió su canto, más agudo que antes. El león, indignado y hecho una terrible fiera, regresa y dice en una voz alta e imponente: — ¿Quién es ése que se atreve a insultar a su majestad, el rey de los animales? — Entonces el grillo, con una voz chillona y aguda, le dice: — Éste es el rey de los animales. — El león agrega: — No puede haber dos reyes. — Y el grillo contestó: — No puede haberlo. El grillo ha sido el elegido para gobernar a los animales, y éstos tendrán que respetarlo y obedecerlo todos los animales de la tierra. —

Grande fué la indignación del león al oír estas palabras, y dijo que él era el único rey y que se haría respetar por medio de la fuerza. Lo mismo contestó el grillo, y ambos se hicieron un desafío y convinieron que el rey sería el vencedor en el campo de batalla. Se señalaron lugar y día en que tendría lugar el encuentro. Ambos se

<sup>1</sup> Véase Oskar Dähnhardt, *Natursagen*, vol. iv, p. 197; Bolte und Polívka, *Anmerkungen zu den Kinder- und Hausmärchen der Brüder Grimm*, vol. ii, p. 435. — F. B.

separaron y cada quien se dedicó a reunir su ejército, que tenía que ser bastante grande, pues en aquellas selvas habitaban infinidad de animales de todas clases.

El león se mostraba bastante confiado en su triunfo, pues decía que era imposible que el grillo le ganara, teniendo él a su lado los animales más grandes. Por medio de unos emisarios mandó llamar a su lado a todos los animales cuadrúpedos de la selva y todos se prestaban a su llamamiento y todos aprobaban la idea. Empezaron a desfilar para dirigirse al lugar convenido. Grandísimo era aquel ejército compuesto de elefantes, tigres, lobos, coyotes, venados, toros, zorras, conejos, carneros, cabras, caballos, burros, perros, gatos, comadrejas, castores, ardillas, y en fin todos cuantos animales cuadrúpedos que existen en el mundo. Era un ejército que adonde pasaba dejaba enteramente limpio el suelo, y ocupaba leguas al caminar y hacía un gran ruido, que ellos mismos se asustaban. Y para que no pisaran los más grandes a los pequeños y para no cansarse en su larga caminata, los grandes cargaban a los pequeños, yendo a la cabeza de aquel gran ejército el león.

Por su parte el grillo hizo otro tanto. Reunió a todos los animales de su clase e hizo invitación muy especial a las avispas, de quienes pensaba depender su triunfo. Logró reunir también a su gran ejército hormigas, avispas, zancudos, moscas, abejas, langostas, murciélagos, y en fin todos cuantos insectos dañinos encontró. A la cabeza de este ejército marchó para el lugar convenido. Habiendo llegado antes que el león, colocó a su ejército debajo de las hojas secas, en el suelo entre las grietas de la tierra, en las ramas de los árboles y en todas las partes ocultas que encontró; esperando con impaciencia que llegara el momento.

Por fin se aproximaba el ejército enemigo y vió lo grande que era y le causaba miedo con ellos. Habiendo antes convenido con los suyos las contraseñas para lanzarse sobre los enemigos, se quedaron quietos. Orgulloso se presentó el león, dirigiendo sus miradas al alrededor. Creyó ser engañado, pero habiendo llamado al grillo, éste le contestó que estaba dispuesto. El león le preguntó que adónde estaba su ejército, pues él nada veía y no sabía su tropa con quien combatir. El grillo dijo que estaba listo y que lo que esperaba era su indicación. Como el león nada veía, en tono de desprecio dijo que bien podía empezar el combate, pues él no sabía con quién combatir. Entonces el grillo dió un fuerte y largo — *Gri . . . Gri . . . Gri*, — que era la señal convenida, e inmediatamente salieron de su escondite los partidarios del grillo y acometieron de una manera audaz y desesperada a sus enemigos que no esperaban tal combate. Pues los murciélagos se dedicaban a chuparles la sangre a todos los animales y a quererles sacar los ojos. Las avispas les clavaban su agudo pinzón en todas las



partes del cuerpo, y centenares de moscas se posaban en sus ojos y en sus narices, que materialmente les era imposible combatir, pues eran insuficientes para defenderse de aquellos animalitos. En la confusión que hubo, los mismos animales se comenzaron a pegar, resultando así un combate entre partidarios que muy pronto quedaron convencidos de su derrota. Para retirarse de aquel lugar, muchos de ellos, ciegos y tuertos, salieron huyendo. Los partidarios del grillo fueron tan tenaces que los persiguieron a muchas leguas, habiendo desde entonces conocido al grillo como su rey.

## 2. EL CAZADOR Y LA ZORRA.<sup>1</sup>

(Ixtlán, Ixtlán.)

Un cazador se levantó muy temprano para salir al campo a hacer algunas cazas. Se despidió de su familia, diciendo que después de medio día estaría de vuelta. Tomó su arma y un ligero machete y se hizo seguir de dos buenos perros propios para correr tras de la presa.

Después de una distancia de una legua y media, se metió en un espeso monte en donde abundaban venados, liebres, ardillas, y conejos, y el cazador, con mucho tiento, empezó a recorrer aquel monte, teniendo cuidado de hacer poco ruido para no espantar a los animales.

Ya había andado en aquel monte más de cinco horas sin encontrar a nadie y se empezaba a impacientar, y en un momento de cansancio se sentó a descansar al pie de un gran encino, sobre un montón de piedras que estaban cubiertas por las hojas secas del árbol. Empezó a pensar de lo que debía de hacer, si regresar a su casa o volver hasta encontrar algo que llevar a su casa. Después de mucho descansar y pensar, y sin saber qué hacer, se paró de aquel lugar. Pero al pararse, voltió la cara hacia el lugar de donde salía un pequeño ruido. Miró que entre dos piedras que estaban sobrepuestas, sacaba la cabeza y la cola un coralillo que hacía por quitarse aquello que cargaba y no lo dejaba buscar sus alimentos.

El cazador, lo que luego quiso hacer fué matarlo, pero reflexionando después y compadeciéndose de aquel pobre animalito, lo que hizo fué levantarle la piedra que tenía encima para que fuera a buscar su comida. Pero el coralillo, como si le hubiese hecho un mal, quiso picar al cazador. Éste al ver la ingratitud de la culebra, le habló, diciéndole que no lo picara, que si así pagaba por haberla libertado. Pero el coralillo no ponía atención y lo comenzó a corretear, diciéndole que un bien se pagaba con un mal. El cazador le decía que no era así, que un bien se pagaba con otro bien, y que lo probaba delante de tres testigos que dirían lo mismo. Logró el cazador convencerla,

<sup>1</sup> Véase Migne, *Patrologia Latina*, tomus clvii (1899), 679 a, y this Journal, No. CIV, páginas, 139-140, y 227. — A. M. E.

y los dos empezaron a buscar los testigos, porque también puso tres el coralillo.

Después de andar mucho llegaron a un llano, y cerca de una ciénega, se encontraron a un toro viejo que ya no se podía parar. El cazador se adelantó y le habló, preguntándole si no era cierto que un bien se pagaba con un bien. El toro le contestó que no era así, que un bien se pagaba con un mal, porque así le sucedió con su amo. Cuando era joven le atendía bien porque así también trabajaba, y que cuando ya no pudo trabajar, lo abandonó. El cazador se entristeció por haber perdido la primera vez. Siguieron caminando hasta que llegaron en la punta de una loma, en donde se encontraron a un caballo que también era muy viejo. Entonces el coralillo le dijo:—¿No es cierto que un bien se paga con un mal?—El caballo le dijo que así era, que él lo había experimentado con su señor, que después de servirle muchos años le había abandonado.

El cazador se entristeció más, pues ya no le faltaba más que otro testigo que perder para que le picara el coralillo. Siguieron caminando todavía mucho, cuando llegaron a la orilla de un río. Allí se detuvieron un momento, cuando de repente, salió sacudiéndose de una cueva una zorra, que al ver al cazador quiso correr, pero los dos le dijeron que se parara, que querían que les arreglara un negocio que les precisaba. El coralillo le dijo a la zorra si no era cierto que un bien con un mal se paga, y que así lo habían dicho otros dos animales. La zorra se puso muy seria a reflexionar como contestar, y creyendo que si le ayudaría al coralillo para que éste picara al cazador, le sería más fácil matarla, y haciéndolo por interés propio, contestó que no, que un bien se pagaba con un bien. Pero como el coralillo no quedaba conforme, entonces hizo que le contaran como sucedió desde un principio.

Empezó el cazador a contar todo lo que había pasado, pero la zorra no se conformó con aquello y quiso que el cazador le enseñara como había encontrado al coralillo. El cazador le dijo al coralillo que se pusiera como estaba, y él agarró una gran piedra y se la echó encima. No conforme con eso, le dijo que se metiera más. Obedeciendo, el coralillo se metió más, y entonces le echó la piedra encima y le dijo que hiciera por salir. Pero como no podía, entonces la zorra le dijo al cazador que lo dejara, que así ya no le picaría. Y los dos se separaron de aquel lugar, dejando machucada a la culebra.

La zorra entonces le dijo al cazador que le pagara con alguna cosa aquel favor que le había hecho. El cazador le dijo que sí y que le dijera lo que quería. La zorra le dijo que se conformaba con tres o cuatro gallinitas que le diera, pues tenía mucha hambre. El cazador le dijo que sí, pero que fuera con él al pueblo porque allí las tenía. La zorra dijo que sí, y los dos empezaron la caminata hacia el pueblo.

Ya para llegar al pueblo el cazador le dijo: — Espérame allí, — señalándole a una lomita de donde se veía su casa. — Yo iré a traerlas, porque si vas conmigo hasta la casa, tengo muchos perros que te pueden hacer mal. — La zorra, obedeciendo, se puso a esperar en aquel lugar, esperando a sus gallinas que tenía que comer. Al llegar el cazador a su casa, le contó a su mujer todo lo que le pasó, diciéndole que fuera al gallinero a traer a cuatro de las gallinas más grandes que tenían. Pero la mujer no le hizo aprecio y llamó a sus perros para que fueran a corretear a la zorra. Cuando éstos llegaron adonde estaba la zorra, ésta comenzó a correr para que no la alcanzaran. Después de haber corrido mucho, y estando muy cansada, voltió la cara y se paró viendo para la casa del cazador, y entonces dijo: — Bien dijo el coralillo: — Un bien se paga con un mal. —

### 3. EL LEÓN.<sup>1</sup>

(Ixtlán, Ixtlán.)

Un león andaba en un monte grande buscando sus alimentos, cuando oyó que otros dos animales platicaban seriamente, diciendo que además del león había otro animal que era más fuerte que él y que tenía más poder sobre todos ellos, pues a todos los animales les hacía como él quería, sin que pudieran hacerlo ellos. Al oír esto, el león se enojó, diciendo que sólo él era el más fuerte y el que tenía más poder, pero que quería saber quien era ése que se decía ser más fuerte.

Anduvo mucho para encontrarse a un toro grande y viejo. El toro se asustó al verlo y quiso correr, pero el león le dijo: — Oye, amigo, no corras, que quiero hablar algo contigo de un negocio que quiero me digas. — El toro le dice: — Si no me haces nada puedes arreglar todos los negocios que quieras, y todo lo que me preguntes te contestaré, si puedo. — El león le preguntó: — ¿Es verdad que hay otro animal más fuerte que yo y que todo lo puede hacer, sin mucho trabajo, y que nos domina a todos? — Sí, es verdad. — ¿Y quién es ése? — Lo quiero conocer y pelearme con él para ver si me gana. — Ese animal es el hombre; y que si te gana. — ¿Y es muy grande ese hombre que tú llamas? — No; es un animal pequeño para nosotros. — ¿Y es muy fuerte? — No, pero es muy valiente. — ¿Y adónde lo encuentro, que quiero conocerlo? — Anda mucho y pregunta por él. —

Anduvo mucho el león hasta que se encontró a un venado, que en cuanto lo vió, quiso correr. Pero lo atajó el león y le dijo: — Oye, ¿que tú eres el hombre? — No, — le contestó. — ¿Quieres conocer al hombre? — Sí; me dicen que es más fuerte que yo. ¿Es cierto? Y también me dicen que es nuestro rey. — Sí, es nuestro rey. — ¿Tú

<sup>1</sup> Nicolaus Pergamenus, *Dialogus creaturarum*, ed. Grüne 1880, p. 232. Véase Bolte und Polívka, vol. ii, p. 96. — F. B.



lo has visto? — Sí. — ¿Y es muy grande? — No. — ¿Y te has peleado con él? — No, porque me gana. — ¿Entonces, cómo es que te pega si es más chico que tú? — Porque el hombre me pega de lejos y me mata. — ¿Y cómo es eso? — Pues tiene una escopeta y con ella me mata. — ¿Es decir que antes de llegar delante de él ya puede pegar y matar? — Sí, así es. — Entonces ¿me puede matar? — Sí. — Pues yo quiero pelearme con él y ganarle. Quiero verlo. ¿Adónde lo encuentro? — Anda y acércate a aquel lugar, — le dijo, señalándole terrenos cultivados, — y allí lo encontrarás. —

El león siguió andando en derechura a aquel lugar que le señaló el venado, y después de andar mucho, se encontró a un caballo grande y viejo, y acercándose a él le dijo: — Oye, ¿que tú eres el hombre? — No, yo no soy el hombre. Yo he sido su servidor. — ¿Cómo es eso? ¿Tú le has trabajado al hombre? — Sí. — ¿Y no te da vergüenza decirlo? ¿Tú tan grande y trabajarle a un animal más chico que tú? — Es verdad. Pero es muy mañoso. A nosotros, desde chicos nos hace trabajar, nos echa aparejo y nos echa la carga encima. Viajamos cargando, y a veces nos echa la silla y nos monta, es decir, lo cargamos. Nos pone el freno en la boca y hace lo que quiere con nosotros. — Pero ¿qué tanto puede hacer ese animalito con Uds? ¿Porqué no lo matan? — Porque vendrían los hombres y nos matarían. — Entonces ¿esos animalitos son bastantes? — Sí, éstos son muchos. Viven juntos en un lugar y forman grandes pueblos. — Pues yo no lo creo y quiero encontrarlo para luchar con él y ver si es más fuerte que yo.

Siguió caminando, y después de pasar por más montes y más llanos y otros ríos, se encontró el león a un conejito que en cuanto lo vió, corrió. Pero el león creyendo que era el hombre, le dijo: — Párate, compañerito, que no te quiero hacer nada, sino que lo único que quiero es que me digas si tú eres el hombre. — No, yo no soy el hombre. Yo me llamo conejo. — ¿Conoces a ese animal que se llama hombre? ¿Que es verdad que puede hacer lo que quiere y sin ningún trabajo? — Sí, es cierto. Lo he visto matar de lejos, tirar grandes árboles, limpiar los montes y sembrar las milpas. — Quiero conocerlo. Quiero pelearme con él. Quiero ver quien es más valiente, porque no puede haber otro más grande que el león. Quiero saber adonde lo encuentro. — El hombre no está muy lejos de aquí. ¿Ves allá donde sale aquello que parece nube? — le dijo, señalándole un cerro cercano. — ¿Que aquello es humo de la lumbre que hace el hombre? — Camina, y hoy mismo lo encuentras, y sabrás quien es ese animal. Pero lo que sí te digo es que te cuides, que puede pegarte antes que le conozcas. — No tengas cuidado, que yo también sabré como hacerlo. —

El león siguió caminando, y viendo que ya era tarde y que no podría encontrar al hombre, se entretuvo a la orilla de una ciénega para

pasar la noche, para esperar si no iría al lugar algún animal, para saber algo más del hombre. Ya había anochecido cuando se presentó con mucho cuidado un coyote que andaba buscando agua para tomar. Pero al ver al león, no quiso hablarle, pero el león lo vió y le dijo: — Oye, amigo coyote, ¿qué andas buscando por estos lugares en donde nada se encuentra? — Voy a un rancho que está acá delante para ver qué puedo encontrar para comer, pues no he encontrado nada por donde pasé. — ¿Y adónde es ese rancho? ¿Y qué puedes encontrar? — ¿Pues que no sabes que los ranchos son las casas de los hombres, en donde tienen a sus familias y donde guardan sus cosas de comer? Allí hay muchas gallinas y perros, y si quieres, veremos si podemos coger unas para nosotros. Las gallinas son para mí y los perros son para ti. — Muchas gracias, pero no puedo acompañarte. Lo que sí quiero es que me digas quien es ese animal que se llama hombre. Me han dicho que es un animal que manda a todos y a todos les gana. Dicen que puede matar a uno de lejos y yo quiero pelear con él para saber si es cierto. — Bueno, pues te diré lo que he visto del hombre. Tú sabes que yo soy muy astuto. Pues el hombre me gana. A nosotros no nos puede ver porque cuando podemos le cogemos sus gallinas para comerlas. Tiene una escopeta que le sirve para pegarnos de lejos, y en sus sembrados de milpa nos pone trampas, donde algunas veces caemos y nos mata. Tiene muchos perros que sirven para corretearnos. VV. no pueden matar a esos hombres ya que tienen perros para corretearlos. No; esos hombres son animales muy poderosos y nada se les puede hacer. — Pero a mí no me harán nada porque yo soy el rey de los animales, y sólo espero que amanezca. — Ten mucho cuidado, porque te puede matar de lejos. — Mañana lo verás que en un momento haré que ese hombre me respete. —

A la mañana siguiente se levantó temprano el león. Después de beber agua, emprendió la marcha. Poco anduvo para llegar a una loma, y en un cerco de madera estaba fuertemente amarrado por medio de una cadena un perro. Al ver al león, empezó a ladrar fuertemente, haciendo grandes esfuerzos para soltarse. El león, antes de hablarle, decía: — Éste es el hombre, y habla muy fuerte. — Se le acercó y le dijo: — Oye, no me hables tan fuerte. Mira que nada te quiero hacer. Sólo quiero preguntarte que si tú eres el hombre. — No; yo no soy el hombre. Yo soy el perro, un fiel servidor del hombre. — ¿Y qué haces aquí, amarrado? — Pues aquí me ha puesto el hombre que cuide a su milpa, para que no vengán los demás animales a hacerle daño. — ¿Y para eso te ha amarrado? — Sí, y hasta aquí me trae mis alimentos. — ¿Y quién es ese hombre, que mucho quiero conocerlo? Pues me han dicho que es un animal de mucho poder, y quiero saber si tiene el mismo poder que yo, que soy el rey de los animales. — Ah, sí, tiene mucho, al grado de ser él el



rey de los animales, pero de todos. A todos los hace como él quiere. Y si quieres conocerlo, no está muy lejos. — Dime hasta donde lo encuentro, para verlo. — Pues mira; baja por esta cañadita y intérnate en ese bosque y allí lo encontrarás cortando árboles. —

El león siguió el camino indicado, y a poco oyó el ruido de los hachazos donde el hombre cortaba árboles. Estando muy cerca de él, el león dió un grito. Al oírlo, el hombre se asustó, y al verlo, levantó inmediatamente su arma para dispararle, cuando el león le dijo: — No pegues. No te quiero hacer nada. Lo único que quiero saber es si tú eres el hombre. — Sí, yo soy el hombre y he sido nombrado rey de todos los animales del mundo. — Bueno, pues también yo soy rey, y quiero luchar contigo para saber quien de los dos es más poderoso. — ¿Conque quieres luchar conmigo? Pues cuidáte de hacerlo, para que veas como soy de bueno para con todos. Sí; lucho contigo, pero antes quiero que me ganes en tres apuestas, para ver si me ganas en ellas. Entonces lucharemos; y si te las gano, no lucharemos y quedarás convencido de que yo soy tu rey. — El león respondió: — Acepto la proposición. — Bueno, si tú arrancas con un manotón la cáscara que yo arranco con mi hacha de este árbol me habrás ganado la primera apuesta. — Bueno. Quedo conforme. —

El hombre con un hachazo arrancó una gran cáscara. Pegó el león un manotón y lo único que pudo hacer fué arañar el árbol. — Te he ganado, — dice el hombre. — Ahora, vamos a la segunda. Si cortas este pequeño palo con cuatro manotadas, como yo lo hago con un hachazo, entonces me ganas. — El león dió cuatro manotadas y apenas le quitó la cáscara; y dió el hombre un hachazo y lo hizo dos pedazos. — Te he ganado la segunda y ahora queda la última. Con mi hacha rajaré este trozo de árbol, y una vez metida el hacha y la cuña, meterás la mano para hacerlo pedazos. — Bueno, — dice el león. El hombre, de dos hachazos, logró rajar el trozo, y una vez metida una gran cuña, logró sacar su hacha, y entonces le dijo al león: — Mete tus manos y haz pedazos ese trozo. — El león metió las manos, y el hombre sacó la cuña; pero como no pudo tener las fuerzas para rajarlo, se le quedaron las manos machacadas entre la rajada.

Entonces le dijo al hombre: — Me has vencido. Ahora todo lo que quiero es que me saques las manos para irme. — No, porque tú me puedes matar. — Seré tu fiel amigo si me libras de este lugar, y te salvaré de todos los peligros donde quiera que me encuentres. — Bueno, pero antes me has de dejar una prenda de tu fidelidad. — Bueno, pues, ¿qué quieres que te deje? — Déjame tu cabeza. — No; porque me matarías. — Entonces, tu mano. — Tampoco, porque me quedaría manco. — Bueno, pues déjame tu pierna. — No, porque me quedaría cojo y no podría andar. — Entonces te quito la vida. — No



seas ingrato, déjame libre. — Pues entonces, ¿qué quieres dejarme? — ¿Qué quieres? — Bueno, pues déjame una tira de tu lomo. — El león quiso y el hombre le arrancó una gran tira de su lomo. Después se repuso con una raja amarilla que siempre lleva en el lomo.

El león quedó convencido que el hombre es superior a él; y en virtud de ese compromiso, el león tiene la obligación de salvar al hombre de un peligro con los demás animales.

#### 4. EL LEÓN, EL REY DE LOS ANIMALES.<sup>1</sup>

(Ixtlán, Ixtlán.)

Antes de que el león fuera entre los animales el rey de ellos, los animales no tenían con quien pedir justicia, andaban por su propia cuenta y hacían lo que querían. Los negocios particulares de ellos se los arreglaban a su modo, y se hacía lo que decía el animal más grande, porque la justicia estaba donde estaba la fuerza. Pero los animales no estaban algunos conformes con aquello, porque había muchos que sufrían y que no hacían nada mal a los demás. Entre éstos animales estaban los venados, pues éstos eran los más perseguidos y los que menos daños causaban a los demás animales.

Una vez se juntaron en el monte y en la orilla de una ciénega, un venado, un burro, y un carnero, y empezaron a hablar del mal trato que les daban los animales más grandes, y entonces dijeron que cada quien pensara como ayudarse unos a los otros para defenderse de los animales más fuertes, y que lo pensado lo dirían al otro día, para ver qué era bueno hacer. Con esa condición, se separaron y cada uno se fué pensando lo que sería mejor hacer.

Al otro día se encontraron, y cada uno dijo lo que creía más bien hacer. El burro dijo que lo que creía bueno hacer era ser bravo con todos y no dejarse de ninguno. Esto que dijo no fué admitido por los otros dos animales, porque dijeron que no tenían las fuerzas que se necesitaban. El venado dijo que él pensaba que para librarse de esos perjuicios era mejor que huyera de aquel monte, hasta donde ya no encontrar más animales. El burro dijo que en donde quiera que fueran tendrían que encontrar animales, y sería lo mismo irse de allí que estar en aquel lugar. — Pues entonces, que diga el carnero qué es lo mejor, — dijo el venado, — para ver si es cosa que se puede hacer.

Comenzó el carnero a hablar y dijo que lo que sería mejor hacer era nombrar entre todos los animales a uno que desempeñara el cargo de juez para que arreglara todos los negocios de sus compañeros, pero que para eso necesitaban que ese juez lo nombraran todos los animales y que estuvieran conformes con lo que aquel dijera. El venado dijo

<sup>1</sup> Véase Oskar Dähnhardt, *Natursagen*, vol. iv, p. 191. — F. B.

que estaba conforme y que le dijera el carnero qué era bueno hacer luego para hacer lo que él quería, pues creía que era bueno lo que decía. El carnero dijo que fueran a llamar a todos los animales del monte, pero que no faltara ninguno, y no solamente a los animales grandes sino que también a los animalitos que se encontraran en el mundo, y que después ellos harían lo mismo. Cada animal se fué por su lado, diciéndoles a los animales el término de días de que disponían para reunirse en un solo lugar, como se dispusiera.

Cuando llegó el día, todos los animales que hay en el mundo se encontraron en aquel lugar, y eran tantos que al pasar por un río grande y al tomar todos un trago de agua hicieron secar el río, cosa que había hecho también pasar a los demás animales que el agua se los podía llevar. Cuando ya estaban todos, el carnero se paró en un gran peñasco y desde allí les habló a todos los animales, diciéndoles que como todos andaban alarmados y sin ningún principal, que todos, aquellos animales dijeran a quien querían ellos que fuera el principal, que escogieran al más bueno, y que aquél fuera el rey de todos para que de todos fuera respetado.

Todos los animales querían ser el rey. Pero después, viendo que nada se arreglaba, les habló el venado, diciéndoles la falta que hacía entre ellos uno que respetaran para que les hiciera justicia. El carnero dijo que era bueno que nombraran a un animal que fuera de los que se mantuvieran de hierbas para que así no tuviera que matar a los demás animales para comérselos, y que entre éstos, tenían al elefante. Muchos animales no quedaron conformes, porque decían que aquél era grande y no podía atender a los chiquitos, y también porque no era fácil encontrarlo pronto, pues vivía muy lejos.

Después se propuso al tigre, a la serpiente, pero no fueron aceptados porque decían que eran bravos. Ya acabándose la junta porque nada les gustaba, se hizo la última proposición, que fué la del león, que aunque también se mantenía de carne, era menos malo que los demás. Se pusieron a hablar entre todos los animales, entre ellos mismos, de sus fuerzas, su valor y lo bueno que era, y empezaron a gritar: — ¡Viva el león, nuestro rey y señor! —

De esta manera se nombró al león rey. Cuando se puso la corona en el cuello, se hicieron muchas fiestas, muchas comidas, música, bailes. El eco del ruido de la música que les mandó su dios de ellos es el ruido de las aguas de los ríos, y el retumbo cuando llueve, porque también su rey se contentó porque ya tenía a su jefe.

##### 5. EL PAVO REAL.

(Ixtlán, Ixtlán.)

Un pavo real que habitaba en los montes, era objeto de miles de alabanzas de todas las demás aves. Todos lo envidiaban, todos

querían tener algo de él. Todos suspiraban porque Dios no los hizo semejantes a aquella ave. — Bueno, — decía él, — ¿y cuál es eso bueno que les llama tanto la atención, que yo no comprendo? ¿Que en verdad seré el ave más hermosa que existe en el mundo? Pero vamos a indagar en donde llevo lo más bonito. —

Se encaminó para la orilla de un río a donde creyó que encontraría a la mayor parte de las aves. Efectivamente, así fué. A cada momento se detenía y preguntaba a las que encontraba en donde llevaba lo más hermoso, para que fuera objeto de tantas atenciones. Todos le contestaban que en el plumaje, y otros le decían que especialmente en la cola, y otros que en la cabeza, y otros más que en las alas, pero que lo que regularmente era lo singular era la forma que adquiere cuando levanta la cola y la extiende, pues la hermosura de sus plumas en los rayos del sol le dan un color bastante atractivo. Satisfecho quedaba el pavo con cada una de estas alabanzas, y le llegaron a decir tanto que en verdad se creía el más hermoso, y creyó que reunía todas las cualidades para ser el único en su clase.

Ya después, su carácter empezaba a cambiar y empezaba a envanecerse, al grado que comenzó a fastidiar a sus compañeros con su orgullo de ser el más hermoso. De repente se encontró con un gavián que le dijo lo mismo. Pero como lo dijo con tanto orgullo y con tanta pretensión, no dejó de desagradar al gavián, y éste para castigar su orgullo, le dijo: — No creas, amigo pavo, que eres el ave más hermosa que existe en el mundo. Estás muy equivocado. Lo que sólo tienes es un hermoso plumaje, pero después de eso nada más se encuentra en ti. Si tuvieras además del plumaje, un canto semejante al del gilguero, unas patas tan hermosas como las de las palomas, entonces te podrías acercar a las cualidades que tu pretensión te hace creer que posees. Pero agáchate y mírate las patas, y desengáñate. Y compara tu feo chillido al hermoso canto del gilguero y verás lo cierto que es lo que te digo.

El pavo observó lo que el gavián le decía y se quedó triste, pensando en las verdades que le acababan de decir y la humillación que acababa de sufrir de un animal tan malo como el gavián. Después recobró ánimo y se dijo: — Esta es una mentira de un animal tan perverso como es ése, y me lo dice por la envidia que me tiene, y no haré caso de ello. — Sin embargo, para cerciorarse de que si era verdad o no, continuó su camino. Después se encontró con una gallina, y le dijo: — Buena amiga, ¿verdad que soy el ave más hermosa que existe en el mundo? — La gallina se puso a pensar qué contestarle, y le dijo: — No lo creas, tonto. No lo eres. Lo único bonito que tienes es tu plumaje. Verdad es que llama la atención, pero te debo decir que te faltan otras cualidades que hacen ser más hermoso. — ¿Y sabes cuáles son esas cualidades? — La utilidad que se presta al hombre, pues eso te



falta. Únicamente sirves para adorno, y nada más. Para ser el único, necesitabas tener el canto de los pájaros, los piés de los palomos y la utilidad que nosotros le ofrecemos al hombre, como es la de servir de alimento. —

El pavo se sintió contrariado y vió que el gavilán no lo había engañado y empezó a entristecerse. Se despidió de la gallina y siguió caminando. Poco después se encontró con un zopilote, y le dice: — Amigo mío, ¿no es cierto que soy el ave más hermosa que existe en el mundo? — ¿Y quién te ha dicho eso? — ¿No ves pues mi hermoso plumaje? — Sí, pero, pero eso no quiere decir que por eso seas el ave más hermosa. Te falta tener la cualidad principal y es la utilidad que les prestas a tus semejantes y al hombre. Tú no sirves para nada, únicamente para ornato. — Basta que seas tan feo para que me insultes de esa manera. — No insulto, sino que digo la verdad. Y lo que si te aseguro es que ninguna otra ave podrás encontrar que sea tan útil como yo, y estoy dispuesto a probarte ante los testigos que quieras. — Al ver que coincidía con los argumentos que también la gallina le había dicho, empezaba a dar crédito a lo que era una realidad.

Pero no paró allí. Se dirigió a la orilla del río, y al llegar se encontró con una laguna en donde dirigió su mirada para verse, pero lo hizo tan bien que pudo observarse y convencerse a sí mismo que tenía un plumaje muy hermoso, pero que tenía unas patas bastante feas.

Al poco rato apareció entre la arboleda un hermoso gilguero que llamó su atención con su hermoso canto. Quiso imitar aquel canto, pero lo hizo tan mal que se horrorizó de su voz y quedó enteramente convencido de que en realidad no podía ocupar el lugar que él creía tener entre todas las aves. Y fué tanta su contrariedad y su tristeza que dijo que lo habían engañado, y se llegó a entristecer tanto que le costó muy cara su vana pretensión, y por crédulo en las adulaciones de sus compañeros.

## 6. LOS DOS MACHINES Y LA ZORRA.

(Ixtlán, Ixtlán.)

Dos machines andaban en el campo buscando qué comer, porque llevaban dos días de no comer. Después de recorrer por muchos lugares por donde salían y donde había árboles frutales, viendo que no encontraban nada, el uno le dijo a su compañero: — Acerquémonos a ese pequeño arroyo que corre al fondo de esa cañadita y tomemos un poco de agua para tomar otro poco de aliento para seguir después recorriendo el bosque en busca de algunos otros alimentos.

Así lo hicieron. Ya al llegar al fondo, se encontraron con un árbol

grande de encino, hueco y de una frondosa enramada. Al pie de aquel hermoso árbol, triste estaba sentado un mañoso zorro, que también le preocupaba que durante dos noches enteras apenas se había alimentado con unos pedazos de gallina que un compañero suyo le había ministrado. Estaba allí porque en el hueco de aquel árbol había una colmena que tenía mucha miel, con la cual quería quitarse el hambre. Pero tropezaba en la dificultad de que no podía extraerla libremente, sin ser mordido por las abejas que salían en montones por un pequeño agujero.

En aquello estaba pensando cuando llegaron los dos machines que lo sacaron de su meditación, y alegremente le dicen: — ¿Qué haces, amiga zorra? ¿En qué te entretienes? ¿Porqué estás tan triste? ¿Algo te sucede? La zorra que no quería contarles su triste situación, y por quererles hacer una broma, contestó con toda tranquilidad: — Nada; aquí me tienen VV. pensando como hacer para establecer la disciplina a mis alumnos que son tan guerristas. Pues, como saben, soy maestra de escuela de las abejas. — ¿Y en dónde están tus discípulos? — le contestan. — Aquí los tengo. Están en su salón. Me he salido de él porque hacen mucho ruido. Y para que me crean, acérquense a oír sus gritos.

Se acercaron los cándidos machines y dijeron que efectivamente hacían mucho ruido.

— ¿Y qué piensas hacer, amiga zorra? — continuaron diciendo sus visitantes, que se sentaron para platicar más tranquilos con el maestro. Ella, muy seria, contesta: — A la verdad, no sé qué hacer. Pienso separarme de ellos, pero tengo un inconveniente que me impide hacerlo. Pues haciéndolo así, perdería todas mis economías de muchos años de trabajo y me quedaría sin comer, entre tanto no encuentre trabajo. Esto es lo que me hace pensar en esta situación. Por otra parte, me conviene la separación, porque así, buscando otro trabajo, estaría más contenta y con menos molestias y mayores ganancias. Estoy indecisa y no sé qué hacer.

— Consideramos tu situación, — dijo un machín, — y ojalá que con nuestra ayuda, que con gusto te daremos, podamos en algo ayudarte. — Agradezco en extremo su ayuda y la acepto con gusto. Dínos como te ayudaremos. — Lo que les pido es poco y estoy segura que no rehusarán. Pues bien, quédense por unas cuantas horas acá a la puerta del salón de la escuela y cuiden que no salgan los alumnos. Entretanto, voy en busca de un compadre mío, con quien tengo que hablar sobre un asunto de importancia. Si por algún motivo me tengo que tardar, lo que no creo, y necesitan de algunos alimentos, bien pueden tomarlos de mis almacenes que están en el salón de esa escuela, y en ellos encontrarán algunos panecitos con una miel muy agradable y pueden tomar la que gusten. Y a mi regreso podemos

hablar de algún negocio de importancia para VV. Diciendo esto, se internó en el bosque. Cuando estuvo a una regular distancia, se decía: — He gozado con estos tontos y ojalá los dos metan las manos para que prueben el exquisito piquito de esas abejas, para que otra vez no sean cándidos esos animales. Entre tanto, busquemos nuestro alimento que tanta falta me está haciendo. — Y diciendo esto, se internaba más en el bosque.

Los machines permanecieron en aquel lugar esperando el regreso de la zorra, pero transcurría tiempo y ellos que estaban sin comer, empezaron a hablar de esta manera: — Oye, compañero, bueno sería que fueras a buscar algo de comer y me trajeras; entre tanto, me quedo cuidando el salón del amigo zorro, que ya no dilatará en regresar, pues ha transcurrido el tiempo que nos ha fijado. El otro respondió: — No soy de ese mismo parecer, y lo que creo más acertado es tomar algo del alimento que dice el maestro tener guardado aquí adentro. — Tienes razón, pero será algo difícil sacar esos alimentos. — Sí, pero ha de ser un alimento muy exquisito, pues es miel la que dice que tiene guardada. — Pero sus alumnos se opondrán a ello. — No lo creas. Les decimos como nos hemos quedado, y no serán tan malos de negarnos lo que no es de ellos. — Bueno; abre la puerta y mete la mano, y veremos lo que hacen. En el momento empezó a quitar unas cáscaras del árbol que servían de puerta. Una vez agrandada la puerta, empezaron a salir innumerables abejas. Al ver aquello, dijeron que era muy conveniente que a un mismo tiempo metieran sus manos para coger aquellos panecillos de miel que ya habían visto y que suponían eran de los almacenes de su amigo, el zorro.

Así lo hicieron; pero apenas llegaron sus manos a tocar aquéllos cuando sus largas y peludas manos se vieron cubiertas por infinidad de abejas que advertidas de lo que pasaba se les pegaban fuertemente y mordiéndoles y picándoles no los dejaron que se llevaran sus alimentos. Cuando los machines se dieron exacta cuenta de lo que pasaba, sacaron las manos, queriendo deshacerse de aquellos animales, pero no pudieron porque ya éstos se habían también agrupado en todo su cuerpo. Por último, no siéndoles posible seguir en aquel lugar, emprendieron una larga carrera para no seguir siendo molestados. Sin embargo, muchas abejas los siguieron.

Sin fuerzas ni aliento llegaron en un gran terreno plano, donde pudieron descansar algo y verse libres ya de sus enemigos. Fué entonces cuando se dieron cuenta de la mala partida que les había pegado el astuto zorro, y cuando comprendieron que todo lo que éste les había dicho era puro engaño, entonces acordaron vengarse de aquella traición y maduraron bien su plan para no fracasar en su intento.



Con esto se pasaron días en que no habían encontrado al zorro, que éste tampoco deseaba encontrarlos. Cierta <sup>1</sup> día andaba el zorro también muy de malas en cuestión de alimentos, y de repente se encuentra con sus dos antiguos camaradas, y alegremente empiezan a platicar. El zorro cuenta su triste situación y dice que no sabe en donde puede encontrar algún alimento, porque por aquellos lugares era difícil encontrarlo. Los machines que ya tenían todo preparado, le dicen: — Mira todos esos extensos llanos cubiertos de una magüeyera hermosa, la que ya ha empezado a dar su beneficio. Pues bien, nosotros somos los encargados de cuidar todo eso y de administrarlo. Así es que podemos disponer de ellos como si fueran nuestros. Nosotros somos como siempre tus amigos, y deseando ayudarte en algo, te ofrecemos si quieres un poco de agua-miel que calmará un poco tu hambre, pues hemos sabido que a VV. les gusta esa bebida. — Un favor muy grande me hacen con esa oferta y estoy pronto a aceptarla, pues, como les digo, el hambre me devora. — Entonces síguenos. Y diciendo esto, se dirigieron al plantío de magüeyes.

Cuando llegaron a él, empezaron a buscar el magüey que ya tenían preparado. El zorro veía otros muy buenos, y en aquéllos quería luego tomar, pero se lo impidieron, diciéndole que le tenían preparado otro mejor. Por fin llegaron al lugar donde estaba uno de los más grandes magüeyes que estaba muy bien calado y que tenía bastante agua-miel. Junto a la boca del depósito, había una piedra grande que servía para tapar el depósito.

Subió al magüey un machín y en seguida la zorra y después el otro machín. — Mira, — le decían, — qué espesa está esa bebida y que dulce. Y hay para que tomes hasta que te canses y te hostigues. — El zorro, siempre desconfiado y mañoso, les dijo: — Bueno, bebamos todos, y tomen VV. primero para que después tome yo. — Los machines no tuvieron inconveniente y así lo hicieron, mojando primero la mano y chupándola después.

Una vez cerciorado el zorro de la buena fé de sus amigos, hizo lo mismo, metió la mano y se chupó los dedos. Como aquella bebida le agradaba, siguió haciendo lo mismo. Pero le dijeron que para que se satisficiera era bueno que metiera el hocico y así podía beber mejor y más pronto.

Así lo hizo, y cuando contento estaba bebiendo el aguamiel, sus amistades lo que hicieron fué hacerle caer la piedra que estaba próxima, y así lo machucaron, o mejor dicho, impidiéndole que sacara la cabeza. Al darse cuenta de la maldad de que había sido víctima, exclamó: — Traidores, sólo así me pueden vencer. He sido víctima de un engaño. VV. corresponden mal los favores que les he hecho. Pero les perdono

<sup>1</sup> Véase Oskar Dähnhardt, *Natursagen*, vol. iv, p. 232; Bolte und Polívka, *l. c.*, vol. ii, p. 108. — F. B.

todo lo que me han hecho y les juro no hacerles nada si me quitan esta piedra que tanto me lastima y tanto me pesa. — No somos traidores, — contesta un machín, — ni has sido víctima de un engaño, ni es mala correspondencia de favores. Lo único que pasa es que has pagado justamente tus malas acciones con nosotros, y en este caso, tú eres el de mala alma. Tú eres el que quisiste gozar de nuestra humildad y te aprovechaste de nuestra buena voluntad. Recuerda lo que nos hiciste con los que dijiste que eran tus alumnos. Con sola esa traición, tienes la culpa necesaria para que nosotros no te perdonemos la vida. Ahora juras que no perdonas como si nosotros te provocáramos, como si nosotros te hayamos faltado, como si nosotros no fuéramos los ofendidos. Tú no mereces perdón, porque si te dejáramos con vida, después tú puedes hacer lo mismo con nosotros; y para evitar más dificultades, el único medio es que desaparezcas cuanto antes.

— No sean malos; no sean ingratos, — decía el zorro. — Sálveme la vida y perdónenme mi falta; pero no me maten. Ténganme compasión que ya yo les perdono. — No, no, — dijeron los dos. — Tu muerte es segura, y despídete del mundo en donde has cometido tantas arbitrariedades. Tu día ha llegado y adiós.

Diciendo esto, empujaron a la zorra hasta que llegó al fondo del depósito, y la piedra fué echada de golpe sobre la infeliz zorra, que después de ahogarse se quedó inmóvil en el agua-miel.

## 7. EL ÁGUILA Y EL BUITRE.

(Ixtlán, Ixtlán.)

Un buitre, solo y triste, estaba sentado sobre un pequeño peñasco cercano a un lugar en donde estaban rodando unos restos de animales que habían ya devorado sus compañeros. Estaba triste porque en ese día no había comido, pues esperaba llegar a tiempo a aquel lugar para desayunarse, y al llegar vió que ya no habían dejado nada para él. Estaba pensando en donde encontrar su alimento antes de que se hiciera más tarde.

En eso estaba, cuando muy cerca de él, pasa un águila y con tono burlesco y humillante le dijo: — Adiós, buitre; adiós, animal asqueroso; adiós, mantenido de muertos. — Aquellas frases ofensivas, dirigidas injustamente, provocaron en el pobre buitre una gran indignación, cuando se le humillaba de esa manera sin que hubiera alguna razón para aquella ofensa. Quiso repararla en el mismo instante con una explicación que le exigiría al águila. Tendió sus alas, y echándose a volar trás de su ofensor hasta darle alcance, le dijo: — Me has ofendido y tocado mi dignidad sin que tengas motivo, y para pedirte una explicación de tu dicho, me he acercado a ti, esperando que seas tan caballero como yo para dármele a mi satisfacción. — Si de eso se trata,



bien podemos pararnos a platicar como lo deseas, — respondió el águila, — y te invito a que me sigas.

Diciendo eso, ambos bajaron al suelo y situándose en una eminencia, empezaron a hablar de la siguiente manera: — Conque, señor, — dice el buitre, — V. me ha insultado inmerecidamente y por decoro mío y de mi raza, pido, como digo, una explicación de su dicho. — Buen amigo, — contesta el águila, — en mi decoro y en la honra de mi misma raza está no desdecirme de lo que he dicho. Y lo confieso; pero hay que tener en cuenta lo que le voy a decir, y así cambiará la cosa. Pues bien, V. sabe que todos nosotros formamos esa gran familia que se llaman aves. Somos muy numerosas y formamos la especie más bonita que hay en el mundo y somos también los de mejores costumbres, y nos da pena y sentimiento que VV. entre nosotros sean los animales más asquerosos que hay en el mundo. Porque entre VV. no hay mejor alimento que el animal más descompuesto y muerto, de cuyo olor VV. gozan y todos repugnan, haciéndose así VV. también repugnantes.

— Si ese es el motivo principal, — contesta el buitre, — no tienes razón para semejantes injurias, que son ofensivas, y si crees que somos los más asquerosos, podré decirte que VV. son los más criminales que puede haber porque VV. matan para comer, en tanto que nosotros no lo hacemos así. Y en este caso, es más asqueroso el de VV. — No lo creemos así nosotros porque esa es muestra de nuestro valor y dignidad, que para comer tenemos que luchar. — Es una cobardía matar para comer, valerse de sus fuerzas, aprovechando el derecho del más fuerte. Eso nunca haremos nosotros. — No, — dice el águila. — No es el derecho del más fuerte, pues también luchamos con los más fuertes, y vencéndolos, también los comemos.

— Bueno, la cuestión es una satisfacción de nuestros insultos a mi raza. Y tengan presente que si nosotros no estuviéramos en el mundo y si nuestro modo de alimentación no fuera ése, estamos seguros que ya nadie existiera. Por nosotros, se encuentran limpios los campos, los bosques y las ciudades. ¿Qué hubiera hecho el hombre sin nuestro auxilio? ¿Cómo hubiera limpiado al mundo con tanta fetidez de animales muertos? VV. mismos ya no existirían. Ya casi hubieran perecido por la misma fetidez. El hombre y todas las sociedades nos consideran como las aves más útiles que pueden encontrarse en el mundo. Pues somos el jabón de él en cualquier parte que esté infestado.

— Dispensa amigo. No había reparado en semejante utilidad, y tienes razón en todos tus argumentos. Y aunque no puedo retirar las frases que te dirigí, como dije antes, por la dignidad de mi raza, pero tengo en cuenta tus servicios.

— Si quedas convencido de lo que te he dicho, te suplico que lo



hagas saber a tus compañeros, y diles que así como yo no los ofendo por tus actos, que son bastante reprochables, y de los cuales no quiero decir más, que no nos ofendan y comprendan la gran encomienda que a nosotros nos dió el que nos crió y formó para la conservación de la limpieza en el mundo.

## 8. LOS PERROS.<sup>1</sup>

(Ixtlán, Ixtlán.)

Los perros tienen la costumbre, cuando no se conocen y es la primera vez que se encuentran, de acercarse uno al otro y olerse cerca del brazo. Y se paran en seguida. La gente explica esto de la siguiente manera:

Antiguamente, es decir, harán ya muchos siglos, los perros eran tratados muy mal por sus respectivos amos. Pues además de que les pegaban mucho, no les daban con regularidad sus alimentos y los hacían trabajar mucho. Durante mucho tiempo, sufrieron con paciencia aquella pesada carga de los hombres malos e ingratos, que no sabían corresponder a estos animales sus trabajos y penalidades.

Por fin, después de sufrir mucho y no siendo ya soportable continuar sufriendo con aquel tratamiento, cada quien pensó librarse de aquella pesadísima carga. Uno de tantos comunicó a su compañero lo pensado y desde entonces empezaron a invitar a todos sus amigos para tener una junta en donde acordar lo que era conveniente hacer para remediar en algo sus penalidades. La proposición fué aceptada por todos con sumo agrado, y cada quien ayudaba en la empresa, que la juzgaban bastante fácil.

Una vez enterados todos de lo que se pensaba hacer, se citó a la junta general que debía decidir sobre la resolución que se tenía que tomar. De lejanas comarcas concurrieron todos los perros al lugar determinado, que era una gran llanura en medio de unos montes espesos. Al acercarse el día, se veían aproximarse grandes rebaños de perros que presurosos marchaban a la gran asamblea.

Por fin, llegado el día, se presentaron los señores perros organizadores de aquella empresa. Fueron saludados cariñosamente por toda aquella enorme masa de perros, que veían en aquella junta el término de sus sufrimientos. Colocados en el lugar de honor y nombrados los oradores para cada grupo, empezó la reunión.

Mucho se dijo, muchas medidas se tomaron, pero también muchas eran irrealizables y por lo mismo eran desechadas. También hubo muchas quejas de parte de los hombres, de todos los malos tratamientos, y se decía tanto que ya no se sabía qué hacer. Hubo algunos que dijeron que lo necesario era la destrucción completa de los hombres.

<sup>1</sup> Véase Oskar Dähnhardt, *Natursagen*, vol. iv, p. 129. — F. B.

Después de tanto discutir y de mucho tiempo perdido sin que se llegara a un acuerdo que fuera realizable, uno de los más inteligentes subió a la tribuna y se dirigió a sus compañeros para hacerles una proposición que tenía probabilidades de dar un buen resultado. Alegaba que sobre el hombre nadie tenía más autoridad que sólo Dios, pues bien sabido era que nadie podía mandar a éste y tampoco nadie lo podía asustar. Por lo cual, a ningún otro debían de recurrir más que al único Dios que es a quien éste podía obedecer, y por lo tanto, era conveniente que llevaran su queja ante Dios, para que, oyéndolos, ya podía ordenar al hombre que se moderara en sus tratamientos. Dijo que a su parecer era el único medio posible de dar buenos resultados. Todos estuvieron oyendo al orador, y cada quien pensó que era ésta la mejor manera de hacer valer sus derechos.

Desde luego, en una aclamación general de todos éstos, fué aceptada la idea, y todos creyeron solucionada la dificultad. En seguida se nombró la comisión que debía hacer el escrito que se tenía que presentar, de la que tomó parte el mismo orador.

Se hizo el escrito que abarcaba varias hojas, en donde constaban las quejas y el favor que pedían para que en lo sucesivo fueran mejor tratados de sus amos. Una vez hecho esto, firmaron todos aquéllos y se dice que para que firmaran todos se tuvieron que emplear varios meses. Una vez terminado todo, se nombró la comisión que debía de ir a poner en manos del ser supremo el escrito aquel. Fué nombrada la comisión que la compusieron dos puros galgos. Como aquéllos no conocían la residencia de Dios, tuvieron que dilatar varios días en informarse cual era el camino que debían de seguir.

Una vez informados, partieron a cumplir su misión, y desde aquella vez, desaparecieron aquellos dos perros sin que nadie diera noticia de ellos. Por eso es que cuando se encuentran perros desconocidos, lo primero que hacen es olerse debajo del brazo para informarse si acaso no son los que vienen de regreso de la comisión con la contestación de Dios. Y hasta la fecha no regresan.

SANTA FÉ, N. MEX.

## NOTES AND QUERIES.

LA MUTILACIÓN OPERATORIA DEL CABALLO RECELO EN LA AMÉRICA LATINA. — Presentamos en las siguientes líneas un resumen sobre nuestras investigaciones folklóricas en la Argentina que tratan una materia completamente nueva y desconocida.<sup>1</sup>

En los países hispano-americanos, e incluyendo Rio Grande del Sur, en la América latina, existe la costumbre de mutilar el aparato generatorio de un caballo así que éste puede copular con la yegua sin fecundarla. En los dos cuadros que siguen, van enumerados los países donde se usaba o se usa hoy en día esta costumbre, y los métodos operatorios que se emplean.

El origen de la costumbre debe ser España aunque allá, hoy día, no queda rastro alguno; en la América colonial se ha conservado más tiempo, pero también está destinada a desaparecer. Se trata, pues, de una reliquia medioeval, desaparecida en el suelo nativo y conservada en terreno colonial para extinguirse pronto y por completo.

El caballo operado se emplea en la cría de la mula: debe calentar la yegua para que admita mas fácil al burro; debe ademas tener reunida, en campo abierto, una manada de yeguas, tarea imposible para el burro. Por extensión, se emplea tal caballo también y hasta únicamente en la cría caballar para excitar a un padrillo de sangre fina y aumentar el número de sus productos; en La Plata se ha inventado un método científico de la operación, con el mayor éxito para el hacendado (*Operación Chilotegui-Rivas*).

Costumbres parecidas obsérvanse entre los aborígenes de Australia; tienen el mismo objeto: impedir la fecundación.

El caballo operado se llama generalmente *retajo*, en algunas partes *retajado*.

La costumbre tratada en nuestra monografía, se refiere tanto a la cirugía veterinaria popular como a la primitiva manera de la cría mular; presenta sin duda un capítulo interesante del *folklore argentino*.

*Sinopsis de los Métodos Operatorios y de los Correspondientes Países.*

Amputación del glande: México, Córdoba, San Luis, Pampa Central.

Amputación de la mitad del pene: Córdoba.

Amputación total del pene: Córdoba.

Partición (horizontal) del glande: Argentina, Corrientes (?), Córdoba.

Partición horizontal y vertical del glande, en forma de cruz: Chile, Córdoba.

Ligación del glande por medio de una cinta de goma: Pampa Central.

Preparación de uno o tres lóbulos en el glande que funcionen como ganchos: Argentina.

Infibulación del prepucio con cerda de caballo o con fibras de agave (*abotonar*): México.

Infibulación del glande con la cerda de la cola del mismo animal (*amarrar*): México.

<sup>1</sup> Robert Lehmann-Nitsche, Folklore Argentino II. *El retajo*. (Boletín de la Academia Nacional de Ciencias de Córdoba, xx, 151-234, 1915.)



Infibulación del glande con un anillo de hierro: Buenos Aires.

Infibulación del prepucio y del glande con una cadena de hierro: Corrientes.

Incisión longitudinal inferior del glande, desde el orificio hacia atrás: Santo Domingo (siglo XVIII), Argentina.

Incisión longitudinal inferior del glande, desde el orificio 10 centímetros hacia atrás: Santa Fe.

Incisión longitudinal inferior de la uretra, desde el orificio hasta la base: Chile, Córdoba.

Incisión longitudinal inferior de la uretra, en la parte anterior: Buenos Aires.

Incisión longitudinal inferior de la uretra, en la mitad: Santa Fe.

Incisión longitudinal inferior de la uretra, en la base: La Rioja, Córdoba, Buenos Aires.

Incisión transversal inferior del glande, a un palmo del orificio, y otra longitudinal desde ésta hacia adelante sin llegar al orificio: Paraguay (siglo XVIII).

Incisión transversal inferior del glande, a un palmo del orificio, y otra longitudinal desde ésta hacia atrás: Argentina.

Incisión longitudinal inferior de la uretra, desde el orificio hasta la base, y excisión de una correspondiente lonja de la uretra: Córdoba.

Incisión longitudinal cuádruple en los costados (sin detalles): Córdoba.

Excisión de un pedazo de la uretra cerca del orificio: Argentina.

Excisión de un pedazo de la uretra en la base: México, Argentina, Buenos Aires.

Excisión longitudinal inferior de un pedazo intersticial del glande: Córdoba.

Excisión perpendicular de un pedazo central del glande: Buenos Aires.

Desviación del pene por una perforación del prepucio ante el escroto: Perú, Chile, Corrientes, Entre Ríos, Buenos Aires.

Desviación del pene por una perforación del perineo abajo del ano: Chile, Argentina, Córdoba, Buenos Aires.

Desviación de la uretra por una perforación del perineo abajo del ano (uretrectomía según Chilotequi-Rivas): Buenos Aires.

Ablación de uno o ambos testículos, dejando intactas las epidídimis: México, Córdoba.

*Sinopsis de los Países y de los Correspondientes Métodos Operatorios.*

Santo Domingo (siglo XVIII): Incisión longitudinal inferior del glande, desde el orificio hacia atrás.

México:

- 1) Infibulación del prepucio con cerda de caballo o con fibras de agave (*abotonar*).
- 2) Amputación del glande (*despuntar*).
- 3) Infibulación del glande con la cerda de la cola del mismo animal (*amarrar*).
- 4) Excisión de un pedazo de la uretra en la base.
- 5) Ablación de los testículos menos las epidídimis? (*desperillar*).

Guatemala: La existencia de la costumbre es dudosa.

Honduras: "Incisión," sin detalles.

Panamá: La costumbre existe; faltan detalles.

Colombia: La costumbre es desconocida.

Ecuador: La costumbre es desconocida.

Perú: Desviación del pene por una perforación del prepucio ante el escroto.

Chile:

- 1) Incisión longitudinal inferior del glande, desde el orificio hasta la base.
- 2) Desviación del pene por una perforación del prepucio ante el escroto.
- 3) Desviación del pene por una perforación del perineo abajo del ano.
- 4) Partición horizontal y vertical del glande, en forma de cruz.

Paraguay (siglo XVIII): Incisión transversal inferior del glande, a un palmo del orificio, y otra longitudinal desde ésta hacia adelante, sin llegar al orificio.

Brasil (Rio Grande del Sud): La costumbre existe; faltan detalles.

Uruguay: La costumbre existe; faltan detalles.

Argentina, en general:

- 1) Preparación de uno o tres lóbulos en el glande que funcionen como ganchos.
- 2) Partición horizontal del glande.
- 3) Excisión de un pedazo de la uretra en la base.
- 4) Incisión transversal inferior del glande, a un palmo del orificio, y otra longitudinal desde ésta hacia atrás.
- 5) Incisión longitudinal inferior del glande, desde el orificio hacia atrás.
- 6) Desviación del pene por una perforación del perineo abajo del ano.
- 7) Excisión de un pedazo de la uretra cerca del orificio.

Argentina, Jujuy: La costumbre es desconocida.

Argentina, Salta: La costumbre es desconocida.

Argentina, Catamará: La costumbre es desconocida.

Argentina, La Rioja: Incisión longitudinal inferior de la uretra en la base.

Argentina, San Juan: La costumbre existe; faltan detalles.

Argentina, Corrientes:

- 1) Partición (horizontal?) del glande.
- 2) Infibulación del prepucio y del glande con una cadena de hierro.
- 3) Desviación del pene por una perforación del prepucio ante el escroto.

Argentina, Entre Ríos: Desviación del pene por una perforación del prepucio ante el escroto.

Argentina, Santa Fe (siglo XVIII):

- 1) Incisión longitudinal inferior, sin detalles (siglo XVIII).
- 2) Incisión del glande, desde el orificio 10 centímetros hacia atrás.
- 3) Incisión de la uretra, en la mitad.

Argentina, Córdoba:

- 1) Partición horizontal y vertical del glande, en forma de cruz.
- 2) Excisión longitudinal inferior de un pedazo intersticial del glande.
- 3) Incisión longitudinal inferior de la uretra, desde el orificio hasta la base.
- 4) Amputación de la mitad del pene.
- 5) Incisión longitudinal inferior de la uretra, desde el orificio hasta la base, y excisión de una correspondiente lonja de la uretra.
- 6) Desviación del pene por una perforación del perineo abajo del ano.
- 7) Amputación del glande.
- 8) Partición horizontal del glande.
- 9) Incisión longitudinal inferior de la uretra en la base.
- 10) Amputación total del pene.

11) Incisión longitudinal cuádruple, en los costados; sin detalles.

12) Ablación de un testículo entero y del otro, menos la epididimis.

Argentina, San Luis: Amputación del glande.

Argentina, Pampa Central:

1) Incisión longitudinal inferior de la uretra, sin detalles.

2) Amputación del glande.

3) Ligamiento del glande por medio de una cinta de goma.

Argentina, Buenos Aires (siglo XVIII): Incisión longitudinal inferior, sin detalles.

Argentina, Buenos Aires:

1) Incisión longitudinal inferior de la uretra en la base.

2) Excisión perpendicular de un pedazo central del glande.

3) Infibulación del glande con un anillo de hierro.

4) Incisión longitudinal inferior de la uretra en la parte anterior.

5) Desviación del pene por una perforación del prepucio ante el escroto.

6) Desviación del pene por una perforación del perineo abajo del ano.

7) Excisión de un pedazo de la uretra en la base.

8) Desviación de la uretra por una perforación del perineo abajo del ano (*uretrectomía*).

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CLASIFICACIÓN DE LAS ADIVINANZAS RIOPLATENSES.<sup>1</sup> — La recolección y el estudio de las adivinanzas populares del Plata era campo virgen, trabajo grato para el folklorista y no tardé en empezarlo. Merced al esfuerzo de mis colaboradores, la colección de que dispongo, es bastante completa en lo que se refiere a la República Argentina, y creo que contiene mas del noventa por ciento de todas las adivinanzas circulantes, y he ahí mi cálculo: en una remesa de cien números, por ejemplo, que recibo, difícilmente hay mas que cinco ó seis que no estén ya representadas.

Mi colección abarca 1030 números diferentes, 909 variantes y 166 duplicados de distinta procedencia, o sean 2105 piezas; hay ademas 120 números diferentes con 135 variantes y 15 duplicados (de distinta procedencia), o sean 270 piezas del grupo erótico; agréganse ademas 131 adivinanzas, con 12 variantes popularizadas, del poeta nanguayo Acuña de Figueroa; en total más que dos mil quinientos números.

Los folkloristas se extrañaran de que no haya mayor número de adivinanzas populares en las comarcas sudamericanas, pero no deben olvidar que éstas fueron, durante tres siglos, colonias abandonadas por la madre patria, donde el idioma mismo se empobreció notablemente y donde en apenas un siglo de libertad política no era posible devolver a la lengua la belleza de su construcción y su riqueza en palabras. Hay, además, otro factor de importancia, y éste es la inmigración internacional; más de la mitad de los habitantes argentinos son extranjeros cuyos hijos, aunque aprenden en los colegios el idioma castellano, no reciben los tesoros folklóricos como los chicos de países antiguos y de población homogénea. Así se explica el número relativamente escaso de adivinanzas sudamericanas; y se explica también que éstas, con el tiempo, deban variar más que en otras partes del mundo.

<sup>1</sup> Trabajo leído ante el Congreso Científico Americano Internacional de Buenos Aires (1910).



Reuní todo el material en una sola obra, tomando en consideración el concepto histórico de los países del Plata y no respetando los actuales límites políticos; así van, en armonía perfecta, las adivinanzas de todas las provincias argentinas con aquellas del Paraguay y de la Banda Oriental; van bien juntas también las castellanas con sus hermanas, disfrazadas en los idiomas guaraní y quichua. Como casi todas son de origen europeo y pocas las verdaderamente criollas, y éstas últimas descendientes psicológicas de aquellas, preferí presentar una sinopsis común de las adivinanzas del Plata y tierras adjuntas, a perderme en pequeñas e inútiles subdivisiones. Se notan, sin embargo, zonas preferidas por ciertas categorías; hay, además, unas que sólo existen en las regiones andinas y otras sólo en el litoral; unas se hallan sólo en el Paraguay y en traje guaraní, otras sólo en Santiago del Estero y quichuizadas; pero todas éstas son muy pocas y no autorizan para proceder en la clasificación, según puntos de vista geográficos.

Por defectuosa que sea la comparación bibliográfica, resulta que de las mil treinta adivinanzas de los grupos I a XV, una tercera parte también se halla en Europa, y no dudo de que se llegaría a la unidad, si pudiésemos consultar toda la literatura enigmática o si se explotasen mejor aquellas regiones de donde derivan con civilización y lengua: la península ibérica.

La clasificación del gran material de adivinanzas representa la labor principal; hasta la fecha, casi todas las obras que se ocupan de nuestro tema, observan el simple orden alfabético de las soluciones pero he tratado de arreglar las producciones tan variadas del alma popular, según un método lógico, o sea psicológico. La explicación de la psicología de la adivinanza popular, será el tema de mi discurso.

La guía, al clasificar el caos de los enigmas, ha sido la *construcción* de ellos, absteniéndome, en la mayoría de los casos, de la *solución*. He ensayado hallar un buen sistema sin respetar la solución y a este principio se deben los grupos I a IX. En el grupo X, ya se nota, de vez en cuando, la correlación íntima entre adivinanza y solución y en el XI, grupo criptomórfico, tal correlación es directamente típica hallándose escondida dentro del enigma la solución, sea en parte, sea en totalidad. También en los grupos siguientes se nota que la construcción del enigma depende, en buena parte, de su solución.

Para disponer de un breve y preciso diagnóstico, me he servido de términos usuales en medicina y ciencias naturales, o he empleado palabras que se entienden por sí solas.

Los cinco primeros grupos (I a V) tienen una construcción muy característica y se componen de dos elementos típicos, a saber:

(a) Un elemento fundamental que caracteriza, en nuestro modo de clasificar, la adivinanza respectiva y que es destinado a *despistar*, a desviar de la solución, a la persona a quien va dirigido el acertijo. Tal elemento, en el grupo I (biomórfico), es uno o más organismos vivos con particularidades anatómicas, fisiológicas, psíquicas y sociales; en el grupo II (zoomórfico), uno o más animales; en el grupo III (antropomórfico), una o más personas; en el grupo IV (fitomórfico), una o más plantas o partes de ellas; en el V (psikilomórfico), uno o más objetos que no pertenecen a los grupos anteriores.

(b) Un elemento complementario que es destinado a *empistar*, a dirigir hacia la solución, a la persona a quien va dirigido el acertijo y que nos ha servido para la subclasificación de cada uno de los citados grupos. Este

elemento puede ser un carácter normal y como tal descriptivo (en los grupos I a III: 1, generalidades, de carácter psíquico, social, etc.; 2, las diferentes etapas de la vida; 3, elementos morfológicos normales; 4, elementos fisiológicos normales; 5, elementos morfológicos y fisiológicos normales en combinación) o puede ser un carácter anormal (en los grupos I a III: 6, elementos morfológicos anormales; 7, elementos fisiológicos anormales; 8, elementos morfológicos y fisiológicos anormales en combinación). Para el grupo IV (fitomórfico) nos hemos limitado a distinguir los elementos complementarios como normales y anormales sin entrar a detallarlos; para el grupo V (psikilomórfico) y en razón de una clave sencilla, era menester no distinguir los elementos normales (descriptivos) de los anormales, pero es fácil separarlos.

Paradigma tomado del grupo II (zoomórfico):

*Animalito bermejo (elemento fundamental),*  
*Costillas sobre el pellejo (elemento complementario).*

Solución: *el barril.*

Se ve que se trata de un animal (elemento fundamental) con elementos morfológicos anormales, ocupando las costillas un sitio que no les corresponde (elemento complementario).

Al grupo III (antropomórfico) pertenece el paradigma siguiente:

*Juan Campero (elemento fundamental)*  
*Compro una capa rosada*  
*Y un sombrero negro (elemento complementario).*

Solución: *la cebolla.*

Las adivinanzas del grupo VI (comparativo) constan de tres componentes; a saber: 1, el elemento característico; 2, el elemento comparativo y 3, la afirmación que realmente no se trata de la cosa a la que se hace alusión el componente segundo; muchas veces se agregan 4, uno o más elementos descriptivos. Como los citados componentes no siempre se hallan completos y como uno que otro puede faltar, resulta una clave variada.

Paradigma reconstruido:

*Alto (elemento característico)*  
*Como pino (elemento comparativo),*  
*No pesa ni un comino (elemento descriptivo),*  
*Pino no es (elemento afirmativo);*  
*Adivine qué es (formula final, común a cualquier*  
*clave de adivinanzas).*

Solución: *el humo.*

Las adivinanzas del grupo VII (descriptivo) describen diferentes partes de un objeto, o citan varias particularidades de éste; se comprende que en estas condiciones, han de resultar poco homogéneas. El arreglo de este grupo es bastante difícil y deja muchas veces lugar a dudas. Se trata de dos, tres o muchos caracteres que generalmente no ofrecen nada que mayormente llame la atención; es una simple descripción. Las adivinanzas de la última categoría donde se citan muchas particularidades, más bien son eruditas que descriptivas, y de ningún modo verdaderamente populares.

Paradigma (tres particularidades):

*Tacho y bola,  
Fortacho en la cola.*

Solución: *el mataco.*

Son pocos los casos que obligan a formar el grupo VIII (narrativo). Se trata de adivinanzas incluidas en un cuento cuya esencia representan. Siempre es menester contar el principio del cuento correspondiente, antes de dar la adivinanza a solucionar; como esto es imposible, se la explica y con esto termina el cuento. Muchas veces, el asunto del cuento es serio: se trata de salvar la vida a sí mismo o a su padre, dando al rey una adivinanza imposible de solucionar (*adivinanzas salvavidas*).

El grupo IX (aritmético) es en su número bastante limitado. Se trata de verdaderos problemas aritméticos o con mayor frecuencia, de ejemplos jocosos.

En el grupo parentesco (X) continúan las adivinanzas aritméticas de índole jocosa. La picardía consiste en los diferentes grados de parentesco que una y la misma persona tiene con otra, según el punto de mira. Algunas adivinanzas tratan el asunto "su semejante," otras la combinación aritmética entre los miembros de varias generaciones.

Paradigma para aritmética jocosa:

*Pan y pan y medio,  
Dos panes y medio,  
Cinco medios panes,  
Cuántos panes son?*

Solución: *dos panes y medio.*

El grupo XI (criptomórfico) de adivinanzas engañosas es muy característico y fácil de analizar: la solución, sea en parte, sea entera queda escondida dentro de la misma adivinanza.

Paradigma:

*Oro no es,  
Plata no es,  
Abre las cortinas  
Y veras lo que es.*

Solución: *el plátano.*

En el grupo XII (homónimo) se continúa la sección homónima de las adivinanzas criptomórficas, pero con la diferencia de que la solución no está escondida dentro del enigma y de que este último se ocupa de ambas significaciones de la solución homónima.

Paradigma:

*En los comedores se lucen  
Y en los sombreros se ven.*

Solución: *las copas.*

Grupo XIII (burlesco). Es imposible arreglar sistemáticamente estas demostraciones exuberantes y chispeantes del humor popular, ni tampoco osamos analizarlas. El orden adoptado es más bien superficial.

El grupo XIV (doctrinal) no abarca adivinanzas verdaderas; son más



bien pruebas de sabiduría, o preguntas que hace el maestro al alumno y que éste tiene que contestar. Su tono doctrinal o su solución filosófica caracterizan este grupo como especial.

Paradigma:

¿ *Cuál es aquel árbol que da la fruta en la hoja?*

Solución: *la tuna.*

En el grupo XV (artificial) van reunidas charades, logógrifos y acrósticos que se han popularizado.

El grupo XVI (erótico) fué suprimido.

Coleccioné las perfumadas flores de la poesía popular como las hallé y como me fueron obsequiadas; luego tenté de arreglarlas no según "Linneo" en el orden alfabético de las soluciones, sino según un "sistema natural," ideal de los botánicos; y ahora que se presentan al paciente lector como entre las hojas de un herbario, espero que no se hayan secado o perdido su aroma campestre! <sup>1</sup>

ROBERT LEHMANN-NITSCHÉ.

NATIONAL UNIVERSITY,  
LA PLATA, S. A.

<sup>1</sup> La obra a que me refiero, ha sido publicada véase: Robert Lehmann-Nitsche, *Folklore Argentino I. Adivinanzas rioplatenses. Biblioteca Centenaria. VI.* Buenos Aires, 1911, 495 páginas.

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